



*Cumberland.*



*O'Keefe.*



*Luchbald.*



*T. Dibdin.*

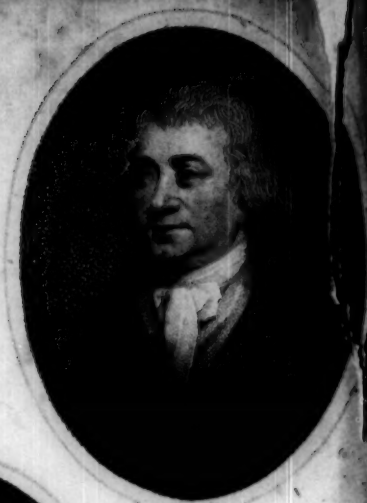


*Sheridan.*

*Holl. sc.*



*Cumberland.*



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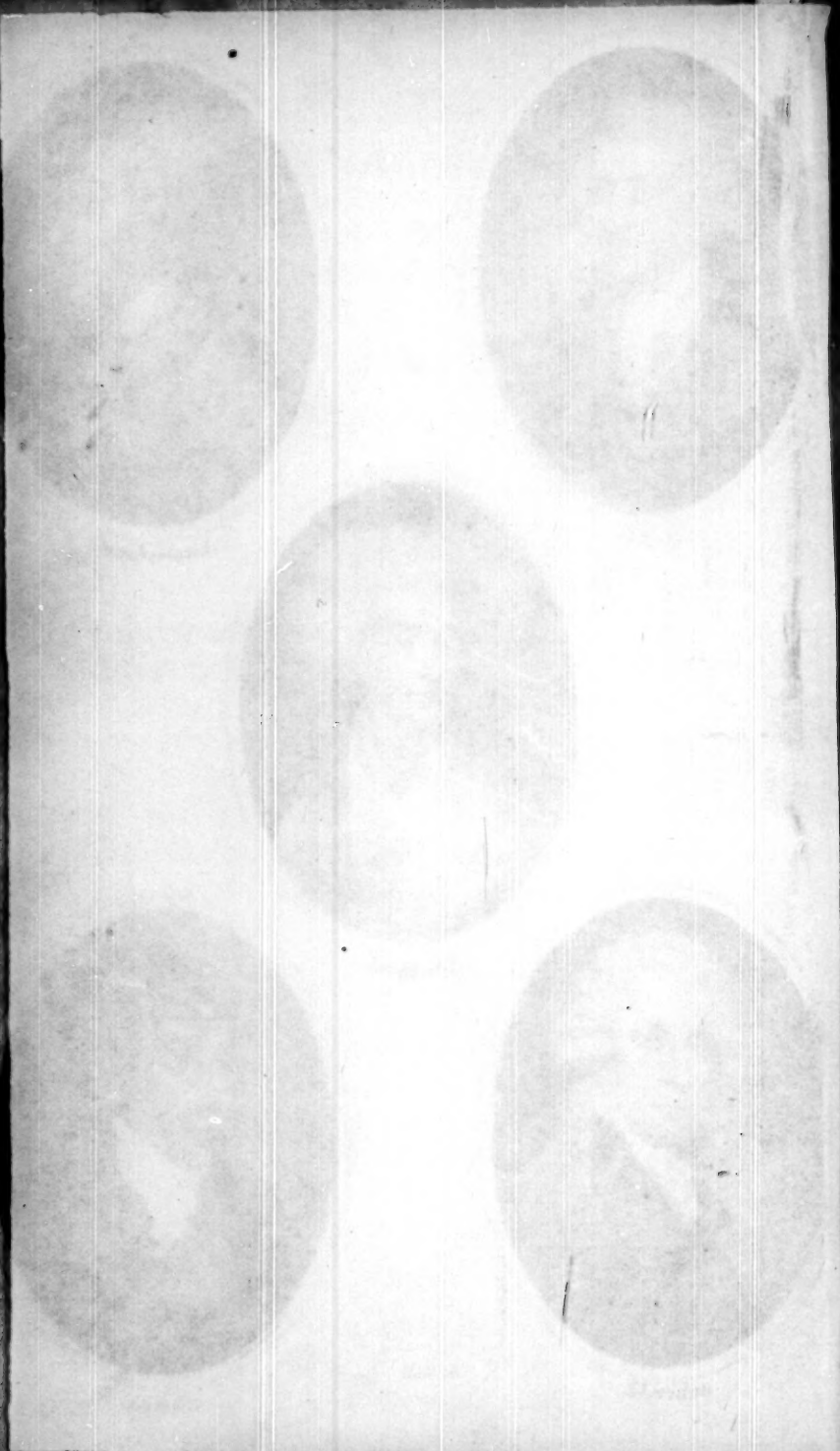


*Sheridan.*

*Holl. sc.*







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OF

OUR PRESENT AUTHORS.

CONNECTED AND DIGESTED UNDER APPROPRIATE  
HEADS, ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED;

---

BY WALLEY CHAMBERLAIN OULTON.

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VOL. I.

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"As to *Dramatic Genius*, Sir, the fact is this—to give a true *Picture of Life*, a Man should enter into all its *Scenes*—should follow *Nature*, Sir—dive into the *World*—search the *Heart of Man*."

REYNOLDS.

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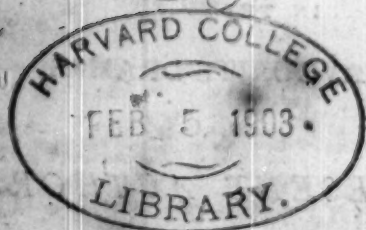
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*up*  
*Pl*



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(1-2)

TO THE  
MOST NOBLE  
THE

*Marquis of Salisbury.*

YOUR LORDSHIP'S necessary  
Attention to and Support of the  
ENGLISH DRAMA, will, I trust,  
excuse any seeming Liberty I may  
take in dedicating to YOUR LORD-  
SHIP these Volumes.

The Success generally attend-  
ing SELECTIONS from any particu-  
lar Authors, was the first and  
chief Inducement to *unite* the  
BEAUTIES of *all* our respective  
MODERN DRAMATISTS, whose  
Writings have been well received,  
presuming, that from the Variety  
of Stile, &c. which such com-

## DEDICATION

pilation must needs display, that it would be highly acceptable to all Admirers and Readers of pleasing Extracts and interesting Fragments.

For me to claim any Merit from a Work, which contains the Merits of others, or expatiate on the Manner of its Arrangement, would be the Height of Arrogance and Vanity----All I can boast, is, that it gives me an opportunity of subscribing myself

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most obedient

and devoted Servant,

WALLEY CHAMBERLAIN OULTON.



THE  
BEAUTIES  
OF  
MODERN DRAMATISTS.

---

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

MORTIMER AND CHARLES (*unseen*).

*Enter* MORTIMER (*through the Garden*).

MORTIMER.

SO—I am watch'd, pursued:—at every turn my persecutors meet me;—but I've escap'd their observation, and here at length I may complete the fix'd and settled purpose of my soul:—harrassed by my enemies, forgotten by my friends, and forsaken by her who was the very stream and essence of my life!—this friendly passport to another world alone can snatch me from the fiends of this!—from penury, despair, and jealousy! (*produces phial*).

*Charles (observing him)*. Bless me!—who is that gentleman?

*Mortimer*. And yet—when I look back on my past happiness, and think the source of it is still existing!



—that she and her dear image might still console—  
still wipe away my sorrow, I grow irresolute, and  
sigh for life! (*throws himself into the garden chair*).

*Charles* (*walking towards Mortimer*). Lord! I'm so  
happy—it's my father!

*Mortimer*. Life! what when she loves another!  
when at this moment she lavishes those smiles which  
—distraction! that thought is past all bearing, and  
thus I bury in oblivion!—thus these poisonous  
drugs—(*as he raises his arm to drink, Charles lays hold of  
it, and kneels to him*).

*Charles*. My father! (*Mortimer looks and trembles vio-  
lently*). Oh! I'm so glad you're come home—I hope  
you'll go no more long journies now,

*Mortimer*. My child! my child! (*embracing him*).

*Charles*. Why what's the matter?—how your hand  
trembles!—and this—(*pointing to the phial*)—what's  
this, father?

*Mortimer*. That!—a toy!—a mere toy, Charles.

*Charles*. A toy!—fie, fie, father!—you a man and  
play with toys?—nay: that belongs to me.—(*Mor-  
timer bursts into tears, and catches him in his arms*).

*Enter Mrs. MORTIMER.*

*Mrs. Mortimer*. 'Tis all confirmed—he's no where  
to be heard of, and e'en this, the dark deed—

*Charles*. Look mother—look who's come home.

*Mrs. Mortimer* (*looking sometimes at Mortimer—then  
running and falling at his feet*). My Mortimer!

*Mortimer* (*rising and crossing her*). Away! contami-  
nate me not!—let me be gone.

*Mrs. Mortimer (holding him).* Stay—spare me but a moment—you've been deceiv'd.

*Mortimer.* I have!—I have!—and lest I should relapse, and be again deluded—But see! an evidence appears to rouse my pride and to confirm your guilt.

*Enter SAMBO hastily, and with a paper in his hand.*

*Sambo.* Oh, ma'am!—I'm just come from my master, and—pheugh! (*fanning himself with his hat.*)

*Mortimer.* Speak, Sambo—were you not witness of her falsehood?

*Sambo.* Softly, sir, and I'll tell you all about it—pheugh!—you must know my master was taken suddenly ill, and sent me for a physician—but I refused to go:—says I, “Sir, the natives of my country are all very healthy, and for two simple reasons—first, because we've no doctors, and next because we've no such enlightened disorders as ingratitude, false friendship, seduction!—these,” says I, “play the devil with a man's constitution.”

*Mortimer.* Well! and what then, sir.

*Sambo.* Then he grew worse, and asked me to prescribe for him, and I did!—Doctor Sambo drew up this prescription, and the pulse mended, fever lessen'd, and the countenance exhibited that florid bloom which ever results from those excellent medicines, honesty and a good conscience—there, sir, read, only read (*giving the paper*).

*Mortimer (reading).*—“Sir, Mrs. Mortimer is in—

" nocent—she has fallen a victim to my vanity and  
 " her aunt's slander—Miss Gloomy wrote you a  
 " most calumnious letter, and I, believing that she  
 " lov'd me, made others believe it!—but when you  
 " arrived at the inn, she not only avowed her love  
 " for you, but fled in pursuit of you.—Sambo will  
 " confirm these facts, and I am ready to make a  
 " public acknowledgment of them, or atone for my  
 " crimes in any other way you think proper.—  
 " EDWARD DELVILLE."

*Laugh when you can, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

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## ADVICE.

HARRY TO DICK.

*Harry.* Hark ye, Dick—take a bit of advice from  
 one who has seen a good deal of the world, and  
 don't forget it, my little fellow, as you grow up—  
 Never trifle with the feelings of a woman, nor act  
 so unmanly a part as to become a Persecutor, where  
 Nature meant you should be a Protector.

*Shipwreck, A. 1. Sc. 5.*

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KING HENRY TO PRINCE JOHN.

O my son, beware  
 How you permit your bosom e'er to harbor

The demons of ambition.—Did you know  
 The scorpion thoughts that sting a monarch's heart,  
 When base ingratitude, with envious eye  
 Surveys his purest actions, and imputes  
 His best designs to tyranny and pride,  
 You would avoid the splendid load of empire  
 As the worst burthen Heaven can lay on man.

*Adelaide, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## AFFABILITY (DANGEROUS.)

AUGUSTA TO FANNY.

Ah, Fanny, when our superiors of the other sex  
 condescend to affability, instead of exalting\* it is for  
 the purpose of degrading us to a state of the most  
 pitiable humiliation.

*Life's Vagaries, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

## AFFECTATION.

ABSOLUTE AND ACRES.

*Abf.* But pray, Bob, I observe you have got an  
 odd kind of a new method of swearing——

*Acres.* Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis  
 genteel, isn't it?—I didn't invent it myself though;  
 but a commander in our militia—a great scholar, I

assure you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable;—because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say, by Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment—so that to swear with propriety, says my little Major, the ‘oath should be an echo to the sense;’ and this we call the *oath referential*, or *sentimental swearing*—ha! ha! ha! ’tis genteel, isn’t it?

*Abf.* Very genteel, and very new indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

*Acres.* Aye, aye, the best terms will grow obsolete—Damns have had their day.

*Rivals, A. 2. Sc. 3.*

## AFFECTION (CONJUGAL).

BRONZELY, LORD AND LADY PRIORY.

*Bronzely.* I entreated your Ladyship not to mention to my Lord that I had any thing to communicate, and you gave me a solemn promise you would *not*.

*Lady Priory.* Upon my honour, during our whole conversation upon that subject, you never named my Lord Priory’s name.

*Bronzely.* I charged you to keep what I had to tell you a profound secret.



*Lady Priory.* Yes; but I thought you understood I could have no secrets from my husband.

*Bronzely.* You promised no one should know it but yourself.

*Lady Priory.* He is *myself*.

*Lord Priory.* How, Mr. Bronzely, did you suppose she and I were two? Perhaps you did, and that we wanted a third. Well, I quite forgive you for your silly mistake, and laugh at you, ha, ha, ha, as I did at Mr. Mandred.—(*seriously*)—Did you suppose, Sir, we lived like persons of fashion of the modern time? Did you imagine that a woman of her character could have a wish, a desire, even a thought, a secret from her husband?

*Bronzely.* It is amazing to find so much fidelity the reward of tyranny!

*Lady Priory.* Sir—I speak with humility—I would not wish to give offence—(*timidly*)—But, to the best of my observation and understanding, your sex, in respect to us, are *all tyrants*. I was born to be the slave of some of you—I make the choice to obey my husband.

*Lord Priory.* Yes, Mr. Bronzely; and I believe it is more for her happiness to be my slave, than your friend—to live in fear of me, than in love with you.

*Wives as they Were, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

## IRWIN AND LADY ELEANOR.

*Irwin.* My temper is altered lately; and yet I love you.

*Lady Eleanor.* I never doubted it, nor ever will.

*Irwin.* If you did, you would wrong me; for there is not a danger I would not risk for your sake; there is not an infamy I would not be branded with to make you happy, nor a punishment I would not undergo, with joy, for your welfare.—But there is a bar to this; we are unfortunately so entwined together, so linked, so rivetted, so cruelly, painfully fettered to each other, you could not be happy unless I shared the self-same happiness with you.—But you will learn better—now you are in London, and amongst fashionable wives; you *must* learn better. (*Walks about, and smiles, with a ghaſtly countenance*).

*Lady Eleanor.* Do not talk, do not look thus wildly—Indeed, indeed, you make me very uneasy.

*Irwin.* What! uneasy when I come to bring you comfort; and ſuch comfort as you have not experienced for many a day? (*He pulls out a pocket book*). Here is a friend in our neceſſity,—a friend that brings a thouſand friends; plenty and—no, not always—peace. (*He takes ſeveral papers from the book, and puts them into her hands—She looks at them, then ſcreams.*)

*Lady Eleanor.* Ah! 'Tis money. (*Trembling.*) Theſe are Bank notes.



*Irwin.* Hush! for heaven's sake, hush! We shall be discovered. (*Trembling and in great perturbation.*) What alarms you thus?

*Lady Eleanor.* What alarms you?

*Irwin.* Do you say I am frightened?

*Lady Eleanor.* A sight so new has frightened me.

*Irwin.* Nay, they are your own: by heaven, they are! No one on earth has a better or a fairer right than you have. It was a laudable act by which I obtained them.—The parent-bird had forsook its young, and I but forced it back to perform the rites of nature.

*Lady Eleanor.* You are insane, I fear. No, no, I do not fear—I hope you are.

\* \* \* \*

*Irwin.* My dear Eleanor, are you willing to quit London with me in about two hours time?

*Lady Eleanor.* Instantly.

*Irwin.* Nay, not only London, but England.

*Lady Eleanor.* This world, if you desire it. To go in company with you, will make the journey pleasant; and all I loved on earth would still be with me.

*Every One has his Fault, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

## AFFECTION (PATERNAL).

DORNTON AND SMITH.

*Dornton.* I have done with him; he is henceforth no son of mine! Let him starve!

*Mr. Smith.* He acts very improperly, Sir, indeed.

*Dornton.* Improperly! How? What does he do.

*(Alarmed.)*

*Mr. Smith.* Sir!

*Dornton.* Have you heard any thing of—?

*Mr. Smith. (Confused.)* No—No, Sir—Nothing—Nothing but what you yourself tell me.

*Dornton.* Then how do you know he has acted improperly?

*Mr. Smith.* He is certainly a very good-hearted young gentleman, Sir.

*Dornton.* Good-hearted! how dare you make such an assertion?

*Mr. Smith.* Sir!

*Dornton.* How dare you, Mr. Smith, insult me so? Is not his gaming notorious; his racing, driving, riding, and associating with knaves, fools, debauchees, and black legs?

*Mr. Smith.* Upon my word, Sir—I—

*Dornton.* But it's over! His name has this very day been struck out of the firm! Let his drafts be returned. It's all ended! *(Passionately)* And, observe, not a guinea! If you lend him any yourself I'll not pay you. I'll no longer be a fond doting father! Therefore take warning! Take warning, I say! Be his distress what it will, not a guinea! Though you should hereafter see him begging, starving in the streets, not so much as the loan or the gift of a single guinea! *(With great passion.)*

*Mr. Smith.* I shall be careful to observe your orders, Sir.

*Dornton.* Sir! (*Terror*) Why, would you see him starve?—Would you see him starve and not lend him a guinea? Would you, Sir? Would you?

*Mr. Smith.* Sir!—Certainly not, except in obedience to your orders!

*Dornton.* (*Amazement and compassion*) And could any orders justify your seeing a poor unfortunate youth, rejected by his father, abandoned by his friends, starving to death?

*Mr. Smith.* There is no danger of that, Sir.

*Dornton.* I tell you the thing shall happen! He shall starve to death! (*Horror at the supposition*) I'll never look on him more as a son of mine; and I am very certain, when I have forsaken him, all the world will forsake him too. (*Almost in tears.*) Yes, yes! He is born to be a poor wretched outcast!

*Mr. Smith.* I hope, Sir, he still will make a fine man.

*Dornton.* Will!—There is not a finer, handsomer, nobler looking youth in the kingdom; no not in the world!

*Mr. Smith.* I mean a worthy good man, Sir.

*Dornton.* How can you mean any such thing? The company he keeps would corrupt a saint.

*Mr. Smith.* Sir, if you will only tell me what your pleasure is, I will endeavour to act like a faithful servant.

*Dornton.* I know you are a faithful servant, Mr.

Smith.—(*Takes his band*) I know you are—But you—  
You are not a father. *Road to Ruin, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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STOCKWELL AND BELCOUR.

*Stock.* Mr. Belcour, here are the jewels; this letter encloses bills for the money; and, if you will deliver it to Miss Rusport, you will have no farther trouble on that score.

*Bel.* Ah, Sir! the letter which I have been reading disqualifies me from delivering the letter which you have been writing: I have other game on foot; the loveliest girl my eyes ever feasted upon is started in view, and the world cannot now divert me from pursuing her.

*Stock.* Hey-dey? What has turned you thus on a sudden?

*Bel.* A woman: one that can turn, and overturn me and my tottering resolutions every way she will. Oh, Sir, if this is folly in me, you must rail at Nature: you must chide the sun, that was vertical at my birth, and would not wink upon my nakedness, but swaddled me in the broadest, hottest glare of his meridian beams.

*Stock.* Mere rhapsody; mere childish rhapsody; the libertine's familiar plea——Nature made us, 'tis true, but we are the responsible creatures of our own faults and follies.

*Bel.* Sir!

*Stock.* Slave of every face you meet, some hussy

has inveigled you, some handsome profligate, (the town is full of them ;) and, when once fairly bankrupt in constitution, as well as fortune, nature no longer serves as your excuse for being vicious ; necessity, perhaps, will stand your friend, and you will reform.

*Bel.* You are severe.

*Stork.* It fits me to be so—it well becomes a father—I would say a friend—How strangely I forget myself—How difficult it is to counterfeit indifference, and put a mask upon the heart—I've struck him hard ; he reddens.

*Bel.* How could you tempt me so ? had you not inadvertently dropped the name of father, I fear our friendship, short as it has been, would scarce have held me—but even your mistake I reverence—Give me your hand—'tis over.

*Stork.* Generous young man—let me embrace you—How shall I hide my tears ? I have been to blame ; because I bore you the affection of a father, I rashly took up the authority of one. I ask your pardon—pursue your course ; I have no right to stop it—What would you have me to do with these things ?

*Bel.* This, if I might advise ; carry the money to Miss Rusport immediately ; never let generosity wait for its materials ; that part of the business presses. Give me the jewels ; I'll find an opportunity of delivering them into her hands ; and your visit may pave the way for my reception. [Exit.

*Stork.* Be it so : good morning to you. Farewell



advice! Away he goes upon the wing for pleasurè. What various passions he awakens in me? He pains, yet pleases me; affrights, offends, yet grows upon my heart. His very failings set him off—for ever trespassing, for ever atoning, I almost think he would not be so perfect, were he free from fault: I must dissemble longer; and yet how painful the experiment!—Even now he is gone upon some wild adventure; and who can tell what mischief may befall him; O Nature, what it is to be a father! Just such a thoughtless headlong thing was I when I beguiled his mother into love.

*West Indian, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

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FORTIS TO BARON.

*Fortis.* To prove to you that I'm not unjust, nor governed by my resentment, I consent that my daughter shall determine for herself—though I must tell you, Sir, that I believe you'll not make a better husband than a friend!—But even that danger is less for her, all things considered, than the dreadful misery of having her inclination forced, and being joined to a man she does not love.—I love my daughter too well to sacrifice her so. The tenderness of fathers should give bounds to their authority; and we should remember, that Heaven has given us power over our children to be their support, and not their tyrants.

*False Appearances, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

## AFFECTION (MATERNAL.)

MRS. ORMOND, (*Sola.*)

*Mrs. Orm.* Either Mr. Rivers deceives himself, or the difference must be strange between a father's and a mother's feelings! Yes, my loved William, should'st thou prove unworthy my regard, I think my heart would break with grief; but till it *did* break, never, oh! surely never, would it feel one spark of less affection for thee.

*East Indian, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

## AFFECTION (FILIAL.)

HASWELL, KEEPER, and ELVIRUS *sitting attentively near his old Father, who is asleep.*

— *Keep.* That young man, you see there, watching his aged father as he sleeps, by the help of fees gains his admission—and he never quits the place, except to go and purchase cordials for the old man, who, (though healthy and strong when he first became a prisoner) is now become ill and languid.

*Has.* Are they from Europe?

*Keep.* No—but descended from Europeans—see how the youth holds his father's hand!—I have sometimes caught him bathing it with tears.

*Has.* I'll speak to the young man. [*Going to him.*]

*Keep.* He will speak as soon as he sees me—he has



sent a petition to the Sultan about his father, and never fails to enquire if a reply is come. [*They approach—Elvirus starts and comes forward.*]

*Elv.* [*To Hafswell*] Sir, do you come from the Court? has the Sultan received my humble supplication? Can you tell?—softly—let not my father hear you speak.

*Haf.* I come but as a stranger, to see the prison.

*Elv.* No answer yet, Keeper?

*Keep.* No—I told you it was in vain to write—they never read petitions sent from prisons—their hearts are hardened to such worn-out tales of sorrow.

[*Elvirus turns towards his Father and weeps.*]

*Haf.* Pardon me, Sir—but what is the request you are thus denied?

*Elv.* Behold my father! but three months has he been confined here; and yet—unless he breathes a purer air—O, if *you* have influence at Court, Sir, pray represent what passes in this dreary prison—what passes in my heart. My supplication is to remain a prisoner here, while my father, released, shall be permitted to retire to humble life; and never more to take arms in a cause the Sultan may suspect—which engagement broken, *my life* shall be the forfeit.—Or if the Sultan wou'd allow me to serve him as a soldier—

*Haf.* You would fight against the party your father fought for?

*Elv.* [*Starting.*] No—but in the forests—or on the desert sands—amongst those slaves who are sent to

battle with the wild Indians—there I wou'd go—  
and earn the boon I ask—or in the mines——

*Haf.* Give me your name—I will, at least, present  
your suit—and, perhaps ——

*Elv.* Sir, do you think it is likely? Joyful  
hearing!

*Haf.* Nay, be not too hasty in your hopes—I can-  
not *answer* for my success. [*Repeats*] “Your father  
“humbly implores to be released from prison—and,  
“in his stead, *you* take his chains—or, for the  
“Sultan’s service, fight as a slave, or dig in his  
“mines.”

*Elv.* Exactly, Sir—that is the petition—I thank  
you, Sir.

*Keep.* You don’t know, young man, what it *is* to  
dig in mines—or fight against foes, who make their  
prisoners die by unheard of tortures.

*Elv.* You do not know, Sir, what it *is*,—to see a  
parent suffer.

*Haf.* [*Writing.*] Your name, Sir?

*Elv.* Elvirus Casimir.——

*Haf.* Your father’s?

*Elv.* The same—one who followed agriculture in  
the fields of Symria—but, induced by the call of  
freedom——

*Haf.* How? have a care.

*Elv.* No—his son, by the call of nature, suppli-  
cates his freedom.

*Keep.* The rebel, you find, breaks out.

*Elv.* [*Aside to the Keeper.*] Silence—silence! he

forgives it—don't remind him of it—don't undo my hopes.

*Haf.* I will serve you if I can.

*Elw.* And I will merit it—indeed I will—you shall not complain of me—I will be—

*Haf.* Retire—I trust you.

*Such Things Are, A. 2. Sc. 3.*

LORD NORLAND, HAMMOND, EDWARD, AND  
LADY ELEANOR.

*Lord N.* What was your errand here? If to see your child, take him away with you.

*Lady E.* I came to see my father;—I have a house too full of such as he already.

*Lord N.* How did she gain admittance?

*Ham.* With a petition, which I repeated to your Lordship. *[Exit Hammond.]*

*Lord N.* Her husband then it was, who—*[To Lady Eleanor]* But let him know, for this boy's sake, I will no longer pursue him.

*Lady E.* For that boy's sake you will not pursue his father; but for whose sake are you so tender of that boy? 'Tis for mine, for my sake; and by that I conjure you—*[Offers to kneel.]*

*Lord N.* Your prayers are vain—*[To Edward]* Go, take leave of your mother *for ever*, and instantly follow me; or shake hands with me for the last time, and instantly begone with her.

*[Edward stands between them in doubt for some little time: looks alternately at each with emotions of af-*

*fection; at last goes to his grand-father, and takes hold of his hand.]*

*Edw.* Farewell, my Lord,—it almost breaks my heart to part from you;—but if I have my choice, I must go with my mother.

*Every one has his Fault, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

AMANTHIS AND PEASANT.

*Aman.* [*Aside.*] Poor man! his appearance, his apprehension declare his poverty. [*To him*] Why did you come to me in this mysterious manner?—why send that man away who accompanied you?

*Peas.* Because I wished to speak in secret to you—The man who conducted me hither is an honest peasant, known in the house, and but, by his assistance, I could obtain admittance into these gardens—he said I had a petition to Lord Almanza, and sought you to beg your interest in my favour.

*Aman.* If you are in affliction, that is all the interest you will want with Lord Almanza.

*Peas.* Yes, I am afflicted—poor—persecuted—forgot, no doubt, by all who were most dear to me, and remembered only by my enemies.

*Aman.* Say what I can do for you? [*Aside*] He blushes to ask, and I'll prevent him. [*She takes from her neck a collar of pearls, and bracelets from her arms.*] Here, this is all I possess of value—take them—and how much soever they are worth, I am sure I never made a better use of them—Why do you weep?

*Peas.* Because my joy compels me—I find you

have a heart open to compassion, and now my afflictions are in less want of it—take back your generous gifts—for when you know who I am, you'll find they would be useless to me.

*Aman.* Who are you?—what is your name, your occupation, your country? you are all emotion—why, are you afraid to trust me?—do you fear I will betray you?—no—open then your heart.

*Peaf.* To do so will recall to your memory some scenes that may affect you.

*Aman.* What are they?

*Peaf.* Have you preserved in your remembrance any idea of the unhappy man to whom you owe your being?

*Aman.* My father—Oh, heavens! did you know him?

*Peaf.* You have heard talk of him then?

*Aman.* Yes; and a thousand times with my tears I have bathed his picture, the only treasure he left me when he went away. But tell me, were you with him when he died? for though I have heard of his death, I never heard of one circumstance relative to it.—Do not be afraid to speak—you have said too much not to proceed—to leave me now in doubt, would be the height of inhumanity.

*Peaf.* Suppose he were not dead?

*Aman.* Not!—Oh, heavens!—you turn pale!—your eyes are filled with tears!—Ah! how could I be so long mistaken?—I know you!—I remember you!

[*He opens his arms, and she runs into them.*]

*Peaf.* My daughter—my poor Amanthis!



*Aman.* This joy is too much!—my father!—my suffering father! [*Falls at his feet*] This is the happiest moment of my life. Let me but fly to tell my Lord Almanza, then never, never quit you more.

*Alberto.* [*Raising her.*] Alas, my child! repress this ecstasy, and learn in what a state of misery you see me—without fortune, without friends, without support.

*Aman.* Are you less dear to me for that? besides, your state will soon be changed—My Lord Almanza can do much; and what he can, he'll do with transport. Within a few days we shall be united in marriage; and you were only wanting to complete our happiness.

*Alberto.* Are you then ignorant of the horrors that surround me?—My enemies are become more powerful than ever; and, learning, by their spies, that I am still living, a large reward is published for apprehending me, and my life must be the consequence.

\* \* \* \*

I have travelled sandy deserts, braved the perils of the most dangerous seas, forsook a peaceable and safe asylum, to risque the snares laid by my enemies here—but I came with the hope to find my child, and never again to lose her—I knew not your sentiments for Almanza—Pity my error—I pleased myself with the thought, that an affectionate, suffering father, might be more dear to you than all the world besides; and that in following him, and partaking his fate ———

*Aman.* Oh, whither do you lead my imagination?  
—Stop, and let me take a view of what I see before  
me.

*Alberto.* Nay, be not thus alarmed, Amanthis. I  
do not command, nor even *entreat*—In following me  
you had surely been a comfort—without fortune,  
without friends, nay, without society, you had  
atoned for them all!

*Aman.* Oh, my father! to be your comfort in a  
state like this, would be my happiness—but, oh! to  
leave Almanza—

*Alberto.* You leave *him*, surrounded by his family  
—in his own country, with fortune, honours, and a  
thousand blessings to console him.

*Aman.* No; not one for the loss of me.

*Alberto.* I see my fate, and submit to it—My child,  
live happy, and forget me as often as you can.—Re-  
ceive my blessing, and my last farewell.

[*Going to embrace her.*]

*Aman.* [*Falling at his feet*] In this wide world of  
sorrow, I alone am left to comfort you—and at your  
feet I vow, though dying with despair, I'll follow  
you to the furthestmost part of the universe—What  
did I say? dying! No, I will live to soften your  
pains—to be a blessing to you.

*Alberto.* Do not give me a false hope.

*Aman.* I do not—No, thus met, we will never  
part—[*Firmly.*]—But how tell the news to——

*Alberto.* Almanza must not know it. I depart this  
very night; and one look, one unguarded word,



might betray me, and prevent my escape—Should you tell the Marquis, in the first transports of his griefs, he'd not be enough master of himself, to conceal the secret—But now consult your heart: if you repent, you have made no promise: I restore it to you—speak—pronounce.

*Aman.* I *have* spoken—*have* pronounced—*have* promised—and will keep my vow.

*The Child of Nature, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

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WORRY AND JULIANA.

*Jul.* —May I ask—I hope Sir Hervey's well?

*Worry.* No, he's very ill, I'm very much obliged to you.

*Jul.* Ill!—heavens!—what's his complaint?

*Worry.* An ungrateful daughter!—Your pardon, ma'am—perhaps, I'm somewhat blunt—but I lived with Sir Hervey these twenty years: if he has faults to others, he has none to me; and though the world deserts him, it is my duty to stand or fall with him.

*Jul.* Well, I applaud your zeal; but why, why charge me with ingratitude?

*Worry.* Because you are his enemy; because you take the part of her who basely wrong'd him.

*Jul.* Hold, censure me as much as you please; but breathe not a syllable against my mother.

*Worry.* There! you avow it; you justify—

*Jul.* No—but I feel for her; I lament her fate:

that consolation Sir Hervé cannot deny me.—And let him know me before he condemns me; for how can that child be called ungrateful who never had an opportunity of evincing either her duty or affection?

*Worry.* How!

*Jul.* I never wrong'd him; and even in my infancy he shut his doors against me—I am his child; and by denying his protection, he has exposed me to the self-same snares my mother fell a martyr to.—I've not disgraced—I've ever lov'd him: and let him give me but the trial—oh! let him take me to his heart; and if the caresses of an affectionate daughter do not atone for the errors of a misguided mother, then let him cast me from him; but till then let him not accuse me of ingratitude.

*Worry.* What! and you'd—how handsome she looks!—you'd be loving and dutiful?

*Jul.* Oh yes—I'd watch, I'd nurse him—weep as he wept, and bless each smile that cheered him: and when time had mellowed his grief into a sweet remembrance of my mother's loss, then I'd retrieve her honour in the grave: in my unvaried truth, all, all should be forgotten. I would revive the friendship that he bore her, and she should live again in Juliana.

*Management, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

## SIR WILLIAM AND MISS DORRILLON.

*Sir Wil.* To put you out of apprehension at once—your father is not coming home—nor will he ever return to his own country.

*Miss Dor.* [*Starting*] You seem to speak from certain knowledge—Oh! heavens! is he not living?

*Sir Wil.* Yes, living—but under severe affliction—fortune has changed, and all his hopes are blasted.

*Miss Dor.* “Fortune changed!”—In poverty?—my father in poverty?—[*Weeping.*]—Oh, Sir, excuse, what may perhaps appear an ill compliment to your bounty; but to me, the greatest reverence I can pay to it.—You are going to that part of the world where he is; take this precious gift back, search out my father, and let *him* be the object of your beneficence.—[*Forces it into his hand.*]—I shall be happy in this prison, indeed I shall, so I can but give a momentary relief to my dear, dear father.—[*Sir William takes out his handkerchief.*]—You weep!—This present, perhaps would be but poor alleviation of his sufferings—perhaps he is in sickness; or a prisoner! Oh! if he be, release me instantly, and take me with you to the place of his confinement.

*Sir Wil.* What! quit the joys of London?

*Miss Dor.* On such an errand I would quit them all without a sigh—and here I make a solemn promise to you—[*kneeling.*]

*Sir Wil.* Hold, you may wish to break it.

*Miss Dor.* Never—exact what vow you will on *this*

occasion, I will make, and keep it——[Enter Mr. Norberry.—*She rises*]—Oh! Mr. Norberry, he has been telling me such things of my father——

Mr. Dor. Has he? Then kneel again—call *him* by that name, and implore him not to disown *you* for his child.

Mrs Dor. Good heaven!—I dare not—I dare not do as you require. [*She faints on Norberry.*]

Sir Wil. [*Going to her.*] My daughter! my child!  
*Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

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LORD ARTHUR. (*Solus*)

Prevent a dutiful son from seeing his honour'd parent! I'll convince him I'm a good boy—he shall see me, and I will be his comfort, and, though he commands me to be gone, I'll stay with him to prove my obedience. What a pity that the omission of saying a few words, before I was born, should prevent me from being lawful heir to this castle! perhaps the pride of my father! the darling of the tenants! favourite of the neighbours, and friend to the poor! now, a wretched outcast, shunned like a savage, foe to mankind, and man at enmity with me! no establishment! profession! friend, or character. Oh! my father, where are you? (*looks round with grief*) do not shun, I'll kneel, till you spurn me from you—that face! it is my mother. I heard of his Lordship's gallery of beauties—quite an exhibition for every starrer: but my dear mother shall

no more be dishonoured, by making one in this unhappy collection—no, by heavens! her misfortunes shall be no longer the topic, for the sneering comments of vulgarity and ill nature. (*lifts the picture down*) Timolin! why don't you come up? Timolin!

*Enter LORD TORRENDEL.*

*Lord Tor.* What uproar is this in my house? Have you any business with me, Sir? who are you?

*Lord Arthur.* (*falls on his knee, and points to the picture*) Sir, this was my mother.

*Lord Tor.* (*looking at them both, puts his handkerchief to his eyes*) My son, the child of Emily!

[*Exit in great emotion.*]

*Lord Arthur.* This our first interview since my infancy! my father not speak to me! no gentle word, no complacent smile. Now I am poor! where to turn? every face meets me with a frown, a sea of horrors rush on me! the storm's up, and let it blow me as it will!

*Enter TIMOLIN.*

*Timolin.* Well, and you saw your papa? (*joyful*)

*Arthur.* My heart was good, but now I'm all vexation, grief, and terror. A look now and then at this, might calm my mind. Timolin, take that picture to my lodgings.

*Timolin.* What?

*Arthur.* Take that picture to my lodgings. (*bursts into tears*)

*Life's Vagaries, A. 2. Sc. 3.*



## HOWARD AND ALBINA.

*How.* If I were weak enough to forgive you on my own account, how—how would you apologize for your unnatural conduct to your father?

*Alb.* I'll shew you — Look—[*Takes a paper out of her pocket.*]

*How.* What's that paper?

*Alb.* My grandfather's will!—Look! [*Smiling*]

*How.* What!—Do you make a display—Do you boast of your ill-gotten wealth? Hear me! [*Lays hold of her hand with great emotion*] The Tutor has confessed—

*Alb.* I know it.

*How.* That Mr. Mandeville—that *my* friend—re-mitted money from India—

*Alb.* I know it.

*How.* That the Governess—that *your* friend—con-cealed his letters—

*Alb.* I know it.

*How.* Then how dare you insult me with this ill-timed triumph? One word more, and we part for ever!—No chuckling!—Listen! [*Taking hold of her hand with great violence*] If your grandfather had known these facts, would he have disinherited an affectionate son, only to adopt an unfeeling daughter? Would he not have destroyed that testament?

*Alb.* To be sure he would! And as he can't do it himself, won't I do it for him? There—and there—and there—[*Tearing the Will*] I'm my own mistress

now ; and I think I can't do greater honour to my grandfather's memory, than by destroying an instrument that he would now blush to sign, and I for ever be ashamed to profit by ! I hate my Governess as much for her unceasing enmity to my father, as I envy you for your exalted friendship towards him ! —Oh, Mr. Howard ! Do you think he'll ever forgive me ?—I'm going in search of him ; but if you should be so fortunate as to see him before me, pray tell him that things are now what they ought always to have been—He is the possessor of the Mandeville estate, and I have nothing but what results from his bounty.

*The Will, A. 5. Sc. 3.*

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OSMOND AND REGINALD, &c.

*Osm.* [*To the Africans.*].—You know your duty ! Drag him to yonder cavern ! Let me not see him die !

*Reg.* [*holding by a fragment of the wall, from which the Africans strive to force him.*] Brother, for pity's sake ! for your soul's happiness !

*Osm.* Obey me, slaves !—Away !

*ANGELA rushes in wildly.*

*Ang.* Hold off ! Hurt him not ! He is my father !

*Osm.* Angela here !

*Reg.* Daughter, what means—

*Ang.* [*embracing him*].—You shall live, father ! I will sacrifice all to preserve you ! Here is my hand, Osmond ! 'Tis yours ; but spare my father !

*Osm* [*transported*.]—Lovely Angela!

*Reg.* How, rash girl? What would you do?

*Osm.* Reginald, reflect—

*Reg.* Your uncle! Your mother's murderer!—  
Remember—

*Ang.* Your life is in danger; I must forget all else.

*Castle Spectre*, A. 5. Sc. 3.

MILFORD AND HARRY.

*Milford.* Sir! I must inform you that, though I have been betrayed by you and imprisoned by your father, I will not be insulted!

*Harry.* Betrayed by me?

*Milford.* Ay, Sir! I have had full information of your mean arts! It was necessary I should be out of the way, that your designs on Mrs. Warren might meet no interruption!

*Harry.* Pshaw!—Good day, Jack, good day!

*Milford.* And pray, Sir, inform your father I despise his meanness, and spurn at his malice!

*Harry.* (*Suddenly returning and darting towards him, but stopping short*) Jack Milford!—Utter no blasphemy against my father!—I am half mad!—I came your friend—

*Milford.* I despise your friendship!

*Harry.* That as you please—Think all that is vile of me—I defy you to exceed the truth—But utter not a word against my father!

*The Road to Ruin*, A. 4. Sc. 2.

## AFFECTION (FRATERNAL).

FRANK AND JESSY.

*Frank.* Well, don't thee be cast down—thee knows I be cruel kind to thee; at meals, I always gis thee the desperate nice bits, and if thy lover prove false hearted, or seyther shou'd come to decay, I be a terrible strong lad, I'll work for thee fra sun-rise to down, and if any one offer to harm thee, I'll fight for thee till I die.

*Jessy.* Thanks, my good lad; thanks, dear brother.

[*Kisses him, and Exit.*]

*Cure for the Heart-Ache, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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TOM TO MISS UNION.

Look ye; if my mother don't remove you from the command of Juliana, I will!—she is my sister—and may I never fire a cannon, find an island, or make a fortune by prize-money, if she shall be run a-ground, while her brother has an arm to steer with!

*Fortune's Fool, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

# AFFECTION (CONJUGAL AND FRATERNAL.)

EGERTON, GREVILLE, UNDERMINE, ROSTRUM, MRS.  
GREVILLE, &c.

*Eger.* Who answers to the name of Greville?

*Grev.* I do.

*Eger.* Give me your hand.

*Grev.* What do you mean?

*Eger.* (*seizing his hand.*) The gripe of everlasting friendship—for 'tis death must part us. You are a villain. (*presents pistols. Greville snatches one, Mrs. Greville rushes between 'em.*)

*Mrs. Grev.* Oh my brother!

*Grev.* Brother! (*throws away his pistols.*)

*Mrs. Grev.* Oh raise not your arm against ———  
(*pauses.*)

*Eger.* Whom? (*Mrs. Greville pauses.*)

*Grev.* Her husband.

*Eger.* }  
    & } Her husband!  
*Und.* }

*Grev.* Yes; spite of the poverty that name entails on me, spite of impending ruin, my heart triumphantly exults in proclaiming her my loved, my honoured wife? (*kneeling to her.*) By my soul, Maria, I would not raise another blush upon that angel cheek to purchase the world's dominion.



*Und.* Then the estate is mine. Strut, you dog.  
(to Rostrum.)

*Ros.* I do, sir. (*reluctantly*)

*Eger.* My darling sister! my pride! let me now hold thee to my heart with rapture. (*puts his handkerchief to his eyes*)

*Und.* Tears from a soldier! (*sneeringly.*)

*Eger.* Unfeeling man! did not tears of joy start from me at beholding beauty and innocence restored to their native lustre, I were unworthy of the name of soldier. And, sir, it may be prudent for you to remember, that a soldier's heart is like his sword, formed of tempered steel; for while it bends with sympathizing pity to the touch of woe, it can resume its springing energy to punish arrogance, or crush oppression.

*Secrets Worth Knowing, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

## AFFECTION

### (PATERNAL AND FILIAL.)

DORNTON, HARRY, AND SULKY.

*Dorn.* Give me the will! Fond and foolish as I have been, read, and you will find I am at last restored to my senses!—If I should happily outlive the storm you have raised, it shall not be to support a prodigal, or to reward a gambler!—You are disinherited!—Read!

*Harry.* Your word is as good as the Bank, Sir.

*Dorn.* I'll no longer act the doting father, fascinated by your arts!

*Harry.* I never had any art, Sir, except the one you taught me.

*Dorn.* I taught you! What? Scoundrel! What!

*Harry.* That of loving you, Sir.

*Dorn.* Loving me!

*Harry.* Most sincerely!

*Dorn.* (*Forgetting his passion*) Why, can you say, Harry—Rascal! I mean, that you love me?

*Harry.* I should be a rascal indeed if I did not, Sir.

*Dorn.* Harry! Harry! (*Struggling with his feelings*) No! Confound me if I do!—Sir, you are a vile——!

*Harry.* I know I am.

*Dorn.* And I'll never speak to you more. [*Going.*]

*Harry.* Bid me good night, Sir. Mr. Sulky here will bid me good night, and you are my father!—Good night, Mr. Sulky.

*Sulky.* Good night. [*Exit.*]

*Harry.* Come, Sir—

*Dorn.* (*Struggling with passion*) I won't!—If I do—!

*Harry.* Reproach me with my follies, strike out my name, dishonour me, I deserve it all and more—But say, Good night, Harry!

*Dorn.* I won't!—I won't!—I won't!—

*Harry.* Poverty is a trifle; we can whistle it off—enmity—

*Dorn.* I will not!

*Harry.* Sleep in enmity? And who can say how soundly?—Come! Good night.

*Dorn.* I won't! I won't!

[*Runs off.*]

*Harry.* Say you so?—Why then, my noble-hearted dad, I am indeed a scoundrel!

*Re-enter Mr. DORNTON.*

*Dorn.* Good night!

[*Exit.*]

*Harry.* Good night! And heaven eternally bless you.

\* \* \* \* \*

DORNTON AND HARRY.

*Dorn.* So, Harry!

*Harry.* My father again?

*Dorn.* (*Panting*) What do you do here, Harry?

*Harry.* Sir—I—I want air.

*Dorn.* A pretty dance you have led me—What brought you hither?—(*Sudden recollection*) Where's the money you had of the widow? (*Pause: seeming to dread an answer*) Where is the money, Harry?

*Harry.* (*Reluctantly*) Gone, Sir.

*Dorn.* Gone!

*Harry.* Most of it.

*Dorn.* And your creditors not paid? (*Another pause*) And your creditors not paid?

*Harry.* No, Sir.

*Dorn.* (*Raises his hands*) I suspected—I foreboded this!—(*Harry Dornton walks up the stage*) He has been at some gaming-house, lost all, quarrelled, and come here to put a miserable end to a miserable existence! Oh, who would be a father!

[*Extreme anguish.*]

*Enter Waiter.*

*Waiter.* I am sent on an April-day kind of errand here. I think this is what they call the Ring. (*Looks round*) Hey! Who is this? (*Surveying Mr. Dornton*) Pray—Sir,—Is your name Dornton?

*Dorn.* It is.

*Waiter.* Then I am right—Mr. Milford, Sir, has sent me with this note. [*Exit.*]

*Harry.* (*Advancing*) It is for me, Sir!

*Dorn.* How do you know, Harry?

*Harry.* Sir, I am certain!—I must beg—!

*Dorn.* This is no time for ceremony! (*Reads*) ‘Dear Harry, forgive the provocation I have given you; forget the wrong I have done your father—’ Me!—‘I will submit to any disgrace rather than lift my hand against your life—I would have come and apologised even on my knee, but am prevented—J. Milford.’ (*Pause*)—Why, Harry! What?—What is this?—Tell me—Tell me—Is it in paying Milford’s debts you have expended the money?

*Harry.* It is, Sir.

*Dorn.* (*After raising his clasped hands in rapture as if to return thanks, suddenly suppresses his feelings*) But how had he wronged me!—Why did you come here to fight him?

*Harry.* Sir—He—he spoke disrespectfully of you.

[*Pause.*]

*Dorn.* (*With his eyes fixed on his son, till, unable any longer to contain himself, he covers them with one hand and stretches out the other*) Harry!

*Harry. (Taking his father's hand, but turning his back likewise to conceal his agitation.) My father! [Pause.]*

*Dornton. Harry! Harry! (Struggling affection)*

*Harry. Dear Sir, let us fly to console poor Milford!*

*Dornton. What you will, Harry! Do with me what you will—Oh who would not be a father!*

*Read to Ruin, A. 1. Sc. 3. A. 5. Sc. 2.*

## AGITATION.

OLD RAPID AND JESSY.

*Jessy. Married! Edward married! 'Tis too much—(leans on Old Rapid for support.)*

*O. Rap. Eh! what! speak—tell me!*

*Jessy. Oh, Edward! is this the return for my love? Have I merited this cruel desertion?*

*O. Rap. Desertion!—What!—has the rascal—I shall choak myself—Has he behaved ill to so sweet a creature? Your tears tell me so.—I'll kill him.—He's my own son, and I have a right to do it.—Your name, your name! pretty soul!*

*Jessy. Jessy Oatland.—The indiscretion of my father has made me a servant.*

*O. Rap. And the discretion of his father has made him a gentleman—But I'll make the rascal know you are not humbled by your father's conduct, nor is he exalted by his! A villain! Can he hope to be call'd a man of honour for opposing his head to a pistol,*



while himself levels the shaft of anguish at an innocent woman's heart?

*Cure for the Heart Ache, A. 4. Sc. 3.*

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SOLERNO TO DIANORA, &c.

*Solerno.* He's a villain certain ;  
Endures not solitude ; is ever restless :  
Nay, even 'mid the revelry of wassail,  
Sometimes black melancholy seizes on him,  
And then stares he into the vacant air,  
Glaring around with epilepsied eye ;  
After awhile, as rousing from a dream,  
Though no one spake, he cries, " Forgive me, Sir ;  
" I mark'd you not—Now let's be merry, friends."  
And thus he strives to quell his troublous thoughts,  
Which, ever and anon up boiling, plague him.

\* \* \* \* \*

One stormy evening, which expir'd in tears,  
I saw Don Manuel pacing to and fro,  
There, where Ansaldo's iron effigy  
Gleams 'mid the chivalry of ancestors,  
The rattling casements stream'd with heavy drops,  
And hollow blasts, hurtling through peaked vaults,  
Re-bellow'd down the gloomy passages,  
Making the doors to groan of this old mansion.  
In haste he went, and seem'd to be disturb'd,  
More than the elements disquiet seem'd.  
While I, unseen, stood watching his demeanour,  
His eyes upon the vacant statue fell ;

Appal'd he started back, with either hand  
 Shielding his face; as though a ghost had cross'd him:  
 Then on the figure gaz'd, with folded arms,  
 And forehead all convuls'd, and quiv'ring lip.  
 Long having stood absorb'd in thought profound,  
 He smote his brow, and earnestly exclaim'd,  
 "O! deed accurst—would it had ne'er been done!"  
 More words, perchance, had burst from his dark mind,  
 But, hearing somewhat stir, he pry'd around,  
 And, much alarm'd, slunk back to his apartment.

*Regent, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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HASSAN AND SAIB (OSMOND RUSHES IN WILDLY.)

*Osmon.* Save me! Save me!—They are at hand!  
 Oh! let them not enter!—*(Sinks into the arms of Saib.)*

*Saib.* What can this mean?—See, how his eyes  
 roll! How violently he trembles!

*Hassan.* Speak, my Lord—Do you not know us?

*Osmon.* *(recovering himself.)* Ha! Whose voice?—  
 Hassan's?—And Saib too here?—Oh! Was it then  
 but a dream? Did I not hear those dreadful, those  
 damning words—Still, still they ring in my ears.  
 Hassan! Hassan! Death must be bliss in flames or  
 on the rack, compared to what I have this night  
 suffered!

*Hassan.* Compose yourself, my Lord! Can a mere  
 dream unman you thus?

*Osmon.* A mere dream, say'st thou? Hassan, 'twas

a dream of such horror ! Did such dreams haunt my bitterest foe, I should wish him no severer punishment. Mark you not, how the ague of fear still makes my limbs tremble ? Roll not my eyes, as if still gazing on the Spectre ? Are not my lips convulsed, as were they yet prest by the kifs of corruption ? Oh ! 'twas a sight that might have bleached joy's rosy cheek for ever, and strewed the snows of age upon youth's auburn ringlets ! Yet, away with these terrors ! Hassan, thou saidst, 'twas but a dream : I was deceived by fancy. Hassan, thou saidst true ; there is not, there cannot be, a world to come.

*Hass.* My Lord !

*Os.* Answer me not ! Let me not hear the damning truth ! Tell me not, that flames await me ! that for moments of blifs I must endure long ages of torture ! Plunge me rather in the thickest gloom of Atheism ! Say, that with my body must perish my soul ! For, oh ! should my fearful dream be prophetic !—Hark, fellows ! Instruments of my guilt, listen to my punishment !—Methought I wandered through the low-browed caverns, where repose the reliques of my ancestors ! My eye dwelt with awe on their tombs, with disgust on Mortality's surrounding emblems ! Suddenly a female form glided along the vault : It was Angela ! She smiled upon me, and beckoned me to advance. I flew towards her ; my arms were already unclosed to clasp her—when suddenly her figure changed, her face grew pale, a

stream of blood gushed from her bosom!—Hassan,  
'twas Evelina!

*Saib and Hassan.* Evelina!

*Osm.* Such as when she sank at my feet expiring,  
while my hand grasped the dagger still crimsoned with  
her blood!—"We meet again this night!" mur-  
mured her hollow voice. "Now rush to my arms,  
"but first see what you have made me! Embrace  
"me, my bridegroom! We must never part again!"  
—While speaking, her form withered away: the flesh  
fell from her bones; her eyes burst from their sock-  
ets: a skeleton, loathsome and meagre, clasped me  
in her mouldering arms!—

*Saib.* Most horrible!

*Osm.* Her infected breath was mingled with mine;  
her rotting fingers pressed my hand, and my face was  
covered with her kisses! Oh! then, then how I trem-  
bled with disgust! And now blue dismal flames  
gleamed along the walls; the tombs were rent asun-  
der; bands of fierce spectres rushed round me in  
frantic dance; furiously they gnashed their teeth  
while they gazed upon me, and shrieked in loud yell  
—"Welcome, thou fratricide! Welcome, thou lost  
"for ever!"—Horror burst the bands of sleep; di-  
stracted I flew hither: But my feelings—words are  
too weak, too powerless to express them.

*Castle Spectre, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER AND WILFORD.

*Wilf. (giving him the book.)* To my poor thinking,  
Sir, this Alexander  
Would scarcely rouse a man to follow him.

*Mort.* Indeed! why so lad? He is reckon'd brave,  
Wife, generous, learn'd, by older heads than thine.

*Wilf.* I cannot tell, sir:—I have but a gleaning.—  
He conquer'd all the world;—but left unconquer'd  
A world of his own passions—and they led him,  
(It seems so there) on petty provocation,  
Even to murder. (*Mortimer starts—Wilford and he exchange looks—both confused.*)

I have touch'd the string—

'Twas unawares—I cannot help it. (*aside.*)

*Mort. (attempting to recover himself.)* Wilford—  
Wilford, I—you mistake the character—I, mark  
you—he—death and eternal tortures! (*dashes the book  
on the floor, and seizes Wilford*)

Slave! I will crush thee! pulverise thy frame!

That no vile particle of prying nature

May—Ha, ha, ha!—I will not harm thee, boy—  
O agony!

*Iron Chest, A. 1. Sc. 3.*

## AMBITION.

MOTLEY TO EDRIC A FISHERMAN.

I'll assure you, friend Edric, there is no profession  
more universal than yours; we all spread our nets



to catch something or other—and alas! when obtained, it seldom proves worth the trouble of taking. The Coquette fishes for hearts which are worthless; the Courtier for titles which are absurd; and the Poet, for compliments that are empty.—Oh! happy are they in this world of disappointments, who throw out no nets save fishing ones.

*Castle Spectre, A. 3. S. 1.*

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## AMITY.

WARFORD AND LADY HENRIETTA.

*Lady Henrietta.* There are people, sir, that can distinguish merit in obscurity—Nay, can admire it too—I for instance now, can perceive, that while I possess nothing from rank and birth, you gain every thing from virtue and honour.

*Warford.* This language overpowers me—And if I thought I was even pitied—

*Lady Henrietta.* Pitied! Oh, Mr. Warford, doesn't the man who shunn'd me in the hours of dissipation, and returned to me in the day of distress, deserve something more than pity?—Yes;—and as this is the last time we shall ever meet, let me avow my gratitude—my esteem! Let me be proud to tell you, that had I my own choice, I would give my hand where my heart has been long dispos'd of.

*How to Grow Rich, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

## ANXIETY.

DOLORES, BRIBON, AND NELTI.

*Dolores.* Sweetest messenger of fate, tell me the name of him, the cords of whose heart are so twisted with mine, that one crack will dis sever both.

*Nelti.* Now attend—I said to the necromancer, Most profound and learned sage, on whose life depends that of old Doctor Dominic Dolores? says he, Has he not a decrepid form—withered face—funk eyes—pug nose—paper lips—leather cheeks—straggling teeth—says I, the description suits exactly—He then gave me this, which informs me your life is joined to—

*Dolores.* Whom?

*Bribon.* I hope some rascal, who will be hanged in a week.

*Nelti.* Very likely, for it is joined to a lawyer's, and his name is—Bribon (*with deliberation, and seeming to expound the Quipos*) when one dies, the other will inevitably expire.

*Bribon.* Oh, lud! Oh, lud!

*Dolores.* Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

*Nelti.* I see I've made you quite happy—so, good bye. (*exit laughing.*)

*Dolores.* Oh, cruel fate! that my precious life must depend on my mortal enemy—I can't bear it.

*Bribon.* To be in the same death-warrant with that old' superannuated villain—Oh, 'tis too much!

*(They each sit down lamenting, look at each other some time—first, with fear and anxiety,—then they smile and draw nearer to each other.)*

*Dolores.* I think it was ridiculous enough in us to quarrel about a silly girl, Eh, Bribon ?

*Bribon.* Very, Doctor ; just as if there were not unavoidable miseries enough in life, without making them.

*Dolores.* True—how do you do ?

*Bribon.* You don't look well.

*Dolores.* My dear friend, let me feel your pulse—  
Oh, lord, 'tis very quick.

*Bribon.* Dear Doctor, sit down.

*Dolores.* I say, Bribon, you did not, (may be,) happen to swallow the contents of the bottle I gave you *(with hesitation.)*

*Bribon.* Oh, the scoundrel !—*(aside)*—First tell me how you are.

*Dolores.* Why, independent of my care for you, I am very well—so, you did not take the medicine ? Well, it's no great matter—I'm not offended with you—perhaps it's as well as it is.

*Bribon.* What an old villain ! If I thought it would not endanger his life, I would plague him heartily *(aside.)* I don't think, my dear Doctor, you look ill.

*Dolores.* Ill ! I never was better in my life.

*Bribon.* Egad I will—I'll plague him *(aside.)* and thank heaven, the cordial you gave me, which I have just swallowed —

*Dolores.* (*greatly alarm'd.*) Why, you did not take it, did you?

*Bribon.* Every drop—I dare say it will do me infinite good.

*Dolores.* Oh, I dare say it will—let me feel your pulse again—perhaps it may give you a bit of a twinge across the stomach—but don't mind it.

*Bribon.* No—you seem frighten'd.

*Dolores.* Not at all—don't agitate yourself—let me feel your pulse again—how lucky it is, my dear friend—any thing the matter? (*Bribon pretends to feel pain.*)—How lucky, I say, that the lives of two men should be linked together, who love each other so sincerely—Eh, what's the matter?

*Bribon.* Nothing—I felt a little ugly pain, but it's gone off—I can't help laughing to think we should quarrel about a girl—Ha, ha! ha, ha!

*Dolores.* Ha, ha!—Oh, Lord! Ha, ha, ha!—Are you sure the pain's gone off—Ha, ha!—Oh, Lord! oh, dear!

*Bribon.* Oh, there again—they increase—they increase—Oh! oh!

*Dolores.* I am a miserable old man! What, again, Eh?

*Bribon.* Have you any more of the bottle?

*Dolores.* Oh, no—I have a notion you have had enough of that. (*aside.*)

*Bribon.* I'm torn to death—pray prescribe for me.

*Dolores.* Oh, Lord! not for the world—Leave it to

nature—she's the best physician—Do you feel better?  
—I think you look better.

*Bribon. (sitting down on a chair.)* I feel I am dying—  
as a proof of my love for you, Doctor, I bequeath  
you—(Oh!) all my property whatever, and wish you  
a long and happy life.

*Dolores.* But, zounds! you forget I sha'n't outlive  
you a minute (*Bribon appears convulsed.*)—Oh! he's  
going—help! help!

*Enter HERBERT (after having been peeping.)*

*Herbert.* Ah, poor Bribon! what, he's going—  
now, is it not a shocking thing, Doctor, that, be-  
cause this scoundrel is dying, some amiable gentle-  
man won't live half an hour?

*Dolores.* Oh, very shocking! and between you and  
me, Herbert, I am that amiable, miserable old gen-  
tleman.

*Herbert.* How will you part with Nelti?

*Dolores.* Pooh! stuff—Do you think I mind parting  
with Nelti, or you, or all the world?—No; all my  
struggles are, how to part with my sweet self, how  
to bid adieu to this dear, delicious little body—Oh!  
he's going—he's going.—Bleeding,—bleeding's all  
that's left—If my hand's steady enough, I'll open a  
vein—but I hav'n't my instruments about me.

*Herbert.* Here's my sword.

*Dolores.* Give it me—I'll bleed him—

*Bribon. (jumping up.)* No, you don't—don't be



frightened (*to Dolores.*) bless your soul, it was all a fetch.

*Dolores.* Come to my arms—I'll be revenged on him—I'll marry Nelti.

*Bribon.* What, are you mad? marry a young mettlesome wench that—pooh—nonsense—why, arsenic wou'd not send you to your grave with more expedition.

*Herbert.* True, Bribon—I'll go to Nelti—so, farewell, Doctor. (*Going.*)

*Dolores.* You sha'n't—you sha'n't—I demand satisfaction—Oh, you cowardly——(*Dolores attempts to follow him, which Bribon prevents—Herbert returns in apparent anger; then Bribon snatches up Dolores in his arms, and runs off with him.*)

Columbus, A. 4. Sc. 4.

## APATHY.

### JULIA AND CLEMENTINA.

*Julia.* Oh, madam, forgive this intrusion—you told me you had a friendship for me. Oh, show it now! my father is arrested—in a dreadful situation. (*kneeling.*)

*Clem.* So are you, my dear, in a dreadful situation. Never kneel in a public room.

*Julia.* (*rises.*) Madam, I said my dear father,—the beloved author of my being, is in a prison.

*Clem.* Well?

*Julia.* Well! we're ruined, madam.

*Clem.* That's certainly extremely disagreeable.

*Julia.* What shall I do?

*Clem.* Oh, my dear, don't mind it—arrested! Nothing can be more fashionable. I dare say all will be well. Good bye! I'm sorry I can't assist you; but the guinea loo-table waits for me. Pray come and see me when your affairs are settled. Good bye, my dear! Good bye! Good bye! (*Exit.*)

*Julia.* This, in prosperity, was my warmest friend. Alas! such friends are as the leaves that clothe the tree in the genial summer, but leave it naked to the winter's blast.

*Way to Get Married, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

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## APPEARANCES.

EMILY TO PENRUDDOCK.

True generosity is above grimace: It is not always that the eye which pities is accompanied by the hand that bestows: some there are, who can smile without friendship, and weep without charity.

*Wheel of Fortune, A 5. Sc. 1.*

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## APPREHENSION.

ABSOLUTE AND FAULKLAND.

*Abs.* By Heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

*Faulk.* I own I am unfit for company.

*Abf.* Am not I a lover; aye, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry every where with me such a confounded farrago of doubts, fears, hopes! wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country Miss's brain!

*Faulk.* Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object.—You throw for a large stake, but losing—you could stake and throw again:—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed, were to be stript of all.

*Abf.* But, for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present?

*Faulk.* What grounds for apprehension did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life—My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her health—does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rain, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame!—If the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. O! Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for a lover's apprehension!

*Abf.* Aye, but we may choose whether we will

take the hint or not.—So then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well and in spirits, you would be entirely content.

*Faulk.* I should be happy beyond measure—I am anxious only for that.

*Abf.* Then to cure your anxiety at once,—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

\* \* \* \*

*Enter ACRES.*

*Acres.* Ha! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? just arrived faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack—Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a Comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

*Abf.* Ah! Bob, you are indeed an eccentric Planet, but we know your attraction hither—Give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

*Acres.* Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you; Sir, I solicit your connections.—Hey, Jack—what this is Mr. Faulkland, who——

*Abf.* Aye, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

*Acres.* Od'fo! she and your father can be but just arrived before me—I suppose you have seen them. Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

*Faulk.* I have not seen Miss Melville yet, Sir;—I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

*Acres.* Never knew her better in my life, Sir,—

never better,—Odds Blushes and Blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

*Faulk.* Indeed!—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

*Acres.* False, false, Sir—only said to vex you: quite the reverse, I assure you.

*Faulk.* There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill.

*Abf.* Now you are angry with your mistress for not having been sick.

*Faulk.* No, no, you misunderstand me:—yet, surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

*Abf.* O, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence to be sure!

*Acres.* Good apartments, Jack.

*Faulk.* Well, Sir, but you were saying that Miss Melville has been so *exceedingly* well—what then she has been merry and gay, I suppose?—always in spirits—hey?

*Acres.* Merry, Odds Crickets! she has been the bell and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour!

*Faulk.* There, Jack, there—O, by my soul! there is an innate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome.—What! happy and I away!

*Abf.* Have done!—How foolish this is! just now



you were only apprehensive for your mistress's spirits.

*Faulk.* Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

*Abs.* No indeed, you have not.

*Faulk.* Have I been lively and entertaining?

*Abs.* O, upon my word, I acquit you.

*Faulk.* Have I been full of wit and humour?

*Abs.* No, faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid indeed.

*Acres.* What is the matter with the gentleman?

*Abs.* He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland?

*Faulk.* Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a happy disposition!

*Acres.* That she has indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante!—there was this time month—Odds Minnum and Crotchets! how she did chirup at Mrs. Piano's concert.

*Faulk.* There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

*Abs.* Pho! man, is not music the food of love?

*Faulk.* Well, well, it may be so.—Pray Mr. —, what's his d—d name!—Do you remember what songs Miss Melville sung?

*Acres.* Not I indeed.

*Abf.* Say now, they were some pretty melancholy purling-stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may recollect;—did she sing—“*When absent from my soul’s delight.*”

*Acres.* No, that wa’n’t it.

*Abf.* Or,—“*Go, gentle gales!*”—“*Go, gentle gales!*”—(sings.)

*Acres.* O no! nothing like it.—Odds! now I recollect one of them—“*My heart’s my own, my will is free.*”(sings)

*Faulk.* Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifle! S’death! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to sooth her light heart with catches and glees!—What can you say to this, Sir?

*Abf.* Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, *Sir*.

*Faulk.* Nay, nay, nay—I am not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shewn itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay;—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

*Acres.* What does the gentleman say about dancing?

*Abf.* He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

*Acres.* Aye truly, does she—there was at our last race ball——

*Faulk.* Hell and the devil! There! there—I told

you so! I told you so! Oh! she thrives in my absence!—Dancing! but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine;—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all Health! Spirit! Laugh! Song! Dance! Oh! d—n'd, d—n'd levity?

*Abf.* For Heaven's sake! Faulkland, don't expose yourself so.—Suppose she has danced, what then? does not the ceremony of society often oblige —

*Faulk.* Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps as you say—for form sake—What, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a minuet—hey?

*Acres.* O, I dare ensure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her *country dancing*:—Odds swimmings! she has such an air with her!

*Faulk.* Now disappointment on her!—defend this, Absolute; why don't you defend this?—Country-dances! jiggs and reels! am I to blame now? A Minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say I should not have regarded a Minuet—but *Country-dances*!—Z—ds! had she made one in a *Cotillion*—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet through a string of amorous palming puppies!—to shew paces like a managed filly!—O Jack, there never can be but *one* man in the world, whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a *Country-dance*; and even then,

the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

*Abf.* Aye, to be sure!—grandfathers and grandmothers!

*Faulk.* If there be but one vicious mind in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig—their quivering, warm-breath'd signs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain!

*Rivals, A 2. Sc. 1.*

## APPROPRIATION.

MISS VORTEX AND JESSY.

*Miss Vor.* That's a charming nosegay—(*Jessy presents it*)—all exotics I declare.

*Jessy.* No, Madam, neglected wild flowers—I took them from their bed of weeds, bestowed care on their culture, and, by transplanting them to a more genial soil, they have flourished with luxuriant strength and beauty.

*Miss Vor.* A pretty amusement.

*Jessy.* And it seemed, madam, to convey this lesson—Not to despise the lowly mind, but rather, with fostering hand, to draw it from its chill obscurity, that, like these humble flowers, it might grow rich in worth and native energy.

*Cure for the Heart-Ache, A. 3, Sc. 2.*

## ARGUMENT.

SIR GEORGE, SIR WILLIAM, AND MISS DORRILLON.

*Miss Dor.* And is it possible I was sent for by you?

*Sir Geo.* Don't be offended, that I should be uneasy, and come to atone——

*Miss Dor.* I can't forgive you, Sir; 'tis impossible.

[*Going.*]

*Sir Geo.* You pardon those, Maria, who offend you more.

*Sir Wil.* But an ungrateful mind always prefers the unworthy.

*Miss Dor.* Ah! Mr. Mandred, are you there? [*playfully*] And have you undertaken to be Sir George's counsel? If you have, I believe he must lose his cause. To fit you for the tender task of advocate in love,—have you ever been admitted an honourable member of that court? Have you, with all that solemn wisdom of which you are master, studied Ovid, as our great lawyers study Blackstone? If you have—shew cause——why plaintiff has a right to defendant's heart.

*Sir Wil.* A man of fortune, of family, and of character, ought at least to be treated with respect and honour.

*Miss Dor.* You mean to say, "That if *A* is beloved by *B*, why should not *A* be constrained to return *B*'s love? Counsellor for defendant——"



“ Because, moreover, and besides, *B* who has a  
 “ claim on defendant’s heart, there are also *C*, *D*, *E*,  
 “ *F*, and *G* ; all of whom put in their separate claims  
 “ —and what in this case, can poor *A* do ? She is  
 “ willing to part and divide her love, share and  
 “ share alike ; but *B* will have all or none : so poor  
 “ *A* must remain *A* by herself *A*.”

*Sir Geo.* Do you think I would accept a share of your heart ?

*Miss Dor.* Do you think I could afford to give it you all ? “ Besides,” says defendant’s counsellor,  
 “ I will prove that plaintiff *B* has no heart to give  
 “ defendant in return—he has, indeed, a pulsation  
 “ on the left side; but as it never beat with any thing  
 “ but suspicion and jealousy ; in the laws of love, it  
 “ is not termed, admitted, or considered a *heart*.”

*Wives as they Were and Maids as they Are, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## ARTIFICE.

BARON, COUNT FLORESKI, VARBEL, &c.

*Bar.* I see, they are but servants, inflam’d by zeal and affection for their mistress ;—they shall serve my design,—I have promis’d you life—

*Varbel.* Yes, sir.

*Bar.* I add one only condition : see you discharge it to the point ; your fate and mine depends on it.  
 —I have assured the princess that Floreski is dead ;

my intelligence appears to be suspected ; but she can doubt no longer, if once she hears it confirmed by you in person :—This you must instantly perform in my presence, or by my—

*Varbel.* Don't look so frightful, sir, and we'll do whatever you please.

*Count.* Sir, I obey.

*Bar.* Enough.—Bring Lodoiska hither. (*Exit Sebastian into the tower,*) In serving me, you save yourselves ;—retire ; I shall call for you at your time to appear before her.—Gustavus, instruct them in your lesson. (*Exeunt Gustavus, the Count and Varbel.*) I triumph.—(*Lodoiska and Sebastian come down from the tower.*)

\* \* \* \*

What still in tears ?

\* \* \* \*

*Lodo.* By what authority do you confine me here ? My fond father committed me to your duty, not to your custody ; he delivered me to a friend, not to a goaler.—You have taken from me the poor women that served me ; if I converse, you must be my companion ; and if I wish to live,—as still I do for thee, Floreski !—'Tis from that barb'rous hand I must accept my sustenance.

\* \* \* \*

*Bar.* 'Tis plain, she disbelieves—The doubts you have of Count Floreski's death, madam, cause this insensibility to all I suffer ; 'tis time they were at once remov'd,—Know then, two of your father's

servants, who last night pass'd the forest, are at hand to——— (Exit Adolphus.)

*Lodo.* Last night! the forest!—It is true then? Oh my Floreski!

*Bar.* Advance.—Now be assur'd, proud fair one, those eyes shall never see Floreski more.—Advance, I say.—Behold.

*Enter the COUNT, VARBEL, &c.*

*Lodo.* Hold, heart, a little while!—Floreski!——

*Varbel.* Is no more, madam;—We last night found him in the wood, kill'd by the Tartars, as we guess.

*Count.* I shall discover all.

*Baron.* Madam, you know these men.

*Lodo.* I do; I do; and every doubt of my Floreski's death at last is ended.

*Baron.* She bears the shock more firmly than I expected.—If my———

*Lodo.* Spare me, my lord—The surprise, the emotion, the———

*Count.* Floreski, madam,———

*Bar.* Pronounce his hated name no more.———

\* \* \* \* \*

*Enter ADOLPHUS.*

*Adol.* My lord, the prince Lupauski is arriv'd,

*Bar.* Arriv'd?———

*Lodo.* Good heaven!———

*Count.* I am discovered then, and all is lost.

*Varbel.* Here's another adventure!———

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*Enter Prince LUPAUSKI.*

*Lodo.* Oh, sir! (*kneeling.*)

*Prince.* (*Raising and embracing her.*) My child! my Lodoiska!—Blessings, blessings on thee!—My friend, I cou'd not hope at parting to meet you again so soon; but the confederates are already—What do I see?—Am I deceiv'd?—The Count Floreski here?

*Var.* There,—now the murder's out.

*Bar.* Floreski!—This slave, is he the Count Floreski?

*Count.* Yes,—himself——

*Prince.* How has he gain'd admittance to——

*Bar.* By a cowardly, mean artifice;—he pretended himself one of your servants, sent with——

*Count.* What cou'd I do, disarm'd, against thee and thy banditti?—The artifice thou would'st reproach me with was bold and honourable; to oppose stratagem to perfidy, and cruelty, like thine, is acting according to the laws of justice, and vindicating those of humanity.

*Lodoiska, A. 2, Sc. 1.*

## ASPERITY.

WINGROVE AND MISS HERBERT.

*Mr. Wing.* Let me conjure you, my dear lovely tyrant, not to play with my anxiety—suspend awhile the triumphs of your sarcasm, you cannot misunderstand the agitations of my heart at this moment—

you know the cause of them—If you have given my sister an asylum——

*Miss Herb.* Then, sir, with equal solemnity, I desire you to believe, that if I have given your sister the shelter you imagine, I shall not withdraw it to gratify the prejudices of any of her relations; besides, sir, were your sister assured she should be secure from the odious danger that threatens her from a man she detests, she would I am convinced be happy to throw herself at her father's feet, and on that condition——

*Mr. Wing.* It is a condition, however, that will not be granted her, madam. What, when our honour, when the dignity of our house are committed—shall all be sacrificed to the frivolous partiality of a disobedient girl.

*Miss Herb.* Give me leave, sir, to tell you, that you seem to me to mistake this honour for which you declaim so warmly; honour holds no society with injustice.

*Mr. Wing.* Injustice! madam!

*Miss Herb.* Yes, sir, there can be no injustice equal to that of compelling a woman to so sacred a connection as a married union against the known and settled preference of the heart. It is besides, sir, acting a very ungenerous part towards Lord Dartford himself.

*Mr. Wing.* Not at all, madam; Lord Dartford knows of her aversion, and has spirit enough to disregard it.



*Miss Herb.* Does he fir? then indeed there can be no doubt, with all due deference to his spirit, but he merits it—But in the mean time, Mr. Wingrove, permit me to embrace the very earliest opportunity of expressing my gratitude for this new philosophy you have been kind enough to teach us. You are the first lover I believe that ever told his mistress to her face, that a union of the affections was a superfluous ingredient in the composition of matrimony—You made the discovery, fir.—You will leave it to me to make the proper use of it.

*Mr. Wing.* Nay, madam, if you are determined to make no other use of what I say, but to pervert it into ridicule or injury, I know nothing that's left me, but to use the only privilege, which I think you will not deny me, that of making a speedy departure. I have long despaired of exciting any sympathy in you towards myself, yet the distresses of an afflicted brother, I had fondly believed, would have inclined you to forbearance at least, if they had failed to produce any more active effect upon your humanity.

*Fugitive, A. 2. Sc. 4.*

## AVARICE. (THE FATE OF)

LEONARD TO CLEVELAND, &c.

*Leon.* To palliate my guilt I do not seek—yet in justice, let me declare the erroneous judgment of the

world made me a villain. I beheld the eye of ob-  
servance and respect ever directed to the wealthy ;  
were he fool or knave, no matter. While all that  
is truly amiable or great in genius or in virtue, when  
linked with poverty, was heeded with the stare of  
disavowal, or the scowl of contempt. To be a golden  
idol for the world's worship was my aim. I have  
lost my fortune, character, and happiness in the at-  
tempt, and now must meet in penury, mankind's  
abhorrence, and feel too, I deserve it.

*Volary of Wealth, A. 5. Sc. 4.*

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## BEAUTY.

GEORGE, FREDERICK, AND TRUEPENNY.

*Geo.* I mean to convince the world, that it is  
possible for a Young Man to be rich, and wise at the  
same time, nor shall it be in the power of beauty, or  
play, or wine, or any fashionable attraction, to shake  
my resolution.

*Fred.* Not even in the power of beauty.

*Geo.* What is beauty! my dear fellow!—we all  
admire a pretty woman—but why? if she has a fine  
figure, a fine face, a fine eye, and a fine ankle, why  
how the devil can we help admiring her.

*Fred.* Ha! ha! well said George.

*Geo.* Nay, but these are beauties that will  
fade. The figure will bend to age—the face become

wrinkled—the eye lose its lustre, and the ankle its shape—These are the reflections with which I shall arm myself at the sight of beauty.

\* \* \*

*True.* But George, you wrong the Ladies, to take from them all attraction—Are there not such things as minds as well as bodies?

*Geo.* Certainly, sir, and that is the reason why mere outside shall not captivate me.

*Five Thousand a Year, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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ABDALLAH AND ORASMYN.

*Oras.* I came prepar'd by rigid rules to judge her—  
*Her* before whom all rules, all modes, must vanish!  
 --For oh! when first my eyes beheld the queen,  
 My heart avow'd her empire ere my tongue.  
 I wond'ring gaz'd! and, gazing more, more wonder'd!

Ethereal loveliness informs her frame,  
 And beams in living glory from her eyes!  
 Yet o'er these charms sublime, meek modesty  
 Draws a transparent veil of wandering graces,  
 As fleecy clouds flit o'er the noonday sun,  
 And leave us opportunity to gaze,  
 Upon an orb too bright else for beholding!

*Abd.* I could grow once again a boy to hear thee—  
 Graces I could perceive—not perfect beauty—

*Oras.* Beauty's an indeterminate idea

Till fix'd by love—whose ever-pow'rful magic  
 Awakens a new being—love, when heav'n  
 Leaves to the vulgar sense its work imperfect,  
 Illumes our sight to trace the angel there.

—Thro' love we share our Maker's great prerogative,

*Creating* ev'ry charm, and then approving !

—Yet when she spoke, I half forgot her beauty—

Oh! with what melting harmony, she won

The very air to silence; no rude breath,

Dar'd blend with her's, but nature's self stood  
 hush'd,

Awe-struck, ev'n as Orasmyn—

*Almeida, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## BENEVOLENCE.

LADY ACID, COLONEL HUBBUB, LORD JARGON,  
 AND HONORIA.

*Lady A.* Colonel, notwithstanding your prejudices against me and Lord Jargon, I know, when you hear the conduct of this mean, avaricious girl, you'll confess, that his Lordship has a greater claim to her than any other man—You'll allow fine diamonds are rare things!

*Col.* Yes: next to modesty and good sense, the rarest things now-a-days to be met with.

*Lady A.* Then, Sir, with shame I mention it, she

has receiv'd a necklace from his Lordship, worth a thousand pounds.

*Col.* How! Is this true, my Lord?

*Lord Jar.* I can't answer you—but I won't deny it.

*Lady A.* She will tell you, that I compell'd her to accept the necklace; but even if that were the case, she might have return'd it to his Lordship long ere this time.

*Col.* Tis too plain! I see it by her blushes—Base, fordid girl! where are the diamonds? Produce and give them back to his Lordship, or I swear—Go fetch them instantly—What! do you hesitate?

*Hon.* I have not the necklace by me, Sir—I—

*Col.* What have you done with it then?

*Hon.* To confess the truth, Sir—I have sold it.

*Col & Lady.* Sold it!

*Hon.* Yes, Sir, to redeem a picture—to—

*Col.* A picture! give a thousand pounds for a picture—Let's see that!

*Lady.* See! she hesitates again! Oh! it's all an imposition, and my Lord has been defrauded out of his diamonds.

*Hon.* Wait but a moment, and I'll shew you how he has been defrauded.

*Opens the glass doors, and leads out CLAIRVILLE.*  
Here is a jewel the necklace has redeemed—Here is a treasure worth ten times its value! and here is the man I shall adore as long as I live—(embracing him.)

*Col.* Clairville!



*Clair.* Yes ; that Clairville, who must have sunk a victim to your's [*To Lady*] and his Lordship's artifices, had not this lovely angel stretched out her hand, and saved me from destruction.

*Col.* Well ! this is the prettiest picture I ever saw ! Look my Lord ; look, Lady Acid.

*Lord Jar.* I never was better pleased in my life ! ha ! ha !—Damnation !

*Col.* Nay, pray look—you'll not see such a picture again, and what's better, you'll never see your diamonds again.

*Notaristy, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

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WILFORD, RAWBOLD, &c.

*Raw.* Now to your errand. 'Tis from Mortimer.

*Wilf.* I come from Sir Edward.

*Raw.* I know his malice. He would oppress me with his power. He would starve me, and my family. Search my house. Let him do his worst : but let him beware. A tyrant ! a villain !

*Wilf.* Harkye—he is my master. I owe him my gratitude ;—every thing ;—and had you been any but my Barbara's father, and spoken so much against him, my indignation had work'd into my knuckles, and cram'd the words down your rusty throat.

*Raw.* Why am I singled out ? Is there no mark for the vengeance of office to shoot its shaft at but me ? This morning, as he dog'd me in the forest — — —

*Wilf.* Hush, Rawbold. Keep your counsel. Should you make it publick he must notice it.

*Raw.* Did he not notice it?

*Wilf.* No matter—but he has sent me thus early, Gilbert, with this relief to your distreffes, which he has heard of. Here are twenty marks, for you, and your family.

*Raw.* From Sir Edward Mortimer?

*Wilf.* 'Tis his way;—but he would not have it mentioned. He is one of those judges who, in their office, will never warp the law to save offenders; but his private charity bids him assist the needy, before their necessities drive them to crimes which his publick duty must punish.

*Raw.* Did Mortimer do this! did he! heaven blefs him! Oh, young man, if you knew half the misery—my wife—my children—Shame on't! I have stood many a tug, but the drops, now, fall in spite of me. I am not ungrateful; but I cannot stand it.

*Iron Chest, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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SHEVA AND FREDERICK.

*Sheva.* Hold, hold, be not so hasty! If I do love my monies, it may be because I have it in my power to tender them to you.

*Fred.* But I have said I never can repay you whilst you are in this world.

*Sheva.* Perhaps I shall be content to be repaid

when I am out of it—I believe I have a pretty many *post obits* of that sort upon the file.

*Fred.* I do not rightly understand you.

*Shewa.* Then pray you have a little patience till I'm better understood.—Sir Stephen had a match for you in view.

*Fred.* He had.

*Shewa.* What was the lady's fortune?

*Fred.* Ten thousand pounds.

*Shewa.* That is a goot round sum; but you did not love her, and you do love your wife.

*Fred.* As dearly as you love your money.

*Shewa.* A little better we will hope, for I do lend my monies to my friend.—For instance, take these bills, three hundred pounds—What ails you?—They are goot bills, they are bank—Oh! that I had a sack full of them!—Come, come, I pray you take them. They will hire you very pretty lodging, and you will be very happy with your pretty wife—I pray you take them.—Why will you be so hard with a poor Jew as to refuse him a good bargain, when you know he loves to lay his monies out to profit and advantage?

*Fred.* Are you in earnest? You astonish me.

*Shewa.* I am a little astonish'd too, for I did never see a man so backward to take money: you are not like your fader. I am afraid you are a little proud.

*Fred.* You shall not say so: I accept your generous tender.

*Sheva.* I wish it was ten thousand pounds, then your good fader wou'd be well content.

*Jew, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

ROVER, BANKS, TWITCH, AND LADY AMARANTH,

*Enter Lady AMARANTH from GAMMON'S.*

*Lady Am.* What tumult's this?

*Rover.* A lady! Ma'am, your most obedient humble servant. (*bow*) A quaker too! They are generally kind and humane, and that face is the prologue to a play of a thousand good acts—may be she'd help us here. (*Aside*) Ma'am, you must know that—that I—no—this gentleman—I mean this gentleman and I—He got a little behind hand, as every honest, well principled man often may, from—bad harvests and rains—lodging corn—and his cattle—from murrain, and—rot the murrain! you know this is the way all this affair happened (*to Banks*) and then up steps this gentleman (*to Twitch*) with a—a tip in his way—madam, you understand? And then in steps I—with my a—In short, madam, I am the worst story teller in the world where myself is the hero of the tale.

*Twitch.* Mr. Banks has been arrested for thirty pounds, and this gentleman has paid twenty guineas of the debt.

*Banks.* My litigious neighbour to expose me thus!

*Lady Am.* The young man and maiden within,

have spoken well of thy sister, and pictured thee as a man of irreproachable morals though unfortunate.

*Rover.* Madam, he's the honestest fellow—I've known him above forty years, he has the best hand at stirring a fire—If you were only to taste his currant wine.

*Banks.* Madam, I never aspired to an enviable rank in life: but hitherto pride and prud-uce kept me above the reach of pity: but obligations from a stranger—

*Lady Am.* He really a stranger, and attempt to free thee? But, friend (*to Rover*) thou hast assumed a right which here belongeth alone to me. As I enjoy the blessings which these lands produce, I own also the heart-delighting priviledge of dispensing those blessings to the wretched. Thou mad'st thyself my worldly banker, and no cash of mine in thine hands (*takes a note from a pocket book*) but thus I balance our account (*offers it.*)

*Rover.* “Madam, my master pays me, nor can I  
“take money from another hand without injuring  
“his honour and disobeying his commands.”

“Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree  
“The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.”

(*Runs off.*)

*Banks.* But, sir, I insist you'll return him his money (*to Twitch*) Stop! (*Going.*)

*Twitch.* Ay, Stop! (*Holds the skirt of his coat.*)

*Lady Am.* Where dwelleth he?

*Banks.* I fancy, where he can, Madam. I under-



stand, from his discourse, that he was on his way to join a company of actors in the next town.

*Lady Am.* A profane stage-player with such a gentle, generous heart! Yet so whimsically wild, like the unconscious rose, modestly shrinking from the recollection of its own grace and sweetness.

*Wild Oats, A. 2. Sc. 1*

GEORGE, AUGUSTA, FANNY, &c. (*Enter to them a Woman and Child.*)

*Woman.* Good Gentlemen and Ladies, I've a sick husband lying in prison.

*George.* For debt? what is it? (*apart.*)

*Woman.* Above eighteen shillings.

*George.* (*loud*) Pray go—don't teize people; their distress is only the consequence of idleness. I'd never encourage beggars—there, go—(*gives money apart*) plaguing one.

*Woman.* Sir, it's a guinea!

*George.* Well, don't trouble one now. (*loud*) Get your husband out of prison, and comfort your child. (*apart; sings carelessly, and puts them off.*)

*Augusta.* What's this?

*Fanny.* Bless you, governess, George is always doing these kind of things. He'd grudge himself a penny cheesecake, yet maintains and clothes half the poor round; he's king of a small island near his father's seat.

*Life's Vagaries, A. 3. Sc. 1:*

SIR GUY, SCRIBE, AND POOR WOMAN.

*Sir G.* Where's the beadle? Pack her away!

*Wom.* (*Looking at Sir Guy*) I don't think you mean it, Sir.

*Sir G.* The devil you don't! Why this is worse and worse! (*Examining her face*) When had you a good meal?

*Wom.* (*Energetically*) Never, since my husband's death.

*Sir G.* (*Tears*) Here's impertinence! (*Again more stedfastly examining*) When did you eat last?

*Wom.* Not these two days.

*Sir G.* (*Tears: affecting great anger*) Damn me but this is insufferable!—I'll teach you! Take her away!

*Scr.* Where, your Worship?

*Sir G.* To the pantry, you damned villain! To the pantry!

*Scr.* (*Drily*) Must I pass her to her parish?

*Sir G.* Do! Do! And I'll pass you to the devil! Give her food; go home with her; examine, dive into wretchedness, and harden your heart, scoundrel; and then give me a full and true account, that I may learn to harden mine. And do you hear, you vile huffey! Let me catch you fasting two days again, if you dare! Let me! That's all! In the mean time take this. (*Gives money.*) *Knave or Not, A. 2. Sc. 3.*

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REALIZE, MANDEVILLE, ALBINA, AND SERVANT.

*Real.* There he is—Seize him—secure him, while I

go for officers of justice. You'll pop at us like so many partridges, will you?—(*Servants bold Mandeville.*) Keep him tight; and now I may safely say my troubles are at an end.

*Alb.* (*Meeting him.*) Rather say, your troubles are going to begin. Unhand that gentleman—Let him go, I insist. (*Servants leave Mandeville.*) And now, Mr. Steward, a word in private if you please. (*Mandeville retires up.*)—You recollect me?

*Real.* To be sure I do.

*Alb.* Then hear me, Sir—I'll pay what he owes.

*Real.* You pay!

*Alb.* Yes, I'll pay. Can't you understand me? Go, Sir; and for the future don't disgrace your employers by acts of cruelty and oppression.—Why ar'n't you gone?

*Real.* Um!—Before I obey the young lady, I must have orders from the old one. You'll excuse me; but you're not your own mistress, you know, my dear.

*Alb.* No. But I'm yours, you know, my dear.

*Real.* You're not. The Governess is my mistress. Pooh! You've no will of your own.

*Alb.* No. But I've a will of my grandfather's; and if you don't instantly release this Gentleman, I'll discharge you from being my Steward—my Steward! Do you hear that, Sir?—What does he owe?

*Real.* Why, he owes me and Sir Solomon above fourteen hundred pounds; and do you think either

of us will be content with the security of a minor?  
No, no—we'll have the money down.

*Alb.* So you shall. Take it.

*Real.* Take it! Where?

*Alb.* Out of my grandfather's money.

*Real.* Psha! He didn't leave so much cash behind him.

*Alb.* Didn't he? Then he left houses, lands, and woods. So go, Sir! Go cut down a wood directly.

*Real.* Cut down a wood!

*Alb.* Ay, Sir. And if that won't raise the sum, cut down another, and another. It will improve the prospect, and gratify Albina with the finest view in the world—that of seeing an unfortunate man made happy. (*Turning to Mandeville, and taking his hand.*)

*Will, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

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## BENEVOLENCE AND AVARICE CONTRASTED.

BARLEYCORN, WHIMMY, AND OLD FRANKS.

*Barleycorn.* Sir, Parson Jack be making collections for the poor sufferers that was burnt out there at Minehead. He has sent the paper here, to put down your worship's name for a trifle.

*Whimmy.* I wish Parson Jack would mind the business of his own parish; what have we to do with the poor of another county?

*Old Franks.* Hark ye, Dick Whimmy, in the hour

of calamity, the unhappy of every country are our fellow-citizens! (*gives money.*) Put that down.

*Barleycorn.* Your name, Sir?

*Old Pranks.* Never mind my name.—If I can do any good, I don't want to blow a trumpet about it.

*Whimmy.* Eh! well, as it's a charity, I'll give—

*Barleycorn.* How much?

*Whimmy.* I'll give them—As I love to be modest, put down plain Dick Whimmy, one pound one.

*Barleycorn.* I'll give it myself, and dang me if your shabby name shall disgrace our parish paper.

*Old Pranks.* That fellow has a soul.

*Whimmy.* There's a saucy villain.

*Old Pranks.* Yes; but Dick, a fordid mind sinks a man into contempt, though master of millions.

*London Hermit, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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SIR STEPHEN AND SHEVA.

*Sir S.* One consolation is, that you have lost your money.

*Sheva.* If my monies are lost, my motives are not.

*Sir S.* I'll never pay one farthing of his debts; he has offended me for life; refus'd a lady with ten thousand pounds, and married a poor miss without a doit.

*Sheva.* Yes, I do understand your son is married.

*Sir S.* Do you so? By the same token I understand you to be a villain.



*Shewa.* Aha! that is a very bad word—villain! I did never think to hear that word from one, who says he knows me. I pray you now permit me to speak to you a word or two in my own defence. I have done great deal of business for you, Sir Stephen; have put a pretty-deal of monies in your pocket by my pains and labors: I did never wrong you of one fixpence in my life: I was content with my lawful commission.—How can I be a villain?

*Sir S.* Do you not uphold the son against the father?

*Shewa.* I do uphold the son, but not against the father; it is not natural to suppose the oppressor and the father one and the same person. I did see your son struck down to the ground with sorrow, cut to the heart: I did not stop to ask whose hand had laid him low; I gave him mine, and rais'd him up.

*Sir S.* You! you to talk of charity!

*Shewa.* I do not talk of it: I feel it.

*Sir S.* What claim have you to generosity, humanity, or any manly virtue? Which of your money-making tribe ever had sense of pity? Shew me the terms, on which you have lent this money, if you dare? Exhibit the dark deed, by which you have mesh'd your victim in the snares of usury; but be assur'd I'll drag you to the light, and publish your base dealings in the world. (*Catches him by the sleeve.*)

*Shewa.* Take your hand from my coat—my coat and I are very old, and pretty well worn out together—There, there! be patient—moderate your pas-

sons and you shall see my terms : they are in little compass : fair dealings may be comprised in few words.

*Sir S.* If they are fair, produce them.

*Sheva.* Let me see, let me see!—Ah, poor Sheva !—I do so tremble, I can hardly hold my papers—So, so ! Now I am right—Aha ! here it is.

*Sir S.* Let me see it.

*Sheva.* Take it—Do you not see it now ? Have you cast your eye over it ? Is it not right ? I am no more than broker, look you : If there is a mistake, point it out, and I will correct it.

*Sir S.* Ten thousand pounds invested in the three per cents. money of Eliza, late Ratcliffe, now Bertram !

*Sheva.* Even so ! a pretty tolerable fortune for a poor disinherited son not worth one penny.

*Sir S.* I'm thunderstruck !

*Sheva.* Are you so ? I was struck too, but not by thunder. And what has Sheva done to be call'd villain ?—I am a Jew, what then ? Is that a reason none of my tribe shou'd have a sense of pity ? You have no great deal of pity yourself, but I do know many, many noble British merchants that abound in pity, therefore I do not abuse your tribe.

*Sir S.* I am confounded and ashamed ; I see my fault, and most sincerely ask your pardon.

*Sheva.* Goot lack, goot lack ! that is too much. I pray you, goot Sir Stephen, say no more ; you'll bring the blush upon my cheek, if you demean your-

self so far to a poor Jew, who is your very humble servant to command.

*Sir S.* Did my son know Miss Ratcliffe had this fortune?

*Sheva.* When ladies are so handsome, and so goot, no generous man will ask about their fortune.

*Sir S.* 'Tis plain I was not that generous man.

*Sheva.* No, no, you did ask about nothing else.

*Sir S.* But how, in the name of wonder, did she come by it?

*Sheva.* If you did give me money to buy stock, would you not be much offended were I to ask you how you came by it!

*Sir S.* Her brother was my clerk. I did not think he had a shilling in the world.

*Sheva.* And yet you turn'd him upon the world, where he has found a great many shillings: The world, you see, was the better master of the two. Well, Sir Stephen, I humbly take my leave. You wish'd your son to marry a lady with ten thousand pounds, he has exactly fulfilled your wishes; I do presume you will not think it necessary to turn him out of doors, and disinherit him for that.

*Sir S.* Go on, I merit your reproof. I shall henceforward be asham'd to look you or my son in the face.

*Sheva.* To look me in the face is to see nothing of my heart; to look upon your son, and not to love him, I should have thought had been impossible.

*Jew, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

## BENIGNITY.

ADELAIDE TO JAQUELINE.

Find if my gold, my gems, can ransom him.  
Had I the world, it should be his as freely.  
I would go kirtled like a village maid,  
Plain all my life, in nature's simplest dress,  
Rather than deck'd with proud superfluous wealth,  
While one more worthy, wanting life's poor means,  
Upbraids the insulting splendour of abundance.

*Count of Narbonne, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

BELCOUR AND FULMER.

*Bel.* Pray, Sir, what sorrows and distresses have befallen this old gentleman you speak of?

*Ful.* Poverty, disappointment, and all the distresses attendant thereupon: sorrow enough of all conscience: I soon found how it was with him by his way of living, low enough of all reason; but what I overheard this morning put it out of all doubt.

*Bel.* What did you overhear this morning?

*Ful.* Why, it seems he wants to join his regiment, and has been beating the town over to raise a little money for that purpose upon his pay; but the climate, I find, where he is going, is so unhealthy, that nobody can be found to lend him any.

*Bel.* Why then your town is a damn'd good for-nothing town: and I wish I had never come into it.

*Ful.* That's what I say, Sir; the hard-heartedness of some folks is unaccountable. There's an old Lady Rusport, a near relation of this gentleman's; she lives hard by here, opposite to Stockwell's, the great merchant; he sent to her a begging, but to no purpose; though she is as rich as a Jew, she would not furnish him with a farthing.

*Bel.* Is the Captain at home?

*Ful.* He is up stairs, Sir.

*Bel.* Will you take the trouble to desire him to step hither? I want to speak to him.

*Ful.* I'll send him to you directly. I don't know what to make of this young man; but, if I live, I will find him out, or know the reason why. [*Exit.*

*Bel.* I've lost the girl it seems; that's clear: she was the first object of my pursuit; but the case of this poor officer touches me; and, after all, there may be as much true delight in rescuing a fellow creature from distress, as there would be in plunging one into it—But let me see; it's a point that must be managed with some delicacy—Apropos! there's pen and ink—I've struck upon a method that will do (*writes.*) Ay, ay, this is the very thing: 'twas devilish lucky I happen'd to have these bills about me. There, there, fare you well; I'm glad to be rid of you; you stood a chance of being worse applied, I can tell you (*encloses and seals the paper.*)

*FULMER brings in DUDLEY.*

*Ful.* That's the gentleman, Sir. I shall make bold, however, to lend an ear.



*Dud.* Have you any commands for me, Sir?

*Bel.* Your name is Dudley, Sir — !

*Dud.* It is.

*Bel.* You command a company, I think, Captain Dudley?

*Dud.* I did : I am now upon half pay.

*Bel.* You've serv'd some time?

*Dud.* A pretty many years ; long enough to see some people of more merit and better interest than myself, made general officers.

*Bel.* Their merit I may have some doubt of ; their interest I can readily give credit to ; there is little promotion to be looked for, in your profession, I believe, without friends, Captain?

*Dud.* I believe so too : have you any other business with me, may I ask?

*Bel.* Your patience for a moment. I was informed you were about to join your regiment in distant quarters abroad.

*Dud.* I have been soliciting an exchange to a company on full-pay, quarter'd at James's-Fort, in Senegambia; but, I'm afraid, I must drop the undertaking.

*Bel.* Why so, pray?

*Dud.* Why so, Sir? 'Tis a home-question for a perfect stranger to put ; there is something very particular in this.

*Bel.* If it is not impertinent, Sir, allow me to ask you what reason you have for despairing of success.

*Dud.* Why really, Sir, mine is an obvious reason for a soldier to have — Want of money ; simply that.

*Bel.* May I beg to know the sum you have occasion for?

*Dud.* Truly, Sir, I cannot exactly tell you on a sudden; nor is it, I suppose, of any great consequence to you to be informed; but I should guess, in the gross, that two hundred pounds would serve.

*Bel.* And do you find a difficulty in raising that sum upon your pay? 'Tis done every day.

*Dud.* The nature of the climate makes it difficult: I can get no one to insure my life.

*Bel.* Oh! that's a circumstance may make for you, as well as against; in short, Captain Dudley, it so happens, that I can command the sum of two hundred pounds: seek no farther; I'll accommodate you with it upon easy terms.

*Dud.* Sir! do I understand you rightly?—I beg your pardon; but am I to believe that you are in earnest?

*Bel.* What is your surprize? Is it an uncommon thing for a gentleman to speak truth? Or is it incredible that one fellow creature should assist another?

*Dud.* I ask your pardon—May I beg to know to whom? Do you propose this in the way of business?

*Bel.* Entirely: I have no other business on earth.

*Dud.* Indeed! you are not a broker I'm persuaded.

*Bel.* I am not.

*Dud.* Nor an army agent I think?

*Bel.* I hope you will not think the worse of me for being neither; in short, Sir, if you will peruse this paper, it will explain to you who I am, and upon

what terms I act; while you read it, I will step home, and fetch the money: and we will conclude the bargain without loss of time. In the mean while, good day to you. *[Exit hastily.]*

*Dud.* Humph! there's something very odd in all this—let me see what we've got here—This paper is to tell me who he is, and what are his terms: in the name of wonder, why has he sealed it? Hey dey! what's here? Two Bank notes, of a hundred each! I can't comprehend what this means. Hold; here's a writing; perhaps that will show me. "Accept  
" this trifle; pursue your fortune, and prosper."  
Am I in a dream? Is this a reality?

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BELCOUR AND CHARLOTTE (*Servant gives her a letter.*)

*Cbar.* From Charles Dudley, I see—have I your permission? Good Heaven, what do I read! Mr. Belcour, you are concern'd in this—"Dear Charlotte, in the midst of our distress, Providence has  
" cast a benefactor in our way, after the most unexpected manner: a young West Indian, rich, and  
" with a warmth of heart peculiar to his climate,  
" has rescued my father from his troubles, satisfied  
" his wants, and enabled him to accomplish his exchange: when I relate to you the manner in which  
" this was done, you will be charmed; I can only  
" now add, that it was by chance we found out that  
" his name is Belcour, and that he is a friend of Mr.  
" Stockwell's. I lose not a moment's time, in making you acquainted with this fortunate event, for

“ reasons which delicacy obliges me to suppress ;  
 “ but, perhaps, if you have not received the money  
 “ on your jewels, you will not think it necessary  
 “ now to do it. I have the honour to be,

“ Dear Madam,

“ most faithfully, yours,

“ CHARLES DUDLEY.”

Is this your doing, Sir? Never was generosity so worthily exerted.

*Bel.* Or so greatly overpaid!

*Char.* After what you have now done for this noble, but indigent family, let me not scruple to unfold the whole situation of my heart to you. Know then, Sir, (and don't think the worse of me for the frankness of my declaration) that such is my attachment to the son of that worthy officer, whom you relieved, that the moment I am of age, and in possession of my fortune, I should hold myself the happiest of women to share it with young Dudley.

*Bel.* Say you so, Madam! then let me perish if I don't love and reverence you above all woman kind; and, if such is your generous resolution, never wait till you're of age; life is too short, pleasure too fugitive; the soul grows narrower every hour; I'll equip you for your escape; I'll convey you to the man of your heart, and away with you then to the first hospitable parson that will take you in.

*Char.* O blessed be the torrid zone for ever, whose rapid vegetation quickens nature into such benignity! *West Indian, A. 2, Sc. 7. A. 3, Sc. 7.*

## BIRTH.

WINGROVE AND MISS HERBERT.

*Miss Herbert.* Well, in all this wide world of caprice and uncertainty there is but one thing infallible.

*Wingrove.* What is that?

*Miss Herbert.* That!—Why that a man of rank never violates his plighted honour, and that birth involves in it every human virtue.

*Wingrove.* Perfidious scoundrel—I'll tear him piecemeal.

*Miss Herbert.* Tear your own prejudices from your heart, Mr. Wingrove.

*Wingrove.* They are gone, madam; and I have no other proof that they ever had an existence in my bosom, but the mortified sensibility which they have left behind them.

*Miss Herbert.* Come, sir, keep up your spirits; you will do charmingly, I am convinc'd.

*Wingrove.* Nay: I am not now a convert to your opinion, my Harriet.

*Miss Herbert.* What a relapse.

*Wingrove.* No. I only mean to say, this is not the first time of my life in which I have thought as you do. Reason has had many ineffectual struggles with prejudice in my mind upon this subject before. But, henceforth, I disclaim all reverence for such idle superstitions—I despise birth, and all the vanities which attend it.



*Miss Herbert.* Now, Mr. Wingrove, I do not think so well of your case as I did. I am, myself, no peevish, morose caviller at birth. It is always graceful, and often useful; when it operates as a motive to a kind and honourable emulation with the illustrious dead; but when those who possess the advantage, endeavour to make it a substitute for every other excellence, then indeed I think the offender is entitled to no gentler sentiment than my contempt, or my pity.

*Fugitive, A. 5. Sc. 3.*

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PERCY AND MORTLEY.

*Mort.* Yet surely the baseness of her origin—

*Percy.* Can be to me no objection: in giving her my hand I raise her to my station, not debase myself to hers; nor ever, while gazing on the beauty of a rose, did I think it less fair because planted by a peasant.

\* \* \* \* \*

OSMOND AND ANGELA.

*Osmon.* Hear me, Angela: An English baron loves you, a nobleman than whom our island boasts few more potent. 'Tis to him that your hand is destined, 'tis on him that your heart must be bestowed.

*Ang.* I cannot dispose of that which has long been another's—My heart is Edwy's.

*Osmon.* Edwy's? A peasant's?

*Ang.* For the obscurity of his birth chance must be

blamed; the merit of his virtues belong wholly to himself.

*Osm.* By heaven you seem to think that poverty is a virtue!

*Ang.* Sir, I think 'tis a misfortune, not a crime: And when in spite of nature's injustice, and the frowns of a prejudiced and illiberal world, I see some low-born but industrious spirit prove itself superior to the station which it fills, I hail it with pleasure, with admiration, with respect! Such a spirit I found in Edwy, and, finding, loved!

*Castle Spectre, A. 1. Sc. 1. A. 2. Sc. 1.*

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## CANDOR.

*BELCOUR (Solus.)*

In the name of all that's mischievous, why did Stockwell drive me hither in such haste? A pretty figure, truly, I shall make: an ambassador without credentials. Blockhead that I was to charge myself with her diamonds; officious, meddling puppy! Now they are irretrievably gone: that suspicious jade Fulmer wouldn't part even with a sight of them, tho' I would have ransom'd 'em at twice their value. Now must I trust to my poor wits to bring me off: a lamentable dependance. Fortune be my helper: Here comes the girl—If she is noble minded, as she is said to be, she will forgive me; if not, 'tis a lost

cause; for I have not thought of one word in my excuse.

CHARLOTTE *enters*.

*Char.* Mr. Belcour, I'm proud to see you: your friend, Mr. Stockwell, prepared me to expect this honour; and I am happy in the opportunity of being known to you.

*Bel.* A fine girl, by my soul! Now what a cursed hang-dog do I look like! (*aside*.)

*Char.* You are newly arrived in this country, Sir?

*Bel.* Just landed, Madam; just set a shore, with a large cargo of Muscavado sugars, rum-puncheons, mahogany-slabs, wet sweet-meats, and green parquets.

*Char.* May I ask you how you like London, Sir?

*Bel.* To admiration: I think the town and the town's folk are exactly suited; 'tis a great, rich, overgrown, noisy, tumultuous place: the whole morning is a bustle to get money, and the whole afternoon is a hurry to spend it.

*Char.* Are these all the observations you have made?

*Bel.* No, Madam; I have observed the women are very captivating, and the men very soon caught.

*Char.* Ay, indeed! Whence do you draw that conclusion?

*Bel.* From infallible guides; the first remark I collect from what I now see, the second from what I now feel.

*Char.* Oh, the deuce take you! But to wave this

subject; I believe, Sir, this was a visit of business, not compliment; was it not?

*Bel.* Ay; now comes on my execution.

*Char.* You have some foolish trinkets of mine, Mr. Belcour; hav'nt you?

*Bel.* No, in truth; they are gone in search of a trinket, still more foolish than themselves. (*aside.*)

*Char.* Some diamonds I mean, Sir; Mr. Stockwell inform'd me you were charg'd with 'em.

*Bel.* Oh, yes, Madam; but I have the most treacherous memory in life—Here they are! Pray put them up; they're all right; you need not examine 'em. (*gives a box.*)

*Char.* Hey-day! right, Sir! Why these are not my diamonds; these are quite different; and, as it should seem, of much greater value.

*Bel.* Upon my life I'm glad on't; for then I hope you value 'em more than your own.

*Char.* As a purchaser I should, but not as an owner; you mistake; these belong to somebody else.

*Bel.* 'Tis yours, I'm afraid, that belong to somebody else.

*Char.* What is it you mean? I must insist upon your taking 'em back again.

*Bel.* Pray, Madam, don't do that; I shall infallibly lose them; I have the worst luck with diamonds of any man living.

*Char.* That you might well say, were you to give me these in the place of mine; but pray, Sir, what

is the reason of all this? Why have you changed the jewels? And where have you disposed of mine?

*Bel.* Miss Rusport, I cannot invent a lie for my life; and, if it was to save it, I couldn't tell one: I am an idle, dissipated, unthinking fellow; not worth your notice: in short, I am a West Indian, and you must try me according to the charter of my colony, not by a jury of English spinsters: the truth is, I've given away your jewels; caught with a pair of sparkling eyes, whose lustre blinded theirs, I served your property as I should my own, and lavish'd it away; let me not totally despair of your forgiveness: I frequently do wrong, but never with impunity; if your displeasure is added to my own; my punishment will be too severe. When I parted from the jewels, I had not the honour of knowing their owner.

*Char.* Mr. Belcour, your sincerity charms me; I enter at once into your character, and I make all the allowances for it you can desire. I take your jewels for the present, because I know there is no other way of reconciling you to yourself; but, if I give way to your spirit in one point, you must yield to mine in another; remember I will not keep more than the value of my own jewels; there is no need to be pillaged by more than one woman at a time, Sir.

*West Indian, A. 3. Sc. 6.*



## CAPTIOUSNESS.

FAUKLAND *solus, looking after JULIA.*

*Fauk.* In tears ! stay, Julia ! stay but for a moment.—The door is fastened !—Julia ;—my soul—  
 but for one moment : I hear her sobbing !—'Sdeath !  
 what a brute am I to use her thus ! Yet stay—Aye—  
 she is coming now :—how little resolution there is  
 in woman !—how a few soft words can turn them !—  
 No, faith !—she is *not* coming either——Why, Ju-  
 lia—my love—say but that you forgive me—come  
 but to tell me that—now this is being *too* resentful :  
 stay ! she is coming too—I thought she would—no  
*steadiness* in any thing ! her going away must have  
 been a mere trick then—she sha'n't see that I was  
 hurt by it.—I'll affect indifference—(*bums a tune :*  
*then listens*)—No—Z—ds ! she's *not* coming !—  
 nor don't intend it, I suppose.—This is not *steadiness*  
 but *obstinacy* ! Yet I deserve it.—What, after so long  
 an absence to quarrel with her tenderness !—'twas  
 barbarous and unmanly !—I should be ashamed to  
 see her now.—I'll wait till her just resentment is  
 abated—and when I distress her so again, may I lose  
 her for ever ! and be linked instead to some antique  
 virago, whose knawing passions, and long hoarded  
 spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day  
 and all the night.

*Rivals, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

## CASTLE-BUILDING.

SIR RAMBER, AP-HAZARD, *with a bust in his hand,*  
AND MISS UNION.

*Ap-Haz.* Ay : here's old Geoffery ;—here's the father of English Poets !—look, sir—does'nt this remind you of Palamon and Arcite ?—the Flow'r of Curtesye ?—the Assembly of Fools ?

*Sir Ram.* Knights Tale, and the Canterbury Tales, and the money I shall make by my new edition ?—oh ! that for Charles !—*(snapping his finger)*——you're my heir ! the possession of it will make me the envy of the Literati ! the wonder of the Cognocenti !—the delight of the Dilletanti ! the——I'm in an ecstasy !—let me—let me touch it.

*Miss Union.* Don't, for Heaven's sake—consider its antiquity !—the least touch will crumble it to atoms——the day's our own ! *(aside to Ap-Hazard)*

*Ap-Haz.* *(the bust still in his hand.)* I defy Fortune now—*(aside to Miss)*—What poetry flowed from this mouth !—What genius flash'd from these eyes !——What fancy revel'd in this brain !—Ay : ay : this is none of your modern paper skull'd authors — old Geoffery's head is found—sound as—*(here he lets his hand fall on the head, and part of it breaks to pieces)*—damnation !——what's to pay ?

*Fortune's Fool, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## PROJECT AND LADY PROJECT.

*Lady Pro.* Sir, 'tis your speculations that have undone us—haven't they all fail'd?—didn't the first wife bubble burst into air?

*Proj.* The first, madam!

*Lady Proj.* Yes: didn't you give two thousand pounds for a picture gallery? think the pictures all originals? call it the Asiatic Asiphusicon, and say you should make a fortune by its exhibition?—very well, sir, and didn't the famous picture that you advertised, as “the celebrated champion of England, by Rembrandt,” turn out to be nothing more than an old sign of St. George and the Dragon, blown down from an alehouse in Leaden-hall Market? wasn't the boasted beech tree, by Claude Lorraine, daub'd out a week before, by a glazier's boy in Cheapside? ———

*Speculation, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## CHARACTERS.

VAPID, NEVILLE, AND ENNUI.

*Nev.* Tell me, Vapid, have you got any new characters since you came to Bath?

*Vap.* Faith!—only two—and those are not very new either.

*Ennui* In fact, may we ask what they are?

*Vapid.* If you don't write.

*Nev.* No, we certainly do not.

*Vapid.* Then I'll tell you—the first is a charitable divine, who in the weighty consideration how he shall best lavish his generosity, never bestows it at all—and the other, a cautious apothecary, who, in determining which of two medicines is better for his patient, let's him die for want of assistance—you understand me,—I think the last will do something, heh!

*Ennui.* I have an idea—the apothecary would cut a good figure in a comedy.

*Vapid.* A comedy! pshaw! I mean him for a tragedy.

*Ennui.* In fact—I don't comprehend, nor possibly the town.

*Vapid.* I know it—that's the very thing—hark'ye, I've found out a secret.—what every body understands, nobody approves, and people always applaud most, where they least comprehend.—There is a refinement, sir, in appearing to understand things incomprehensible—else whence arises the pleasure at an opera, a private play, or a speech in parliament? why 'tis the mystery in all these things—'tis the desire to find out, what nobody else can—to be thought wiser than others—therefore—you take me—the apothecary is the hero of my tragedy.

*Dramatist, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

FREDERIC, SIR MATTHEW, AND LADY MAXIM.

*Fred.* Sir Solomon I fancy is an oddity in his way.

*Lady Max.* The very epitome of opposition to the rest of the world, and so proud of his reputation that way, that he sleeps when others wake, rises when they sleep, goes booted to the Pit at the Opera, full dress'd to the Upper Gallery at the Play-house, and once for a mere singularity went to a Masquerade in the character of a Milestone, nay he even boasts that his acquaintance are all singular, and professes to know a Poet without poverty, an honest Attorney, and a Physician who isn't afraid to swallow his own prescriptions.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sir Mat.* But, my Lady, you have been rather smart upon Sir Solomon Single—What have you to say against my friend Quibble?

*Lady Max.* He! an eternal Punster, nothing can possibly escape him. He affronted one friend who had sent him a leveret,—by asking him if that was his own *bare*, or a wig; frightened another out of his garden, by saying there was a Sheriff's Officer behind him—when all the while he meant nothing but a *bay leaf*;—told a Painter that drawing pheasants was only *making game*—sent old Lady Dimly, when she wanted a pair of spectacles, to see *two monopolizers put in the pillory*: and actually has *calf's* head



at his table, three times a-week, purely for the sake of saying he is obliged to provide *brains* for the rest of the Family. *Five Thousand a Year*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

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MISS UNION AND ORVILLE.

*Miss Union.* The welchman's a lucky creature.

*Orw.* He lucky! why he's Fortune's Fool!—when I knew him in Wales, one continued series of ill luck pursued him—if he touch'd china, it broke—if he went a shooting, his gun burst—if hunting, there was no game—if he play'd at whist, his partner could neither trump nor follow suit—if he fell in love, his mistress married somebody else, and he told me himself, if he'd been a physician, as his father wish'd him, every body would have enjoy'd high health, and he been the only sick man in all Wales.

*Fortune's Fool*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

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CLAIMS.

DORVILLE AND ROSA.

*Mr. Dor.* Have you no friends, no family connections?

*Rosa.* None. An orphan! a stranger! alas! there's not a human being on whom I have any claim of protection. Mr. Torrid withholds the letter, and—

*Mr. Dor.* An orphan and stranger! these are your

claims, that your protection—trust yourself with me—my doors are open to you, my house shall be your asylum; Lady Esther shall receive you; come, let me conduct you to her; nay, nay, cheer up, cheer up, think not of the letter. *Secret, A. 4. Sc. 4.*

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## COMPASSION.

BEAUCHAMP TO MRS. ORMOND.

*Beau.* Oh, Mrs. Ormond! did all your sex think like you—would Chastity stretch forth her hand to assist the penitent, not raise it to plunge her deeper—many a poor victim of imprudence now struggling with the billows might easily regain the shore!—But when some unhappy girl has made the first false step branded with shame, abandoned by her former friends, courted by vice, and shunned by virtue, no wonder that she flies from remorse to the arms of luxury, and purchases a momentary oblivion of her sorrows by a repetition of the fault which caused them.

*East Indian, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

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## CONFESSION.

DORVILLE AND ROSA.

*Mr. Dor.* Listen to me, Rosa, listen to me; it was my fortune when at college, to be received into the

family of a neighbouring clergyman; he had a daughter, gay, lovely, high-spirited, young as myself—the unsuspecting confidence of her family put her in my power; I betray'd it!!! Nay do not start, reserve yourself for further horror; after what had pass'd, I felt that she had additional claims on my hand; I made known my passion to my father—I knew him vain, haughty, ambitious, but he found me resolute; and, in appearance, acquiesced—

\* \* \* \*

Yes! this seeming acquiescence lull'd me to a false security! our marriage was delay'd; that delay was all he asked—he knew the irritable weakness of my character, and on that he built his hopes; he prevailed on a wretched confidant of my attachment to enter into his views—my Eloisa was suddenly taken ill, and became a mother.

\* \* \* \* \*

The early birth of my child was made the foundation of a charge, base and unnatural—letters fabricated for the purpose were put into my hands, and when I flew to its embrace, an incident was contriv'd for my destruction. I found this wretch caressing the little infant; when I would have addressed him, he affected to avoid me; a horrible idea fasten'd on my fancy; I caught the infant to my arms; it smil'd—methought it smil'd like the wretch who had just fled; I would have dash'd it to the ground! you stretch'd forth your little arms, the

charm of innocence preserv'd me ! yes, Rosa, you, you were that infant !

\* \* \* \*

I gave you to the nurse, and rushed from the house—my feeble senses sunk under the conflict—after an interval I awoke from my delirium—awoke to hear that she renounced her claims upon my hand ; that she had fled to an uncle in India ; that she had a companion in her flight ; I was desperate. My father claim'd that acquiescence to his views of marriage, which he had lent to mine ; I yielded and became the husband, of Lady Esther.

*Rosa*, 'Twas false, 'twas a new artifice ; I, and I only was the companion of her flight ; eighteen years of solitude attest her innocence ; I—I attest it That even in exile you were still the object of her affections ; your conduct to your tenants, to your family, the constant theme of her admiration. I now see through the veil which she had thrown around me : the secret of my birth was locked in her bosom that she might raise for you an interest in mine ; every action of your life was known to her ; every instance of your generosity she hailed as a token of your penitence, as a tribute of affection to her memory : on these would she expatiate, these would she imprint on my young heart, while she concealed from me the name of father, till in the knowledge of his virtues, I could forget her wrongs. Yes, they are forgotten ! (*kneels*) her wishes are accomplished,

your daughter throws herself on your protection, on your love, with confidence, respect, and gratitude.

*Secret, A. 5. Sc. 13.*

## CONFUSION.

CHEVERIL AND JOANNA.

*Chev.* Mrs. Enfield!—She is gone!—I should have felt bolder, had she been present.

*Joan.* It is very strange!

*Chev.* What does she say?

*Joan.* First one man, and then another!

*Chev.* (*Listening.*) Hay? Hem!

*Joan.* Her friends too are all men!

*Chev.* Where the devil now is all my impudence flown?

*Joan.* But she is so kind, so winning, that I have not the power to deny.

*Chev.* If I could but turn round—One plunge and it would be over! (*Turns by degrees.*)

Ma—! Heavens! [*Stands astonished.*]

*Joan.* (*Aside*) Mercy! It is he!

*Chev.* (*Aside*) The very beauty of the Green Park!

*Joan.* (*Sighs*) I had almost hoped never to have seen him more!

*Chev.* (*Aside*) This is the luckiest—Lucky? To find her here?

*Joan.* (*Aside*) I have thought of him much too often!



*Cher.* (*Aside*) A creature so divine! Looks of such conscious modesty! And in this place!

*Joan.* Sir.—

*Cher.* Madam—(*Aside*) O that I might but touch her lips!

*Joan.* Mrs. Enfield informs me you are one of her best friends.

*Cher.* Me, madam?

*Joan.* Yes, sir.

*Cher.* Why—That is—(*Aside*) No: I'll not deceive her! (*Aloud*) I—I never saw Mrs. Enfield before in my life.

*Joan.* Never—?

*Cher.* Never. And I don't care if I never see her again.

*Joan.* Bless me!

*Cher.* Very true, madam. And I—

*Joan.* (*Calling*) Mrs. Enfield!

*Cher.* Stop! madam!—Pardon my presumption, but—I--you—you have so much beauty and modesty—and merit—and—I am such a faltering—bashful booby—that, if you leave me—I shall run mad!

*Joan.* Mad, sir?

*Cher.* Upon my soul I shall, madam! I can't help it! I never was so enchanted, enraptured, and ravished in all my life! And I am very sorry to find you—

*Joan.* Sorry to find me?

*Cher.* No, no, no, madam! Glad to find you! Infinitely glad! but not in this house!

*Joan.* And why, sir!

*Chew.* I was frantic to think I had lost you!

*Joan.* How so, sir? We are not acquainted?

*Chew.* I am sorry for it, madam!—B—b—but I hope we shall be. I have been a very bedlamite! I could neither eat, drink, nor sleep!—I have dreamed of you every night! You have been in my head, in my heart, in my arms—

*Joan.* Your arms, sir?

*Chew.* Oh lord, no, madam! No, no!—I—I am talking in my sleep now. I mean—That is—I would not offend you, madam, no, not for ten thousand thrones! Though to find you here is the greatest torment—!

*Joan.* Torment!

*Chew.* B—b—bliss! I—I—I would say bliss, madam! Bliss ineffable! And if—you would but leave this wicked place—

*Joan.* I do not understand you, sir!

*Chew.* Purity of heart is the characteristic of your countenance: I am sure you are innocent; or if not, I would give worlds that you were!

*Joan.* This, sir, is the first time we ever spoke together: what have you heard or seen of me that should authorize you to doubt?

*Chew.* Nothing, madam! on my soul nothing! Every motion, word and look, speak virtue void of blemish! I would lay down my life to prove it, and to rescue you from this bad woman!

*Joan.* From Mrs. Enfield?

*Chew.* An odious, vile—!

*Joan.* You make me half suspect you are as frantic as you describe yourself! She is the most benevolent of women!

*Chew.* Forgive me if I appear intruding; indeed my intention is good; but how long have you been in this house?

*Joan.* Not four hours.

*Chew.* And how long acquainted with this woman?

*Joan.* To-day was the first time I ever saw her.

*Chew. (In raptures)* She's innocent! She's innocent!

*Deserted Daughter, A. 3. Sc. 8.*

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## CONSCIENCE.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER AND HELEN.

*Hel.* ——— Poor wretch!

He carries that away within his breast,  
Which will embitter all his life to come,  
And make him curse the knowledge on't.

*Mort.* The knowledge! ———

Has he then breathed ——— Carries within his  
breast!

What does he know?

*Hel.* His own ingratitude.

*Mort.* O, very true.

*Hel.* Then leave him to his conscience.

It is a scorpion, sent by Heaven itself,  
 To fix on hidden crimes; a slow, still stream,  
 Of moulten lead, kept dropping on the heart,  
 To scald and weigh it down. Believe me, love,  
 There is no earthly punishment so great,  
 To scourge an evil act, as man's own conscience,  
 To tell him he is guilty.

*Mort.* 'Tis a hell!

I pray you talk no more on't.—

\* \* \* \*

MORTIMER, (*Solus.*)

Dear, simple innocence! thy words of comfort  
 Pour oil upon my fires. Methought her eye,  
 When first the spake of conscience, shot a glance  
 Like her dead uncle on me.—

*Iron Chest, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

ABDALLAH, (*Solus.*)

—Wherefore should man invent a hell *hereafter*?  
 Alas! guilt makes one *here*! and he who sins,  
 Tho' never mortal eye, or voice reprove him,  
 Finds in his bosom every fiend that peoples  
 The dark profound.

*Almeyda, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## CONSCIENCE. (GOOD)

FLORENZI, LEALTO, &amp;c.

*Flor.* Hold!—I will not be the instrument of your punishment—Be that the task of your own conscience.

*Leal.* My Lord, if you wish me punished, I warn you not to trust to my conscience for it—that is still my friend: and, wretched as I am at this moment, an object of resentment and abhorrence, where I most wished for esteem; I would not forfeit the consolation I receive here, for the riches of the world and the applause of all mankind.

*Flor.* Leave me, and never let me again behold you! (*Offers a purse.*)—Take that; and to your necessities I'll ever be a friend.

*Leal.* No, no, my Lord!—When I had your good opinion, I was proud of your rewards; but knowing myself an honest man, I will never be dishonoured by receiving the alms which pity prompts you to offer the necessities of an imputed assassin.

*False and True, A 2. Sc. 6.*

## CONSIDERATION.

ARMSTRONG TO ORSON.

*Arm.* He is no object for plunder. I have watch'd him, at midnight, stealing from his lodge to wander



like one crazed. He is good, too, to the poor; and should walk unmolested by Charity's charter. 'Twere a pity that he who administers to necessity, all day, should be rified by necessity at night.

*Iron Chest. A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## CONSOLATION (IRONICAL.)

OLD MANLY AND ADMIRAL CLEVELAND.

*Admiral.* Come, Manly, you have too many of the substantial afflictions of life to contend with at present to be ruffled by little breezes of this sort—But I am your friend, and I thought it my duty, as such to call upon you, and to do what a friend ought, to comfort you.

*Old Manly.* Why that was very kind my old neighbour, very kind indeed—be seated I beseech you—Yes, indeed, 'tis very true, as you say Admiral, I am a wretched, miserable, unhappy man, oppress'd with sorrows, laden with affliction—overtaken before my time, by many cares. Yet 'tis something, my worthy neighbour, to have a trusty friend, to take a kind interest in one's misfortunes—to share as it were, the sad load of life—to ride and tye with one in the weary pilgrimage—O 'tis a charming thing to have a friend!

*Admiral.* I think so indeed, and hope to prove as much—I have no other object but to comfort you—None, none.—You are indeed very unhappy.

*Old Manly.* Very, very!

*Admiral.* Why there's your wife, now.

*Old Manly.* Aye—my wife—Oh! Oh! [*A long sigh.*]

*Admiral.* Nay be comforted, my friend—be comforted.—Why she is of herself a sufficient load of misery for any one poor pair of mortal shoulders. Always fretful, her suspicions never sleep—and her tongue always awake—constantly making her observations, like a vessel sent out upon discovery—ever on the watch, like an armed cutter, to cut off any little contraband toy, and to intercept any harmless piece of smuggled amusement.

*Old Manly.* Oh! 'tis dreadful, neighbour, quite dreadful indeed.

*Admiral.* Take comfort, my friend—What did I come here for? take comfort, I say—There is your son too.

*Old Manly.* Yes, my son too, an abandoned profligate.

*Admiral.* Nay, if that were all, there might be hopes—the early little irregularities that grow out of the honest passions of our nature are sometimes an advantage to the ripened man; they carry their own remedy along with them, and when remedied, they generally leave the person wiser and better than they found him—wiser for his experience, and better for the indulgence which they gave him towards the infirmities of others—but a canting, whining, preaching, profligate—a sermon-maker at twenty—a fellow that becomes a saint, before he's a man—a

beardless hypocrite—a scoundrel that cannot be content with common homely finning, but must give it a relish by joining a prayer with it in his mouth—of such a fellow there can be no hopes—no hopes indeed.

*Old Manly.* None, none. Oh miserable that I am, where will my affliction end? Where shall I find consolation.

*Admiral.* Consolation! —In me to be sure!—What else was the purpose of my visit? I forbear to say any thing of your daughter, poor unhappy girl.

*Old Manly.* Conceal nothing from me. What has happened to my poor child—what has happened to her? She was my favourite. Miserable man! O miserable man!

*Admiral.* Nay, if it will give you any comfort, I will tell you. It is my duty to do so—why, she, you know, was desperately in love with Charles Welford. He has turned her off, I find—discharged her the service, and has fallen in with somebody else; so that I suppose by to-morrow morning we may look for her birth, poor girl, in the ambush of a willow, or the retirement of a fish-pond.

*Old Manly.* Now the sum of my calamities is complete [*Weeps*]. Now, indeed, the cup is full—poor undone man—miserable husband—wretched father!

*Admiral.* Aye, and all to come upon you at your time of life too—Had your misfortunes reached you when you were in the vigour of your days—[*Old Manly dries his eyes, and looks resentfully*] when you re-

tained enough of bodily strength and force of mind to cope with them—but—at your time of day, when the timbers are approaching fast towards decay, when the lights of the understanding are upon the glimmer, and the reckoning of life is pretty nearly out—Oh! 'tis too horrible. Faith, after all, I don't know how to comfort you.

*Old Manly.* [*In a rage*]. [*Both rising.*] I believe not, indeed; you fusty, musty, old, soul-mouthed, weather-beaten, coxcomb—timbers approaching fast to decay. Whose timbers do you mean, old jury-mast? look at your own crazy hulk---do---and don't keep quoting your damn'd log-book criticisms upon your juniors and your betters.

*Admiral.* Nay, my good friend.

*Old Manly.* Damn your friendship and your goodness too. I don't like friendship that only wants me to hate myself—and goodness that only goes to prove every thing bad about me. So good Mr. Yellow Admiral, sheer off—do---and till you can stuff your old vessel with a cargo of more commoditable merchandize, don't let me see you in my latitude again.

*Admiral.* Sir, let me tell you, you may repent of this language; and were it not for pity of your age and your misfortunes —

*Old Manly.* O curse your pity; and as for misfortunes, I know of none equal to your consolation.

*Fugitive, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

## CONTRITION.

ZORINSKI AND CASIMIR.

*Cas.* Zorinski—but oh, is't possible—can thy soul be reconcil'd to treason?

*Zo.* (*aside*) How that shot thro' me.

*Cas.* Art thou content, the future ages shall use thy great name to curse with.

*Zo.* My hair bristles, and my teeth chatter—peace I charge thee.

*Cas.* Those convulsive throbs speak virtue in thee—oh, obey it's sacred impulse—behold thyself thy King's deliverer—see hands and hearts hail thee thy country's saviour—think how the good will pray for thee, and ages bless thy name.

*Zo.* Oh let me with repentant—ha! is not the deadly oath sworn—hell I'm faithful to thee—who is it that holds my arm?—(*a bugle is heard at a distance*) Ha! again—now—(*raising his arm*).

*Cas.* A moment's pause—Oh God, shield with thy arm omnipotent my dear, ill-fated Poland; receive my parting spirit, and, oh! forgive this man. Now, traitor, strike.

*Zo.* (*After a struggle*) Oh, impossible! (*falls at the King's feet, then recovers himself on his knee*) Oh, Casimer—Oh my King—how shall I look upon that injured face.

*Cas.* Zorinski, the fiery trial past gives thee to my heart more pure—(*a whistle*) Hark, thy comrades.



*Zo. (Starts up and recovers his sword)* Let them come on; this weight of guilt taken from this arm, I will protect thee, King—Virtue's electric fire so springs each nerve, that did nature loose her ravenous kind—did hell oppose its ministers of blood, I seem as with one blow I could sweep them to destruction.

*Zorinski, A. 3, Sc. 3.*

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## CONTRIVANCE.

GOSSAMER AND MISS MORTIMER.

*Gossamer.* Is he gone, ma'am?

*Mrs. Mortimer.* He is: and will soon bring you assistance; and you won't, you won't die, sir.

*Gossamer.* Yes: I shall—I shall die, ma'am; but—*(changing his voice and countenance)*—it will be with laughing—ha! ha!—there I had you, Mr. Delville.

*Mrs. Mortimer.* What! don't you bleed, sir?

*Gossamer.* Yes, freely of claret; but not a drop of blood! and I can afford it, for I've won a whole hoghead by the frolic!—but we are losing time—go to that door—Sambo, who told me of your situation, is waiting to conduct you to your husband—go, and for the fright I've occasioned you, pray pardon me: I wish to laugh, but never at the expence of distress like yours.

*Mrs. Mortimer.* Sir, I'm all gratitude.

*Gossamer.* Nay, nay: I'm amply paid, and—

Zounds! here's the butt again—here's Delville!—  
I must let the red sea flow on—(*sits in the chair as before*)—mum! look out for Sambo.

*Re-enter DELVILLE with a phial and lint.*

*Delville.* So now I think on't this may be one of his tricks—Come, shew me your wound, George?

*Gossamer.* Softly—kneel down, and you'll have a better view.—(*Delville kneels*)—Now's your time—(*aside to Mrs. Mortimer.*—*Here Gossamer covers Delville's face with his waistcoat: Sambo appears at a door in back scene beckoning to Mrs. Mortimer, and she walks tremblingly towards him*)—Do you see any thing now? (*still covering his face, and Mrs. Mortimer getting nearer the door.*)

*Delville.* No; nothing, fir.

(*Here Mrs. Mortimer exit with Sambo, clasping her hands, all gratitude to Gossamer; who, seeing she is gone, jumps up, puts his handkerchief in his pocket, and buttons his waistcoat.*)

*Gossamer.* Then, do you see any thing now?—huzza!—there's a hoax for you!

*Delville.* Confusion! where's Mrs. Mortimer?

*Gossamer.* Where's my hoghead of claret?—why, Ned! this beats the attorney!

*Delville.* S'death and shame! I'll pursue her—I'll overtake, and bring her back again.

*Gossamer (holding him).* What! and trouble me to make you a butt again?—She is by this time safe with her husband! and now, Ned—now isn't mine

a moral system?—a sentimental fellow would have shot you for your bad conduct—but I laugh you out of it: I let you live and reform! and if you will but copy the example of your honest negro, you'll enjoy that cheerfulness a good conscience can alone secure you.

*Laugh When You Can, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

## CONVICTION.

DUNE, MENTEVOLÉ, DURAZZO, JULIA, FULVIA, &c.

*Duke.* — As you regard your honour, and your life,

Touch'd by suspicion to the quick, this instant  
Account for your possession of that picture.  
That lady there, dead Claudio's mother, swears,  
It was her son's, and worn around his neck  
The day he disappear'd. Behold, do you know it!  
Do you allow you dropp'd it?

*Ment.*

Yes; but not

That it was Claudio's. Yet, I cannot wonder,  
Two objects so alike, should seem the same.

\* \* \* \* \*

I say, should *seem*; for it is barely seeming.  
From that which Claudio own'd, (the artist's boast,)  
Myself, not meanly in the science skill'd,  
Painted this picture; love, my pencil's guide;  
And, from the image in my heart engrav'd,  
Assisted by the model, such I made it,  
That not the most discerning, nicest eye

From the first beauteous draught could know that copy.

*Ful.* And had you skill to paint those jewels too,  
Those jewels in the round? their hue and lustre  
So singular, and bright? By every power,  
These were my son's.

*Ment.* No. Give me hearing, madam.  
Those too I purchas'd from the very merchant  
Who furnish'd Claudio. All who hear me, know  
The name of Manoa; his services  
To this ungrateful state; his flight, his death;  
Which I lament, since living, he could witness,  
And strike you dumb, that by my special order  
He chose these precious gems, in form and colour  
So like to Claudio's, none could mark distinction.  
To pay their value, my estate was strain'd;  
But had their estimation been twice doubled,  
A crown imperial deem'd the mighty price,  
Rather than yield him preference in aught  
Might seem a test of my extravagant love,  
I would have grasp'd at it; and so remain'd  
The ruin'd, happy lord of that sole treasure.  
Now learn from hence, how wisdom should demur  
To found a sentence on appearances.

Your grace is satisfied. [*Here Durazzo whispers Camillo, who goes out.*]

*Duke.* I own, to me,  
(No proof appearing to the contrary,)  
If this be so, your honour seems acquitted.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Dur.* Soft you a while; for lo you, who comes here,  
Even to your wish, to make all clear for you.

*Re enter CAMILLO, leading in MANOA.*

*Ment. (starting)* Swallow me, earth! he lives.  
But I must brave it.

*Duke. (rising)* Ha! can I trust my senses? Manoa!

*Dur.* The same, my lord, and by no miracle.

*Duke.* Yet things so strange are next to miracles,  
And his appearance such. We thought him dead.—  
This is beyond your hopes. *[to Mentvole.]*

*Ment.* O, much beyond them.—  
All curses of his nation light upon him! *[Aside.]*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Duke.* ——— Come nearer still;

*[Gives Manoa the picture.]*

Take this, examine it. Do you remember  
(Observe them well) the jewels round that picture?

*Manoa.* Most sure, my lord; they are by no means  
common;

But all, indeed, most rare and singular.

*Duke.* They once were yours. Who was their  
purchaser?

*Manoa.* A noble youth, by whose untimely death  
Genoa has lost her brightest ornament.

Even in the depth of my own misery,  
My heart dropp'd blood to hear the fate of Claudio.

*Duke.* Did you at any time, (think, ere you an-  
swer,)

Procure for any other purchaser  
Jewels like these?

*Manoa.* Never, my lord.



*Ment.*

Out, dotard!

Thy miseries have craz'd thy memory.  
 To me these gems were sold; look on me well,  
 I was the friend of Claudio: think, old man,  
 A noble person's life, and reputation,  
 (More dear than life,) hang on the words you utter.

*Manoa.* I've said, what I have said: were my  
 soul's fate

Link'd to the testimony, thus I stake it:  
 As I do hope forgiveness of my sins,  
 And peace in death, I never sold these gems,  
 Nor any like them, save to noble Claudio.

*Duke.* Hear you, my lord?

*Ment.*

I hear a faithless Jew,

A slave suborn'd, a traitor to the state,  
 A bankrupt, fugitive, and outcast Hebrew,  
 Avar—he knows not what;—and still more strange,  
 I see the credulous duke of Genoa,  
 The first in estimation as in place,  
 Gaping to swallow monstrous perjuries.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Manoa.*

Mighty signor,

I have an attestation of my truth,  
 Beyond all oaths, or sacred form of words.  
 If I am not a liar, and suborn'd,  
 There rests within this frame a spring conceal'd  
 With nicest art, and known to me alone,  
 And its first master. Touch'd, it will discover  
 The noble Claudio's image.—Ay, 'tis here.—

Ill-fated youth!—Is this to be a liar?

*[He touches a spring, and shews a picture of Claudio beneath that of Julia.]*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Ment.* Demons seize thee! *[to Manoa.]*  
Cramps and cold palsies wither thy curs'd hand!  
Thou hast undone me.

*Duke. (rising)* Sir, you are our prisoner;  
And in our palace you must hear your sentence.—  
Bear him away this instant.

*[Two of the Guards attempt to seize him.]*

*Ment.* Stand aloof!  
Nor raise a hand in violence against me;  
Or with one stroke I'll frustrate all your forms,  
And the dark tale dies with me.

*Duke.* Hold;—let's hear him.

*Ment.* I did kill Claudio. On the morn you miss'd him,  
We took together our accustom'd walk;  
When this too certain arm achiev'd the deed,  
Which long lay brooding in my jealousy.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Ment.* He talk'd with rapture of the approaching  
bless,  
Till passion drown'd his sight; with eyes upcast,  
Then drew that picture, hanging round his neck,  
From underneath his garment; glew'd his lips  
With transport, to the beauteous, lifeless form.  
My smother'd fury rose at once to madness;  
With one hand, from his grasp I tore the picture,  
And with the other smote him to the heart.

*Julia, A. 5. Sc. 4.*

## COWARDICE.

SIR LUCIUS AND ACRES.

*Sir Luc.* But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you!

*Acres.* I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

*Sir Luc.* Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a Quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

*Acres.* A Quietus!

*Sir Luc.* For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you choose to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

*Acres.* Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

*Sir Luc.* I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

*Acres.* No, Sir Lucius, never before.

*Sir Luc.* Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

*Acres.* Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there. [*Puts himself in an attitude.*]—a side

front, hey?—Odd! I'll make myself small enough :  
—I'll stand edge-ways.

*Sir Luc.* Now—you're quite out—for if you stand  
so when I take my aim— [*Levelling at him.*

*Acres.* Z—ds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not  
cock'd?

*Sir Luc.* Never fear.

*Acres.* But—but—you don't know—it may go off  
of its own head!

*Sir Luc.* Pho! be easy—Well, now if I hit you  
in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if  
it misses a vital part of your right-side—'twill be very  
hard if it don't succeed on the left!

*Acres.* A vital part!

*Sir Luc.* But, there—fix yourself so—

[*Placing him.*

let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—  
now a ball or two may pass clean through your  
body, and never do any harm at all.

*Acres.* Clean through me!—a ball or two clean  
through me!

*Sir Luc.* Aye—may they—and it is much the gen-  
teelest attitude into the bargain.

*Acres.* Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as leave be  
shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by  
my valour! I will stand edge-ways.

*Sir Luc.* (*Looking at his watch*) Sure they don't  
mean to disappoint us—Hah!—no faith—I think I  
see them coming.

*Acres.* Hey!—what!—coming! ———

*Sir Luc.* Aye—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

*Acres.* There are two of them, indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—Won't run.—

*Sir Luc.* Run!

*Acres.* No—I say—we ~~won't~~ run, by my valour!

*Sir Luc.* What the devil's the matter with you?

*Acres.* Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I-I-I don't feel quite so bold, somehow—as I did.

*Sir Luc.* O fie!—consider your honour.

*Acres.* Aye—true—my honour—Do, Sir Lucius edge in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

*Sir Luc.* Well, here they're coming. [Looking.

*Acres.* Sir Lucius—if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—Valour will come and go.

*Sir Luc.* Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

*Acres.* Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

*Sir Luc.* Your honour—your honour.—Here they are.

*Acres.* O mercy!—now—that I was safe at *Clod-Hall*! or could be shot before I was aware!

*Rivals, A. 5. Sc. 3.*



## CURIOSITY.

FATIMA AND IRENE.

*Ire.* So, Sister! The Bashaw is going, I hear, 'till the evening. What are those keys in your hand?

*Fati.* They open every door within the walls. Abomelique has left them with me, that we may wander through the castle.

*Ire.* Well, now, that is very kind of him.

*Fati.* I have no joy, now, Irene, in observing the idle glitter, and luxury of wealth.

*Ire.* Haven't you? But I have. We'll have a rare rummage! I won't leave a single nook nor corner, unexamined.

*Fati.* That must not be. There is one room we are forbidden to enter.

*Ire.* A forbidden room! Dear, now, I had rather see that room than any other in the Castle! Did the Bashaw forbid us?

*Fati.* He did; and with an emphasis so earnest, a manner so impressive, that he has taught me a fatal consequence would wait on disobedience.

*Ire.* Mercy! How I do long to see that room! Do let me just look at the key.

*Fati.* Beware, Irene! (*showing the key.*)

*Ire.* Dear, there can be no harm in looking at a key. What, is this it? Well, it is a monstrous fine one, I declare! Dear Fatima! how pretty it would be just to take one peep!

*Fati.* Tempt me not to a breach of faith, Irene. When we betray the confidence reposed in us, to gratify our curiosity, a crime is coupled to a failing, and we employ a vice to feed a weakness. The door within the Blue Apartment must remain untouched.

*Ire.* Well, I have done; but we may see the rest of the rooms, I suppose?

*Fati.* If that can please you, Sister, I will accompany you.

*Ire.* That's my good, kind Fatima! If I could but get her by degrees to this Blue Apartment—*(aside)*—Come; we'll go, and look over the Castle.

\* \* \* \*

*Fati.* I am tired, already, with the search we have made, Irene.

*Ire.* O, I could never be tired with such fine things as we have seen! Do, now, just come down the stair, and walk through this wing of the building.

*Fati.* Well, I—

*Ire.* Aye, now, that's a sweet, good-natured Sister! *(they descend the stair.)* Now here's a pretty room! All furnished with Blue, I see.

*Fati.* With Blue!—'tis the very chamber we were cautioned to avoid. Imprudent girl!—Whither have you led me? Haste, haste, Irene, and let us leave it instantly.

*Ire.* Dear! where's the hurry? I'm sure 'tis a very pretty room: Besides, 'tis only the door in this room

which leads to another, you know, that you were bid not to touch.

*Fati.* No matter: 'Tis rash to tarry. Our being here may excite suspicion.

*Ire.* Suspicion! Why, we have no bad purpose:—And, even, if we were to open the door—and there it stands as if it seemed to invite the very key in your hand to come and unlock it—why I see no such great crime in the action.

*Fati.* The Bashaw's charge, Irene—

*Ire.* Is a very ill-natured one: And should you disobey him, we could keep our own counsel.—Then if nobody knows we have found out his secret, what have we to fear, while we continue mute as Death?

*A voice within.* Death!—(the women look at each other, and tremble.)

*Fati.* Did you hear nothing, Irene?

*Ire.* Yes.—I—I— thought I heard something that—Stay—O, it must be an echo.—These large old buildings are full of them.

*Fati.* It had an awful sound! A tone like that, they say, will sail upon the flagged wing of midnight, crossing the fear-struck traveller upon the desert, to give him token of a foul murder.

(A deep groan is heard from the interior apartment.)

*Fati.* O, Heaven have mercy!—What can this mean?

*Ire.* I know not! It seems the accent of distress. If

so, it were humanity to succour the wretc'ed soul who breathes it.

*Fati.* Humanity alone, my sister, could induce me to penetrate the mystery this Portal, here, incloses.

*Irs.* No eye can see us!

*Fatima puts the key in the door, which sinks, and discovers the interior apartment.—The inscription over the Skeleton's head, is,*

“ THE PUNISHMENT OF CURIOSITY.”

*The Women shriek, and run to each other, and hide their heads in each other's bosom.*

*Blue Beard, A. 2. Sc. 2. and 4.*

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FREDERICK, LADY RUBY, AND SABINA.

*Lady R.* So young an orphan! How my heart bleeds for you!

*Sabina.* How good, to feel for the distressed and stranger! Ah, had you known my parents:—They perish'd at Marseilles; I fled to Padua, but sorrow overtook me; I had great sufferings there.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Frid.* Sabina, you shall spare yourself the painful recital: Lady Ruby, if I rightly know her, is not curious to inquire into the private histories of the unfortunate.

*Lady R.* In point of idle curiosity, I hope you do me no more than justice; but to know misfortunes, for the purpose of relieving them, permit me to say that I am curious.

*First Love, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

## CUSTOM.

LADY MARY, LADY PRIORY, MISS DORRILLON, &c.

*Lady Mary.* Permit me, Lady Priory, to take you to the next room : we are going to have tea immediately.

*Lady Priory.* I have drank tea, Madam.

*Miss Dorrillon.* Already ! It is only nine o'clock.

*Lady Priory.* Then it is near my hour of going to bed.

[*Lord Priory, Sir William, and Mr. Norberry, retire to the back of the stage, and talk apart.*]

*Lady Mary.* Go to bed already ! In the name of wonder, what time did you rise this morning ?

*Lady Priory.* Why, I do think it was almost six o'clock.

*Lady Mary (in amaze)* And were you up at six this morning ?

*Lady Priory.* Yes.

*Miss Dorrillon.* At six in the month of January !

*Lady Mary.* It is not light till eight ; and what good, now, could you possibly be doing for two hours by candlelight ?

*Lady Priory.* Pray, Lady Mary, at what time did you go to bed ?

*Lady Mary.* About three this morning.

*Lady Priory.* And what good could you possibly be doing for eleven hours by candle-light ?



*Lady Mary.* Good! It's as much as can be expected from a woman of fashion, if she does no harm.

*Lady Priory.* But I should fear you would do a great deal of harm to your health, your spirits, and the tranquillity of your mind.

*Wives as they Were, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

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## DECEPTION.

FRACTIOSO, JULIA, &c.

*Fractioso.* ——— *Antonio!* (*to a servant.*) Conduct her on board—give me my sailing cloak and hat—I'll but wait for the Captain, and follow—take those diamonds, Julia—there I knew you would not be disobedient. [*Gives her a casket.*]

*Julia.* Disobedient! Alas! an implicit submission to your will, has brought on your unhappy Julia, every misfortune of her life. (*Gives her hand to the servant, who leads her to the quay.*)

*Fractioso.* I think there is nothing else but misfortunes when we have to deal with women—loss of property, as well as loss of time, (*looking about*) where can this sea captain be gone to? Centinel! (*to Hilario.*)

*Hilario.* Your honor!

*Fractioso.* (*trying to put on his cloak*) Have you observed any body waiting here about?

*Hilario. (helping him.)* I have.—Give me leave to assist your honor.

*Frañisco.* Thank you friend—who have you observed?

*Hilario.* Two or three stern-looking fellows.

*Frañisco.* Two or three!—you alarm me—who were they?—what did they say?

*Hilario.* They enquired if I had seen a little decrepid old gentleman embark on board a vessel.

*Frañisco.* The devil they did!—I'm all over in a tremble—I dare say that devil Hilario was one of the party—nobody else wou'd have ask'd such a question.

*Hilario.* Yes, he was one—I know him—he is now one of us—he's made a foldier.—

*Frañisco.* That's too good for him—what company is he in?

*Hilario. (stops putting on his cloak.)* Very indifferent at present—hush!

*Frañisco.* Why, what the devil are you about?

*Hilario. (Putting his hand in the cloak, and bears it up to Frañisco's eyes.)* It can't be—yet it is—there they are again—coming this way—don't you see them?

*Frañisco.* See whom? why you wou't let me see any thing.

*Hilario.* Who!—the same stern-looking fellows that were in search of the little decrepid old gentleman—and there—there's that fiend you talk'd of—that imp of the devil, Hilario—see, they're all with their swords drawn.

*Frañiofo. (frightened.)* I'm murder'd—I'm a dead man. (*music is heard.*) Why, they have got music!

*Hilario.* Yes, to drown your cries—don't let them see you—don't look at them—get into my box directly, and I'll protect you.

*Frañiofo.* Look at them—I'm so terrified, I can scarce see my own way—open your door—quick, quick—(*goes to the box.*)

*Hilario. (showing him in.)* There—get in—quick—and don't stir 'till I call you—nor don't be surpriz'd at any thing I may do—or say—but think it a scheme of mine, to get them away.

*Frañiofo. (in box.)* Thank ye—thank ye—good sentinel—get them away as fast as you can.

*Hilario. (locking him in, and putting the key in his pocket.)* I will—I will—huzza! what soldier ever did his duty better—I've reliev'd the garrison—imprison'd the enemy—promoted myself—and now all that's left is to march off with the stores and baggage—ha! here's the Captain of the vessel—now to manœuvre him too. (*Puts on Frañiofo's cloak and hat, and throws his own away.*) Let me dress as becomes a grandee—that is to be.

*Enter CAPTAIN and SAILORS.*

*Captain.* All health! Signor Frañiofo—the lady stays for you on board.

*Hilario.* Captain, it is our pleasure to embark—farewell grandee—I'm off with the moveables. (*aside,*

*then goes up to the box.)* You see I have got on your cloak—to get them away.

*Frascio. (from the box.)* That's right.

*Hilario.* If ever you see that dog Hilario again, depend upon it, I'll be close at his heels.

*Mysteries of the Castle, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

*PERCY (in confinement.) MULEY and SAIB.*

*Percy.* Might not these fellows—I can but try,—Now stand my friend, thou master-key to human hearts!—Aid me, thou potent devil, gold!—Hear me, my worthy friends!—Come nearer!

*Saib.* His worthy friends!—Are we such, Muley?

*Muley.* Yes, truly are we—for friends in need are friends indeed:—Marry, if he were not in need, he would call us his mortal foes.

*Percy.* My good-fellows, you are charged with a disagreeable office, and to obey a tyrant's mandates cannot be pleasant to you; there is something in your looks which has prejudiced me too much in your favour to believe it possible.

*Saib.* Nay, there certainly is something in our appearance highly prepossessing.

*Muley.* And I knew that you must admire the delicacy of our complexions!

*Percy.* The tincture of your skin, my good fellow, is of little consequence: Many a worthy heart beats within a dusky bosom, and I am convinced that such

an heart inhabits yours; for your looks tell me that you feel for, and are anxious to relieve my sufferings.—See you this purse, my friends?

*Muley.* It's too far off, and I am short-sighted.—If you'll put it a little nearer——

*Percy.* Restore me to liberty!—and not this purse alone, but ten times its value shall be yours.

*Saib.* To liberty?

*Muley.* That purse?

*Saib.* Muley!

*Muley.* Saib!

*Percy.* (*aside.*) By all my hopes they hesitate!—You well know, that my wealth and power are equal, not to say superior, to Earl Osmond's: release me from my dungeon, and share that power and wealth!—On the events of to-day depends my life's future happiness, nay perhaps my life itself: Judge then, if you assist me, how great will be the service rendered me, and believe that your reward shall equal my obligation.

*Saib.* I know not what to answer.

*Muley.* In truth, my Lord, your offers are so generous, and that purse is so tempting——Saib, what say you?—(*winking to him.*)

*Saib.* The Earl speaks so well, and promises so largely, that I own I'm strangely tempted—

*Muley.* Look you, Saib; will you stand by me?

*Saib.* (*after a moment's thought.*) I will!

*Muley.* There's my hand then!—My Lord, we are your servants!



*Percy.* This is beyond my hopes!—A thousand thanks, my worthy fellows!—Be assured that the performances of *my* promises shall soon follow the execution of yours.

*Saib.* Of that we make no doubt.

*Percy.* You agree then to release me?

*Muley.* 'Tis impossible to do otherwise; for I feel that pity, generosity, and every moral feeling, command me to trouble your Lordship for that purse.

*Percy.* There it is!—And now unlock the door!

*Muley.* (*chinking the purse*) Here it is!—And now I'm obliged to you. As for your promises, my Lord, pray don't trouble yourself to remember them, as I sha'n't trouble myself to remember mine.

*Percy.* (*starting.*) Ha!—What mean you?

*Saib.* (*firmly.*) Earl, that we are faithful!

*Muley.* I wonder you did not read that too in our amiable looks!

*Percy.* What! Will you not keep your word?

*Muley.* In good truth, No; we mean to keep nothing—except the purse.

*Percy.* Perfidious villains!

*Saib.* You mistake us, Sir;—we cannot be villains, for I, you know, am your Lordship's "worthy friend!"

*Muley.* And I your Lordship's unworthy pensioner!

*Percy.* Confusion!—To be made the jest of such rascals!

*Saib.* Earl Percy, we are none!—but we should

have been, could your gold have bribed us to betray our master. We have but done our duty—you have but gained your just reward; for they who seek to deceive others, should ever be deceived themselves.

*Castle Speldre, A. 2. Sc. 3.*

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## DECLAMATION.

### *ROLLA to the SOLDIERY.*

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No—you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you—Your generous spirit has compared as mine has, the motives, which, in a war like this, can animate their minds, and ours.—THEY, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—WE, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—THEY follow an Adventurer whom they fear—and obey a power which they hate—WE serve a Monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship!—They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error!—Yes—THEY will give enlightened

freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.—They offer us their protection—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be our plain answer this: The throne *WE* honour is the *PEOPLE'S CHOICE*—the laws we reverence are our brave Fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us. *Pizarro, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

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*PACHA to the MOORS.*

Moors and soldiers! under the renown'd Mahomet, Boabdili, Chiquito, King of Granada! 'Tis the regard of your commander now cautions you that you relax not from your charge. My tenderness bids you be vigilant, through the night; that ye may 'scape the bow-string to which I should, otherwise, sentence you, in the morning. The true soldier thinks his duty a pleasure; and none of you, my honest fellows, on pain of death, shall forego the pleasure of your duty. The Spaniards, who besiege us, are Christians. You are Moors. Remember, then, you fight in the cause of your Reli-

gion : maintain its amiable doctrines to the last, and shew your enemies no mercy !—Now to your watch. —Where, out of kindness, I forbid you to fortify your stomachs against the raw air of the night ;—for he who lifts wine to his mouth, my worthy friends, speedily loses his head. *Mountainters, A. 1, Sc. 3.*

## DEFAMATION.

SIR OLIVER, ALGERNON, EARLING, SIMON,  
LADY CYPRESS, AND EMILY.

*Lady Cyp.* How now ! who's this ? Henry !

*Sir Oliv.* I claim your promise to give him hearing.

*Earl.* I protest against him ; that fellow's an impostor : we shall not listen to his evidence.

*Lady Cyp.* He first came here humbly to ask for service, pleaded decay, and said he was a gentleman by birth ; I pitied him, and offer'd him relief. He now has chang'd his dress, shifted his character, and claims to be an advocate for Algernon. These are suspicious circumstances, and I should have some better reasons for believing him than I am yet possess'd of. Do you know any such, Sir Oliver ?

*Earl.* Aye, sir, do you know who this champion is ?

*Sir Oliv.* Sir, give me leave to ask—Do you ?

*Earl.* No ! ; I know him not.

*Sir Oliv.* Yet you know Algernon, are intimate with all his habits, frailties, faults, offences—have look'd into his heart, and kindly told the secrets you

discover'd.—Oh thou slanderer! Now look him in the face, and prove your charge.—Well may you start—Mark his confusion, Madam!—This is your nephew, this is Algernon.

*Emily.* Yes, on my honour, and my brave preserver.

*Lady Cyp.* I am confounded.—Where is that defamer?

*Simon.* Madam, he has slept aside to mend a flaw in his indictment.—How do you do, Mr. Attorney? Come forward, if you please, and get acquainted with this gentleman's face. You knew him well enough behind his back.

*Lady Cyp.* Peace! let me hear what Algernon will say in his own cause.

*Sir Oliv.* Speak for yourself, brave Algernon.

*Alg.* I am that exil'd man, whom, on the word of this defamer, tho' unknown to him even by sight, it seems, you have proscrib'd. Despairing of admission to your presence, and driven in self-defence on this resource, I took a counterfeited character, and saw what I had never been allow'd to approach—your person. Much I wish'd to speak in mitigation of your prejudice, and give a plain recital of my wrongs; but you had then no ear for such discourse, and I was told to wait your better leisure.

*Lady Cyp.* All this is true—proceed.

*Alg.* A friend here present told me I was accus'd to you of various crimes and gross enormities. I plead to failings, to the common errors and indis-



cretious youth is subject to, but, I trust, I have never degraded my character or debas'd my principle; I am no gamester, as he makes me to be; no dissipater of my paternal fortune, as he insinuates; no libertine, as he asserts; and, let me add, in the hearing of Sir Oliver Montrath, I am no assassin.

*Sir Oliv.* It is now my duty, and a painful one I feel it, to bring to light, in vindication of an injured character, the guilty person, for whose shameful act no better palliation can be found than temporary madness and intoxication. The monster, from whose brutal violence the purest of heaven's creatures was preserv'd by Algernon, how shall I speak it without shame and horror! was Lionel Montrath.

*Lady Cyp.* I am confounded and amaz'd! Montrath!—This, if not told by you, Sir Oliver, wou'd mock belief.

*Sir Oliv.* Your nephew was too noble to disclose it, tho' he has in his hands a written paper sign'd by the offender for his vindication. This, I believe, he never has discover'd, even to that lady, tho' a party in it.

*Emily.* Never, but constantly evaded my enquiries.

*Sir Oliv.* To this when I shall add, that my rash nephew forc'd the duel on him in consequence of blows exchang'd between them, I trust I may with safety rest his cause upon the facts adduc'd—un-

less indeed this gentleman has any other charge, which in his modesty he will prefer.

*Earl.* You'll not draw any thing from me, Sir Oliver; you may talk on; I prefer silence.

*Sir Oliv.* You are right; 'tis time your tongue had some repose.

*Lady Cyp.* Pray do not keep him longer in my sight. My nephew does not seem to hold him worthy of a retort.

*Alg.* No, madam, I have nothing to return him for his malicious slander, but my contempt.

*Lady Cyp.* If he can feel; 'tis punishment enough.

*False Impressions, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

## DEGRADATION.

*O'CURRACH to the Slaves who prostrate themselves before him,*

Thank you, thank you! oh! low enough in conscience—what are you at? what are you at jewels?—keep your fore paws off the ground, and don't make bulls of yourselves—stand up I say—Heaven never meant its own image should be so degraded!

*Zorinski, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

## DELUSION.

## PROJECT TO LADY PROJECT.

Oh, Eliza! this is the age for speculation—  
 People love delusion—ay, so much that the more  
 you dupe them, the better they like you, and while  
 a rich citizen shall propose a fair scheme which no-  
 body adopts, a dashing west-end of the town gen-  
 tleman shall start a visionary one, and, hey! presto!  
 —every body meets him in full cry

*Speculation, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## PUFF, SNEER AND DANGLE.

*Puff.* Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by  
 my misfortunes.

*Sneer.* By your misfortunes?

*Puff.* Yes, Sir, assisted by long sickness and other  
 occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living  
 I had of it.

*Sneer.* From sickness and misfortunes!—You prac-  
 ticed as a Doctor, and an Attorney at once?

*Puff.* No, egad; both maladies and miseries were  
 my own.

*Sneer.* Hey!—what the plague!

*Dangle.* 'Tis true, esfaith.

*Puff.* Harkee!—By advertisement—"To the cha-  
 ritable and humane!" and "to those whom Provi-  
 dence hath blest with affluence!"

*Sneer.* Oh,—I understand you.

*Puff.* And, in truth, I deserved what I got; for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time!—Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes! then, Sir, though a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times! I lived upon those fires a month,—I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs! That told very well; for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

*Dangle.* Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me—

*Puff.* —In November last?—O no! I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend!—I was afterwards twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption;—I was then reduced to—O no—then, I became a widow with six helpless children,—after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into an hospital!

*Critic, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

## DESPAIR.

OCTAVIAN TO SADI, &c.

*Octavian.* ——— I know what 'tis  
When worldly knaves step in with silver beards,

To poison bliss, and pluck young souls asunder.—  
 O! wander, boundless love, across the wild!  
 Give thy free passion scope, and range the wilderness!  
 Crib not thyself in cities—for 'tis there  
 The thrifty, grey philosopher inhabits,  
 To check thy glowing impulse in his child.  
 Gain is the old man's god; he offers up  
 His issue to't—and mercenary wedlock  
 Murders his offspring's peace—they murdered mine—  
 They tore it from my bosom by the roots,  
 And with it pluck'd out hope! Well, well, no  
 matter—

Despair burns high within me, and its fire  
 Serves me for heart, to keep my clay in motion.—

*Mountainers, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

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LAMOTTE TO MADAME.

*Lamotte.* There is a state of mind, when anguish  
 keen

For vices past, works on the heart of man,  
 And wrings it sore, till rising desperation  
 Bemonsters quite his nature—then, he spurns  
 The ties of blood, cancels all obligation  
 In which his Maker bound him to his kind,  
 And is the image of the fiend that tempts him.

*Fontainville Forest, A. 1. Sc. 1.*



## DETECTION.

SIR EDWARD, OLD WOODLAND AND SPUNGE.

*Spunge.* [*without.*] Follow me—I am quite at home,  
Sir Edward. [*Spunge and Sir Edward enter.*]

*Old Wood.* Heh!—who have we now?

*Spunge.* Here I am, Squ re—better than my word,  
you see—not only come myself, but brought a friend  
along with me—Sir Edward, the squire—Squire, Sir  
Edward—mum!—ask him to supper—he'll stay [*aside*  
*to Old Woodland*]. You'll stay supper—won't you,  
Sir Edward?

*Edw.* With the greatest pleasure, Sir—I came to  
give you a few lessons—I am told you know no-  
thing of the world—and, as I know a great deal—  
*Experientia docet*, Sir.

*Spunge.* [*at the table, pouring out a glass of physic.*]  
With all my heart.—*Experientia docet.* [*Drinks and*  
*spits it out again.*—ha! ha! damnation!—your  
wine's worse than your butter!

*Old Wood.* That's justice—that will be a lesson to  
you; and I wish it had been poison instead of physic  
—but look ye—hear me, you two marauders—in-  
stantly account for your coming to my house at this  
hour of night, or ———

*Edw.* None of the angry boy, old gentleman—  
none of the angry boy, I beseech you—in the first  
place, I understand you have deserted your son, and  
adopted a female faro banker.

*Old Wood.* What! reflect on my shepherdess!

*Edw.* Shepherdess!—oh—aye—true—sheep have always rooks about them! Come, that's very well.

*Spunge.* Bless you! he knows all about it—he goes halves.

*Old Wood.* [*aside.*] I will. I'll go make out a warrant, and commit them both directly.—Gentlemen—I must keep them in the dark, lest they escape—Gentlemen, I've considered what you've said, and I'll go consult with a friend.

*Edw.* Aye, I thought I should correct you.

*Old Wood.* You have—and now I'll correct you [*aside*] I'll soon return—in the mean time, as there are no cards in the house, will you amuse yourselves with a game of backgammon?—your servant, Gentlemen.—They're two housebreakers—father and son—and I'll have them both snug in the county goal. [*Exit.*]

*Spunge.* Bravo! he's gone to order supper—and now what say you? Shall we take his advice? play at backgammon?

*Edw.* No; don't degrade the box: if you must play, throw a generous main [*sits down and takes hold of the dice-box.*] Come, where's your stake?

*Spunge.* [*in a melancholy tone.*] My stake!

*Edw.* What! you have no cash?—well, never mind; we play on trust.

*Spunge.* Don't—I hate trust—lend me those five guineas [*Takes them from Sir Edward.*] There—there's my guinea.

*Edw.* Seven's the main!—seven!—ha, ha! I win.  
Come,—your stake.

*Spunge.* Well, there—I'll be desperate: there's another guinea.

*Edw.* Seven!—ha, ha!—nick. Come,—again.

*Spunge.* No—never lose more than two guineas at a time. Pocket the other three. [*afide.*]

*Enter Mrs. SCATTER.*

*Mrs. Scat.* Mercy on me! that wretch here again! you, too, Sir Edward! and gaming so near my uncle's chamber!

*Edw.* [*holding up the dice-box, and rattling it.*] I say, Mrs. Scatter, don't you hear the glorious sound?—don't the music thrill through every vein?—seven! [*throwing, and looking, and laughing at Mrs. Scatter.*]

*Mrs. Scat.* For shame! you'll wake my uncle.

*Edw.* Come, you know you can't resist; you may as well play at once.—Seven! you never lose, you say [*still shaking the box at her.*]

*Mrs. Scat.* I should like to pigeon the young reprobate; my fingers itch for it; and if I thought my uncle wouldn't wake——

*Edw.* Spunge, I'll bet you five she plays.

*Spunge.* Done.—I'll bet you five she don't.

*Mrs. Scat.* Then I will play, on purpose that you may lose. Come, give me the box; and, that we may make no noise, let us throw on a doily. Oh, this is charming!—delicious!—there—there's all I have—ten guineas.

*Edw.* Very well. Seven! nick; ha, ha! I win.

[Enter, from the Door in the flat, Old Woodland, and two servants.]

*Old Wood.* Softly, tread softly. We'll steal upon them by surprise. Hallo! what's there! [*He pauses, and observes behind.*]

*Mrs. Scat.* Was there ever such luck?—I've no more cash.

*Edw.* Hav'n't you?—Well—you've what's as good—as mistress of this house, you are in possession of jewels, plate——[*Looks at the side board*]——there now—that silver cup—I'll set you twenty against that silver cup.

*Mrs. Scat.* Will you?—Oh, that's very kind of you.—[*Goes to side-board and brings away the silver cup.*]

*Old Wood.* Very kind, upon my soul. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Scat.* Now for it—here it is——

[*Putting the cup on the table.*]

*Edw.* I say—if the 'squire was to see us playing at hazard for his own plate!

*Mrs. Scat.* Never mind—now I've once begun, I'd sooner lose all the furniture in the house than leave off:—here—I'll throw this time——[*Takes the box*]——Five's the main, and at all in the ring. [*As she raises her arm to throw, Old Woodland lays hold of it.—She lets the box fall.*]

*Edw.* Ha, ha! look at the shepherdeſs now!

*Spunge.* Ha! ha!—natural enough.

*Edw.* [*Picking up the dice-box.*] Look at her Arcadian crook.—Oh! I ſaid the young one would be a match for the old ones.

*Sponge.* Why, 'Squire, you just came in time.

*Old Wood.* So it seems—If I had staid ten minutes longer, I should have lost the coat off my back.—Oh, I see it all—I've been a credulous old fool, and you, Madam——

*Mrs. Scat.* Nay, uncle, it was no fault of mine—I was decoyed by that young hypocrite.—

*Old Wood.* Decoyed by a boy!—more shame for you; and if you have no better excuse, prepare to quit my house directly—and your husband—take your fond shepherd along with you.—I've been too long a dupe to your arts; but henceforth I'll behave as a father ought to do—I'll be a friend to my son, and an enemy to all Burgundy drinkers and faro-bankers.

*Cheap Living, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

## DISCOVERY. (THE)

BERNARDO AND ANNETTE, FRAGTOSO, *locked up in a Centry Box.*

*Enter BERNARDO.*

*Ber.* Ungrateful, treacherous villain! after having hazarded my life in his service, to make an attempt upon it himself.

*Annette.* Who made such an attempt, good Bernardo? who could be base enough to attack so precious a life as yours?

*Bernardo.* Who? that monster, the Count Montoni.

*Annette.* What, your friend and patron?



*Bernardo.* The same—finding me resolv'd no longer to assist his criminal designs against the lady Julia, and her father, and dreading my discovery of the past, he would have secured my silence by the dagger's point.

*Annette.* That's one way indeed, of making one hold one's tongue.

*Bernardo.* I luckily averted the blow, and wou'd have aveng'd it, but the disappointed assassin took refuge in a boat, that was waiting for him on the beach, and has, I suppose, fled his country for ever.

*Annette.* In my mind his country is very much obliged to him. It would be lucky if all countries could get rid of their secret enemies in the same way.

*Bernardo.* I am determined now, to make every atonement in my power.

*Annette.* Indeed, I think it's high time—So then, my friend, your assertion respecting the guilt of Carlos, was a *mistake*, and the business at that old castle, was——

*Bernardo.* O! name it not—horror and remorse o'erwhelm me—wou'd I cou'd see Signor Fractioso! he knows not that Carlos, whom he despised and rejected, has been the saviour of his daughter's life. (*Fractioso peeps thro' a hole in the centry box.*)

*Annette.* None but such an obstinate simpleton as my master, could have been so imposed upon.

*Bernardo.* He has been deceived—grossly deceived.

*Annette.* Oh, he's always made a fool of—he ought to be locked up in some place for life. (*Fraçtioso peeps again.*) Enter CLODDY, laughing.

*Cloddy.* Ha! ha! ha!—sister—sister—help me to laugh a little—ha! ha! ha!

*Annette.* (*mocking*) Ha! ha! ha!—you don't seem to want any help—what's the matter wifecare?

*Cloddy.* I'll tell you—you see that ship—old Fraçtioso hired it to carry his daughter and the rest of his goods and chattels, to the Black Mountains, and intended to go with them himself—well, the lady and the things are on board, the wind fills the main-mast, huzza! there goes a farewell gun (*gun fires*) but instead of the old gentleman, who the devil do you think has taken his place?

*Fraçtioso.* Why, the devil himself.

*Cloddy.* No, but a near relation of his—Hilario. (*Fraçtioso gives him a blow on the back with his fist, thro' the hole, then roars out with his head thro' it, and kicks against the door furiously, till he bursts it open.*)

*Fraçtioso.* You villain—holloa! stop the ship—save my property, that's all I care for.

*Mysteries of the Castle, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

SIR GEORGE GINGHAM, AND MRS. DARNLEY.

*Sir George.* Madam, I insist—(*Crossing Mrs. D. and taking her by the hand.*)—retire this instant, Sir—retire—

*Gingham.* Oh, I perceive—he detains her for base purposes! Oh fie, fie!—fie for shame, Sir George—is this your good breeding—your hand, ma'am—  
(*Trying to pass Sir George.*)

*Sir George.* 'Sdeath—obey me, or this sword, with which I've so often fought—

*Gingham.* Often fought! what, in earnest?

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sir George.* Coward!—come on—(*Drawing his sword.*)

*Gingham.* Come on!—Well! why shouldn't I? I may be alarm'd at masculine women, but I don't care that—(*snapping his fingers.*)—for effeminate men!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Sir George and Gingham make two or three passes, when loud knocking at the door interrupts them.*

*Sir George.* Zounds!—if this should be Darnley—  
(*looks out.*)—it is! I'm ruin'd—undone! \* \* \* \* \*

Hark'ye, Sir—(*aside to Gingham.*) that lady's husband is now on the stairs, and your present wound is only a slight one; but if you hint or speak one word against my honour—

*Gingham.* You'll run me through the body, I suppose—well! as I can't fence—mum!

*Sir George.* I shall not leave the room—I shall be conceal'd, and on the slightest insinuation, by heaven! I'll come forth and cut you into atoms: promise—or you know my way—

*Gingham.* I do—I'll live and fight another day. (*Sir*

George goes behind the Library unperceiv'd by Gingham or by Mrs. Darnley.)

\* \* \* \* \*

*Mrs. Darnley.* Let me bind your hand, with my handkerchief. (*Darnley enters behind.*) Indeed—indeed, I owe you much.

*Darnley. (still behind.)* 'Tis now beyond a doubt—Oh woman! woman!

*Gingham. (to Mrs. Darnley.)* You havn't got the rage—no, you are what a woman ought to be; mild, gentle, affectionate—an angel, by all that's sacred.

*Darnley.* How! make love before my face!—(*advances.*) So, Mrs. Darnley—

*Mrs. Darnley.* Oh, my dear!—I'm so glad you're come—this gallant, generous young man—

*Darnley.* Generous young man!

*Mrs. Darnley.* Has been wounded in my cause, and—

*Darnley.* And you bound up his arm, with your handkerchief!—nay, don't deny it, madam—with my own eyes, I saw it—well, sir! what have you to say, sir? to that handkerchief, sir?

*Gingham.* Say, sir!—why, I say, the handkerchief is as fine cambric as ever was sold—twelve shillings a yard, sir!—at least I used to sell such for a guinea—a guinea, Mr. Bluff—as to any thing else, if you are the lady's husband—

*Darnley.* I am her husband, sir!—who has long

## THE BEAUTIES OF

lov'd—long ador'd her!—and now comes here to witness her falsehood and his own dishonour!

*Mrs. Darnley.* What does he say;—dishonour!

*Darnley.* Yes, madam—with him! with this gallant, generous young man! did he not last night accompany you from the play, and now do I not find you praising each other to my very face? observe me, Maria—as you have found me tender in my affections, so you shall find me severe in my resentment.

*Mrs. Darnley.* I know not what he means, but I thought they'd make him hate me—I guilty of falsehood! dishonour to my husband! Oh, Harry! if you believe me so debas'd, take up that weapon, and pierce me to the heart!—in pity do!—I cannot live and know that you condemn me.

*Darnley. (taking her hand.)* Do you not love him?

*Mrs. Darnley.* Whom?

*Darnley. (pointing to Gingham.)* Him.

*Gingham.* Me!—love me!—I wish she did, for if I didn't use her better than you do, I'd cut my jealous head off!—look'ye, great lord and master:—she is more faithful to you, than you deserve—I know it, because just before you enter'd the room, Sir George Gauntlet, like a vile seducer as he is, was attempting to—*(here a book falls from the library.)* crau—au—au! *(checking himself.)* I shall be a dead man before I know it.

*Darnley.* Sir George Gauntlet!—paltry evasions!



—he is out of town, and has so often prov'd himself a friend —

*Mrs. Darnley.* Friend!—Oh, Mr. Darnley! at last I am compell'd to tell you, he is your enemy and mine.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Gingham.* It's true—I'll swear it!—I'll——(*another book falls.*) *crau—au—au!*

*Darnley.* I'll not believe it—he is above such arts, and I would have you, madam, not increase your guilt, by daring to abuse my best of friends.

*Gingham.* Best of friends!—upon my soul, you've a rare set of acquaintance then.—Sir! I always had a knack at speaking what comes uppermost, and I say, Sir George wanted to turn me out, in order to lock her in—I say, he gave me this wound, in trying to defend her from his insolence—I say he is now conceal'd in this room! (*Books fall from the Library, and leave an open space. Gingham looks round, and sees Sir George's face frowning at him through the aperture.*) —No—I don't say he's in the room—I don't because—because—(*looking round again*) it's better to be choak'd than kill'd.

*Darnley.* See how he prevaricates: and therefore, that my friend may be slander'd and I deceiv'd no longer, 'tis time I should decide—Maria!—It almost kills me to pronounce it—(*aside.*) we meet no more——

(*going.*)

*Mrs. Darnley.* (*holding him.*) Stay—spare me but a

moment—I cannot—will not lose him; Harry, think of our love—our children.—

*Gingham.* Sir! sir!—let me ask you two questions—*(Another book falls, and Sir George frowns at him.)* Ay, grin away you—Sir, can you fence, and will you fight?

*Darnley.* Perhaps, you'll find, I can, sir.

*Gingham.* And if I prove that Sir George hid himself to avoid you, will you stand by, and see a poor fellow cut to atoms?

*Darnley.* No—on the contrary, I shall be so convinc'd of the truth of your story—

*Gingham.* Say you so? then come out you black infernal seducer! *(Runs up to the Library—forces open the front door, and amidst the falling of all the books, Sir George Gauntlet is discovered!)*—There—there he is! and now come on, if you dare—here's a pair of the best fencers in Europe? *(Snatching up a sword and placing himself by Darnley.)*

*Darnley.* 'Tis all unravel'd—detested hypocrite!

*Rage, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

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## DISCRIMINATION.

MISS GLOOMLY AND MORTIMER.

*Miss Gloomly.* So—I thought this would be the case:—like other fond easy husbands, you'll forgive the pretty penitent, and take her home again.

*Mortimer.* Forgive her!—never:—think me not so lost to every delicate and manly feeling!—a daughter or a sister, after long penitence, may for an indiscretion be forgiven:—but a wife!—a mother! shall she be pardon'd, and partake a husband's blessing and a child's embrace?—no; the virtuous wife can have no more: and if all good and evil is confounded thus, how can we hope for innocence?

*Laugh When You Can, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

## DISINTERESTEDNESS.

SHARPSET AND GANGICA.

*Sharp.* I had better have done with talking, and appeal to the rhetoric of all times, and all nations (*taking out a purse*) you must know, my dear, that this gentleman is very generous—and I am sure he will be highly pleased at my making you a present from him of this little purse. (*gives her the purse.*)

*Gang.* But what for you give me dis?

*Sharp.* Why, that—that you may speak well of this young gentleman.

*Gang.* How I speak well of him I not know?

*Sharp.* Um—But when you do know him.

*Gang.* Den, if he good man, I speak well of him widout dis—if he bad man, I not speak well of him for whole ship-full of money. (*returns the purse.*)

*Notary of Wealth, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## DIVORCEMENT.

MAJOR CYPRUS, COL. DOWNRIGHT, AND MR.

A. EUSTON.

*Major Cyprus.* Sir George is not dead, Sir.

*Mr. Anthony.* What do you mean?—Did you not tell me you were married to his wife?

*Major Cyprus.* Very true, Sir—but you know that is no reason, now-a-days, why the Lady's first husband should be dead.

*Colonel Downright.* Why, my brother messmate, you are just like me—I had forgot that a man in England might marry his neighbour's wife, and his neighbour living in the next street.—And 'tis not the wives of their neighbours, only, these generous gentlemen assail, but more especially the wives of their *friends*.

*Mr. Anthony.* Shame on such friendship! Shame on such neighbourhood!—Let every tender husband and virtuous wife desert it!—(to the Major.) Sir, I wish you joy; and, though I know not who are the parties to be censured in this business, I wish her Ladyship joy—But more, in particular, I wish *myself* joy, with the sincerest congratulation, that, amidst the depravity of the times, I have followed a beloved wife to her peaceful grave, (mournful as the day was) without seeing her wrested from my arms by the insinuations of a villain; or being myself that

villain to force her to seek a refuge from my perjuries, in the protection of another !

*I'll Tell You What*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

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## DUELLING.

BELCOUR AND STOCKWELL.

*Bel.* To the lady the most penitent submission I can make is justly due, but in the execution of an act of justice it never shall be said my soul was swayed by the least particle of fear : I have received a challenge from her brother ; now, tho' I wou'd give my fortune, almost my life itself, to purchase her happiness, yet I cannot abate her one scruple of my honour ; I have been branded with the name of villain.

*Stock.* Ay, Sir, you mistook her character, and he mistook yours ; error begets error.

*Bel.* Villain, Mr. Stockwell, is a harsh word.

*Stock.* It is a harsh word, and should be unsaid.

*Bel.* Come, come, it shall be unsaid.

*Stock.* Or else what follows ? Why the sword is drawn, and to heal the wrongs you have done to the reputation of the sister, you make an honourable amends by murdering the brother.

*Bel.* Murdering !

*Stock.* 'Tis thus religion writes and speaks the word ; in the vocabulary of modern honour there is no such term,

*West Indian*, A. 4. Sc. 10.



FREDERICK AND CHARLES.

*Fred.* You may well conceive, Mr. Ratcliffe, with what repugnance I oppose myself to you on this occasion. Whether the event be fatal to you or to myself, small consolation will be left for the survivor. The course you take is warranted by every rule of honor, and you act no otherwise than as I expected: but as my expression justifies your challenge, so did your provocation justify my expression; and your language being addressed to a lady, whom I have the honor to protect, it is not in my power to retract one tittle of what I said; for, were you to repeat the same insult, I should follow it with the same retort.

*Cb.* If you hold to the words, I know not how we can adjust it amicably.

*Fred.* There is a way: you must find it out.

*Cb.* Suppose, then, that my language had been addressed to any other person than Eliza, wou'd you in that case have apologiz'd for your expression?

*Fred.* I will speak plainly to you, and the rather as I am now perhaps speaking to you for the last time.—Admitted by your sister's favour into a family, whose representative resents her conduct, I will not so disgrace her choice in your eyes, who have oppos'd it, as to submit in the first instance to the most distant hint at an apology.

*Cb.* I understand you now—You would have it spring from me—Impossible!

*Fred.* Then no more is to be said.

*Ch.* No more—defend yourself. (*They fight.*)

*Fred.* What's that ? I've wounded you.

*Ch.* No.

*Fred.* Yes ; I'm sure of it. 'Tis in your arm ; you cannot poise your sword.

[*Charles drops his sword.*]

*Ch.* It is too true : your point has hit me thro' the guard : I'm at your mercy.

*Fred.* I am at your's, dear Charles, for pardon and forgiveness ; now I retract my words, and blush for having used them.

\* \* \* \* \*

*SHEVA enters.*

*Sheva.* Dear me ! dear me ! what have you been about ? Do you come into a public tavern, and lock yourselves up to be private ?

*Ch.* Perhaps we did not wish the world to know the silly business we have been engag'd in.

*Sheva.* Goodness defend me ! is it come to this ? Have I been studying how to make you happy, whilst you were striving how to make me wretched ? What a strange world is this ! Are you not friends ? Are you not brothers ? Is that a reason you shou'd quarrel ? And if you differ, must you fight ? Can your swords argue better than their masters ? You call that an affair of honour, I suppose ; under your favor I do not think it a very honourable affair ; 'tis only giving a fine name to a foul deed.

*Fred.* Custom has gloss'd it over, and we are slaves to custom.

*Sheva.* I ask your pardon ; I am only a poor Jew, a stranger in your country, and have not yet been taught to reverence all your customs. Goot lack, goot lack ! what is the matter with your wrist ?

*Ch.* Nothing to signify ; a trifling scratch.

*Sheva.* A scratch you call it ; that is a wound in common language : I pray you come to my poor house, and let that scratch be heal'd ; you had great care for me, let me have some for you : that is my sense of an affair of honor ; to pay the debt that I do owe to you, and to your fader, who preserv'd my life in Spain, that is my point of honor.

*Jew,* A. 5. Sc. 1.

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MONROSE AND OLIVER.

*Mon.* Either comply, or one of us shall never depart alive.

*Ol.* Your threats are impotent.

*Mon.* Then my deeds shall be decisive. (*Produces pistols.*) Take this.

*Ol.* For what purpose ?

*Mon.* A gentleman need not ask.

*Ol.* Phaw ! Jargon !

*Mon.* No delay ! Aurelia is yours or mine.

*Ol.* Are you an assassin ?

*Mon.* Do assassins furnish their enemy with weapons ?

*Ol.* If murder must be committed, the glory must

be all your own ; for never shall this arm be levelled at the life of man.

*Mon.* Damnation ! Coward ! Fire !

*Ol.* Fire you, madman !

*Mon.* Hell !

*Ol.* Think you I am to be bullied into what you call courage ? If you are so wound up to murder, begin ! Here is your mark ! Take your level ! A shot through the heart, or a bullet through the brain. Then vaunt of your dexterity ; and again reiterate your epithet, gentleman.

*Knave or Not, A. 5. Sc. 4.*

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## DUELLISTS (MODERN) RIDICULED.

SAUNTER AND NOMINAL (*behind.*)

*Saun.* Poor fellow ! if he should be killed, or even wounded.

*Nom.* Wounded ! Why, here I am, George ; as sound and as merry—Wounded !—Oh, you dull dog !

*Saun.* Dull ! Why, from your servant's account I might suppose you were dead.

*Nom.* Dead ! Phoo ! Do you think I don't know better ? Hark ye, since we're alone, I'll let you into a secret.—Lord Jargon wanted to challenge me, but cou'dn't sum up courage ; so, sooner than lose the

glory of a combat with so great a man, I consented to (*whispering him*) you understand me, we fought to satisfy the town, not ourselves.

*Saun.* Satisfy the town! how do you mean?

*Nom.* How do I mean? Why, do you think we fought to please ourselves? Nonsense! That's been gone by long ago—No, no; the case was this—He was compelled to fight to save his reputation, and I chose to fight, to get a name! So we kept up appearance, measured ground, exchanged shots, seconds interferred—applauded our spirit, signed the report—And now we're both men of honour as long as we live!—There, you rogue—shot ourselves into notice.

*Notoristy, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

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## DUPLICITY.

LADY RUBY AND SABINA.

*Lady R.* A villain thou'd be dragg'd to light, and punish'd by the world's contempt.

*Sabina.* Let his own conscience be his punishment! Tho' he has ruin'd me, basely betray'd me by a pretended marriage, and then cruelly abandon'd me; what can I say or do? Shall a poor alien like me contend with power like his?—Your laws will not redress me; my religion is not his religion; I know not who is that Italian monk that married us; I know not where to find him; or, if I cou'd, what then? My Lord would little care for that.



*Lady R.* My Lord shall care ; doubt not but there are means to make him care, and feel and tremble for his character, which public fame shall blast thro' all the world, unless he does you right.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Lord SENSITIVE and Lady RUBY.*

*Lord S.* If I am too bold in approaching you without special permission, your servants are in the fault, who said they had orders to admit me without reserve.

*Lady R.* They told you truth ; you may remember I said my doors were open to all persons of honor ; and who fulfils that character more completely than Lord Sensitive ?

*Ld. S.* But might I not have interrupted a conversation more agreeable than Lord Sensitive's ?—Frederick Mowbray is come home.

*Lady R.* Well, if he is ?

*Ld. S.* Then there is one more votary (and no mean one, I confess) to offer incense at the shrine of that divinity whom all men worship, and all women envy.

*Lady R.* I cou'd give you a reason, my Lord, which I am sure you wou'd admit to be conclusive, against Mr. Mowbray's addressing me.

*Ld. S.* May I ask what should prevent him from paying his addresses to your Ladyship ?

*Lady R.* Simply this—because he has pledg'd them elsewhere, and is too much of a man of honor to violate his engagements.

*Ld. S.* Oh!—if he is engaged elsewhere—that is if  
—if he is absolutely bound—that alters the case.

*Lady R.* To be sure it does: I knew you wou'd  
allow the reason to be good; I knew you wou'd  
feel the force of it.

*Ld. S.* So I do indeed—I feel the force of it very  
thoroughly.

*Lady R.* I am satisfied you do, and I hope you will  
credit me when I declare to you upon the word of  
truth, that if Frederick Mowbray was the one man  
whom I preferr'd before all men living, and I knew  
him guilty of having pledg'd his faith to another  
woman, whom he afterwards abandoned, I would  
as soon join hands with infamy, and be the outcast  
of society, as with such a traitor.

*Ld. S.* That—that is very strong, Lady Ruby,  
and bespeaks your utter abhorrence of double deal-  
ing; but will you permit me to observe that much  
would depend upon who and what the woman was.

*Lady R.* I would not hear of such a plea, and you,  
my Lord, would be the last man living to allow of  
it; 'twould be a mere evasion, not a mitigation of  
his guilt—Every mean wretch can blast the reputa-  
tion of the fond believing victim, whom his unmanly  
cunning has seduced, and his unprincipled incon-  
stancy deserted.

*Ld. S.* That is quite unanswerable, Lady Ruby;  
that brings it home to a man's conscience, I con-  
fess: I have nothing to offer in defence of such a  
proceeding.

*Lady R.* No, no, there is no sophistry can palliate seduction—What then would you say, if, in aggravation of his wickedness, he had abus'd her credulity by a pretended marriage?

*Ld. S.* Madam!—Madam!—Who told you this?

*Lady R.* Who told me? What is it you mean? I am supposing a case, and did you understand I was stating a fact? I hope there is no one (of my acquaintance at least) whose conscience can plead guilty to a charge like this; if there is, I am sure Frederick Mowbray is not the man.—So now your Lordship sees I have set you perfectly at your ease about him.

*Ld. S.* I cannot say, madam, I am just now perfectly at my ease.

*Lady R.* Why how now, my good Lord! I think I have been tolerably explicit.

*Ld. S.* Yes, yes, I don't complain of that; I perfectly understand you. *First Love, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

## ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

MORRENT AND JOANNA, *in men's clothes.*

*Mor.* Who is it here that knows Joanna?

*Joan. (appearing.)* I do.

*Mor.* Sir! Do you! Well, and what? Where?—  
Is she safe?

*Joan.* I hope so.

*Mor.* But where, Sir, where?

*Jean. (Aside)* 'Tis Mr. Mordent! *(Aloud.)* Why do you enquire;

*Mor.* For heaven's sake, Sir, do not torment me by delay, but tell me where she is.

*Jean.* I must not.

*Mor. (Seizing her arm)* But, Sir, I say you must, and shall!

*Jean. (Firmly)* Sir, you mistake, if you suppose menaces can prevail.

*Mor.* Excuse me! I would give my right hand to know what it appears you can tell.

*Jean.* I can tell nothing, 'till I am first made acquainted with your true motives.

*Mor.* And will you inform me then?

*Jean.* Provided I am certain of their purity.

*Mor.* Know then, that I pant for a sight of her once more, to do her the little justice that is yet in my power. Know, the wrongs she has received from me are irreparable, vile, such as could not have happened but in this worst of worlds! Know, that I, her natural guardian, have been her persecutor; that I drove her to the abode of infamy; that I became the agent of her ruin, the plotter against her chastity; and that, when I had set the engines of darkness and hell at work to ensure her everlasting wretchedness, I then discovered *(with horror)* she was my daughter!

*Jean.* Sir!—Your daughter!—You? You my father?

*Mor.* How!

*Joan. (Falling at his feet, and snatching his hand)*  
Oh!

*Mor. Can it be — My child? — My Joanna? (Eagerly raising and regarding her again) It is! It is! (Falling on her neck)*

*Joan. My father!*

*Mor. My child! And innocent?*

*Joan. As your own wishes: or the word father should never have escaped my lips! This dress was the disguise conveyed to me, by which I effected my escape. I can suffer any thing but dishonour.*

*Mor. A father? Oh! — I do not deserve thee; I do not deserve thee! (gazing rapturously) Once again let me fold thee to my heart!*

*Deserted Daughter, A. 3. Sc. 4.*

## EDUCATION.

LADY SARAH AND MRS. DARNLEY.

*Lady S. — Don't be uneasy, my dear, — these fashionable intrigues are very harmless, I'll assure you, and if you had had my free and liberal education — but poor thing! I suppose you were sent to school for instruction.*

*Mrs. Darn. To school! as certainly, ma'am —*

*Lady S. There it is then: For what could you learn! only to sing well enough to spoil conversation — to play on the harpsicord, so as to give papa,*



mama, and the whole family an 'afternoon's nap—to dance so aukwardly as to be always out of tune and place, and to speak just French enough, to make you forget English: this is a boarding school education—But I my dear——

*Mrs. Darn.* Hear me, madam! when I first saw you, I was the happiest of women—I had a husband who lov'd and honour'd me—who doated on his children, and knew no pleasure but in his family! and now how severe is the reverse! you have robb'd me of that treasure, seduc'd it from my heart, and I return to a melancholy home, without a friend for my own distresses, or a father for my children!

*Lady S.* And how can I help it?—didn't I mean to do you both a service by introducing you to the great world?

*Mrs. Darn.* Great world!—there again, madam!—when I enter'd this house, I expected from the exalted rank of its owner, to have been surrounded with kindness, elegance, and hospitality!—but I find that high birth does not create high breeding, nor am I, because humbly born, less likely to set a polished example than yourself. *Rage, A 2. Sc. 2.*

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LIZARD, LADY ESTHER, SUSAN, &c.

*Liz.* Will your ladyship give me leave to introduce my daughter—a clever girl, though I say it, head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's:—You have heard

of Mrs. Monsoon, that parent of science and needle-work, who fits out the young ladies for India, keeps the first school in town. A fine situation!—not a girl there, but costs her parents a fortune in drefs and accomplishments; and, as my son Jack says, they know more of life at sixteen than their grandmothers do at sixty.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Lady E.* Head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's—a desirable companion (*aside*)—If Mrs. Monsoon's school is so expensive, I suppose your scholars are more select than numerous.

*Susan.* Pardon me, my lady, the more expensive the school, the more numerous the scholars.—Let me see—we have about thirty in the Indian department alone.

*Lady E.* Indian department!—what can you mean?

*Susan.* How ignorant people are in the country! (*aside.*) Why, Mem, some of our young ladies are destin'd on a matrimonial speculation for India, that we call the India department! they are kept quite distinct, and are got up in a particular way—they are to be creatures all fancy and fascination—to be sure one ought to have the eyes of Argus for such an undertaking; no longer ago than last season we sent out a young lady to Bengal, actually bespoke, and freighted out at the expence of the richest man in India, and, would you believe it, she threw herself away upon a beggarly cadet, the chance com-

panion of her voyage, instead of flying to the arms of a man worth half a million. *Secret, A. 1. Sc. 4.*

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## EFFECT.

MIST (*with a Manuscript Play in his hand*) AND  
WORRY.

*Miss.* Oh, it won't do—'twill be damn'd.

*Worry.* Now pray take pity—pray give your assistance, sir:—there's the sweetest young lady just lock'd into that room, and if you would but help to release her——

*Miss.* How! what! young lady lock'd up! and I help to release her!—pooh—nonsense!—what's her case!—And me—why apply to me?

*Worry.* Because I'm sure you will befriend us—— and if you did but know how well she had conducted herself!—how charmingly she had acted her part——

*Miss.* What! acted her part!

*Worry.* Ay! no woman ever acted better:—such sense! such feeling sir!—and now, when she is so ready to engage herself——

*Miss.* Ready to engage!—oh, ho—comprehend now—lock'd up to keep her from the stage, and apply to me 'cause I'm Manager—he! he!—Hark ye; how's her voice?

*Worry.* Delightful.

*Miss.* And her action?

*Worry.* Graceful.

*Mist.* And her figure?

*Worry.* Beautiful.

*Mist.* Damme she'll do my business till Harlequin comes! say no more—my house is open—I'll give her an appearance.

*Worry.* What! you'll get her out!

*Mist.* To be sure I will—in what part she likes best—tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, pantomime!—And you!—want a clown—you shall play clown—also if you're married!—don't reply—see it by your chin—give you and your wife freedom—perpetual free admission—But now for it—now to plan plot——Hem!—Here is the author.

*Enter (from folding doors) MRS. DAZZLE.*

*Mrs. Daz.* (*locking the doors, and putting the key in her pocket.*) So now Juliana's safe, and I get my husband's estate—Oh, Worry, have you seen Mr. Alltrade?

*Worry.* (*confused.*) Hey! yes—I've seen Mr. Alltrade, and he'll be here with the chaise directly.

*Mist.* (*reading play*) "Burleigh carries off Mary."

*Mrs. Daz.* What! no further, Mr. Mist?—I suppose you're thinking of the effect, Mr. Manager?

*Worry.* Mr. Manager!—Oh! I understand now—

*Mist.* Yes! but can't tell without rehearsal—cannot judge unless I saw it on the boards—Let me see—there's the prison gate—(*pointing to the folding doors*)—you are Jockey Norfolk—no, I'm jockey—I'll tell you what—suppose we give it a trial!

*Mrs. Daz.* A trial! what a rehearſal now in this room?—Delightful!—I ſhould like it of all things.

*Miſt.* So ſhould I—then liſten—I'll play Norfolk—you Queen Elizabeth—

*Mrs. Daz.* He, Burleigh—(*pointing to Worry.*)

*Worry.* Who the devil's Burleigh—

*Mrs. Daz.* And for Mary—dear! dear! where ſhall we get a Mary?

*Miſt.* Tell you—all in way of rehearſal—young lady you juſt lock'd in—ſhe's in ſame ſituation you know.

*Mrs. Daz.* So ſhe is—here Worry!—here's an excellent opportunity to take her to Mr. Alltrade. (*Aſide to Worry who nods to her ſignificantly.*)—I declare I can't help laughing.

*Miſt.* No more can I—Oh damme, I ſee it will produce an effect now!—give me the key (*Mrs. Dazzele gives it him.*)—All to our ſeparate places, and let rehearſal begin—Enter Duke of Norfolk. (*Puts himſelf in a mock tragic attitude, and ſpeaks bombastically.*)

“Now! by my holy dame, with this ſame key,  
“Jockey of Norfolk, thou'lt unlock the gate of  
“Scottiſh Mary's priſon. (*Unlocks folding doors, and leads out Juliana.*)—Beſhrew me, but you're ſafe,  
“and ſo good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!”

*Mrs. Daz.* “(*alſo ſpeaking bombastically.*) Go to—  
“we'll nip 'em in the bud—Why, how now, rebels?—For this treacherous Queen—(*ſeizing Juliana, and delivering her to Worry; who puts himſelf in a tragic attitude.*)—convey her to the tower!



"—and there good Burleigh—You take the hint!—

"Away!"

*Miss.* Ay:—You take the hint!—Away!

*Worry.* Oh yes:—I take the hint—Away! (*Exit with Juliana.*)

*Mrs. Daz.* Bravo!—will it meet with disapprobation now?—

*Miss.* No—it must be a very illnaturated audience, indeed, that don't applaud so ingenious an exit.—

*Mrs. Daz.* Ay, there's authorship for you!

*Miss.* Egad, and there's management for you!

*Mrs. Daz.* Remember, fir, but for me these characters wouldn't have been brought on the stage.

*Miss.* No; and but for you they wouldn't have been got off the stage; but now to get Norfolk off—Must follow new actresses—(*Aside.*)

*Mrs. Daz.* Stop! I'll tell you; Elizabeth first turns her back upon him—then Norfolk makes a long harangue—then—

*Miss.* Psha! hang long harangues,—touch and go,—that's the plan for effect; I'll shew you how to do Norfolk's exit.—first turn your back on me, P. S. (*Mrs. Dazzle turns her back on him.*)—So then I strut off O. P.—Gently—don't turn round till I'm gone; then work yourself into a furious passion—Mary, I fly!—I follow thee! and so, good morrow, good Queen Elizabeth!—Hem,—there's another good exit! [*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Daz.* Oh, the old fool! how I shall wheedle him!

*Enter SIR HERVEY and ALLTRADE.*

*Sir Her.* Madam!

*Mrs. Daz.* Is he gone! now then to work myself into a furious passion—(*turning round.*)—thou wretch! thou traitor!—How! Sir Hervey!—Mr.——Heavens! have you seen nothing of Miss Sutherland?—(*to Alltrade.*)

*Alltrade.* No; and Sir Hervey has brought the bond on purpose for me to present to her, and now to our astonishment, we find she and Worry have gone out of the castle together:—what can it mean?

*Mrs. Daz.* Mean! (*bursts into tears*)—that I am wheedled myself—Oh that brute of a manager! Sir Hervey, 'tis too plain—she has elop'd.—

*Management, A. 2. Sc. 3.*

## EGOTISM.

CHEERLY, (*Solus.*)

*Cheer.* Oh, confound it! here's Captain Vain. Now will this conceited fellow bother me for an hour or two about himself. (*Going.*)

*Enter VAIN.*

*Vain.* I see you, Cheerly. You can't hide yourself from *me*. I'm one who sees every thing in a moment. You have heard what has happened to *me* since I went?

*Cheer.* No, faith, I have not.

*Vain.* The most extraordinary thing. Always something surprizing wherever *I* go. For my part *I* really think as to *myself*, that——But what are you at, *Cheerly*? What! attempting to spy into your neighbour's cabin! Just like *me*, egad! I've done that oft'n in my time, tho' it's hardly fair play between you and *I*.

*Cheer.* *Vain*, you know a seaman cannot act unfairly; here is a little frigate in this harbour, of which I wou'd fain take the command honorably; but her old uncle thinks me too poor to hold the commission.

*Vain.* Exactly *me* again. Egad! I had best give a little thought to your case *myself*.

*Cheer.* I have told you where my anchor lies. Can you lend me a hand to purchase it?

*Vain.* Can I? I don't like to praise myself; but I am such a devilish clever fellow; it is quite astonishing—I never turn my head to a project but it succeeds——Any thing, every thing—never miss—I'm so clever.

*Lock and Key, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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## EMOTION.

MORDENT AND LENNOX.

*Mor.* Mr. Lennox, I am at this moment a determined and desperate man, and must be answered——Where is she?

*Len.* Sir, I am as determined and as desperate as

yourself, and I say, where is she? For you alone can tell?

*Mor.* 'Tis false!

*Len.* False?

*Mor.* Ay, false!

*Len.* (*Going up to him*) He is the falsest of the false, that dares whisper such a word!

*Mor.* Hark you, sir, I understand your meaning, and came purposely provided. (*Draws a pair of pistols*) Take your choice. They are loaded.

*Len.* Oh, with all my heart! (*Presents at some paces distant.*) Come, sir.

*Mor.* (*Approaching sternly*) Nigher!

*Len.* (*Approaching desperately*) As nigh as you please!

*Mor.* (*Placing himself*) Foot to foot!

*Len.* (*Frantically—both presenting*) Muzzle to muzzle!

*Mor.* (*Short pause*) Why don't you fire?

*Len.* Why don't you unlock your pistol?

*Mor.* (*After unlocking*) There!

*Len.* Why do you turn it out of the line?—(*Drops his arm. Pause.*) I see your intention, Mordent! you are tired of life, and want me to murder you! — Damn it, man, that is not treating your friend like a friend!—Kill me if you will, but don't make me your assassin!

(*Pause—both greatly affected*)

*Mor.* (*Tenderly*) Nay, kill me, or tell me where you have lodged the wretched girl.

*Len.* (*With great energy*) Fiends seize me, if I have

lodged her any where, or know what is become of her.

*Mor.* Your behaviour tells me you are sincere, and to convince you at once I am no less so, know—she is my daughter!

*Len. (Seized)* Your daughter?

*Mor.* The honest indefatigable Donald discovered her at Enfield's!

*Len.* Murder my friend, and debauch his daughter!

*Mor. (Deeply affected)* We are sad fellows—*(They pause & gradually recover from the deep passion with which they were mutually seized.)* Again and again, 'tis a vile world.

*Len. (Eagerly)* I'll seek it through with you to find her.—Forgive me!

*Mor. (Takes his hand)* Would I could forgive myself!

*Deserted Daughter, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

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## ENVY.

DANGLE, SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY, SNEER, &c.

*Dan.* But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet?—or can I be of any service to you?

*Sir Fret.* No, no, I thank you; I believe the piece had sufficient recommendation with it.—I thank you tho'—I sent it to the manager of COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE this morning.



*Sneer.* I should have thought now, that it might have been cast (as the actors call it) better at DRURY LANE.

*Sir Fret.* O lud! no—never send a play there while I live—harkee! (*Whispers Sneer*)

*Sneer.* *Writes himself!*—I know he does——

*Sir Fret.* I say nothing—I take away from no man's merit—am hurt at no man's good fortune—I say nothing—But this I will say—through all my knowledge of life, I have observed—that there is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy!

*Sneer.* I believe you have reason for what you say, indeed.

*Sir Fret.* Besides—I can tell you it is not always so safe to leave a play in the hand of those who write themselves.

*Sneer.* What, they may steal from them, hey, my dear Plagiary?

*Sir Fret.* Steal!—to be sure they may; and egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children, disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.

*Sneer.* But your present work is a sacrifice to Melpomene, and HE you know never——

*Sir Fret.* That's no security—A dext'rous plagiarist may do any thing.—Why, Sir, for ought I know, he might take out some of the best things in my tragedy, and put them into his own comedy.

*Sneer.* That might be done, I dare be sworn.

*Sir Fret.* And then if such a person gives you the

least hint, or assistance, he is devilish apt to take the merit of the whole.—

*Dang.* If it succeeds.

*Sir Fret.* Aye,—but with regard to this piece, I think I can hit that gentleman, for I can safely swear he never read it.

*Critic, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## EQUIVOQUE.

VAPID AND LADY WAITFOR'T.

*Lady.* Sir, your most obedient.

*Vap.* Ma'am. (*bowing*)

*Lady.* Pray keep your seat, sir—I beg I mayn't disturb you.

*Vapid.* By no means, ma'am—give me leave—(*both sit*) who the devil have we here? [*Aside.*]

*Lady.* I am told, sir, you have business for Lady Waitfor't.

*Vapid.* Yes, ma'am—being my first appearance in that character, but I could wait whole hours for so beautiful a woman.

*Lady.* Oh, sir!

*Vap.* Yes—I am no stranger to her charms,—sweet young creature!

*Lady.* Nay, dear sir, not so *very* young.

*Vap.* Your pardon, ma'am, and her youth enhances her other merits—but oh! she has one charm that surpasses all.

*Lady.* Has she, sir? what may it be?

*Vap.* Her passion for the stage.

*Lady.* Sir!

*Vap.* Yes, her passion for the stage! that in my mind makes her the first of her sex.

*Lady.* Sir, she has no passion for the stage.

*Vap.* Yes, yes, she has.

*Lady.* But I protest she has not.

*Vap.* But I declare and affirm it as a fact, she has a strong passion for the stage, and a violent attachment for all the people that belong to it.

*Lady.* Sir, I don't understand you—explain.

*Vap.* Hark'ye,—we are alone—I promise it, shall go no further, and I'll let you into a secret—I know ———

*Lady.* Well!—what do you know?

*Vap.* I know a certain dramatic author with whom she——he had a letter from her this morning.

*Lady.* What!

*Vap.* Yes,—an assignation—don't be alarmed—the man may be depended on—he is safe—very safe!—long in the habit of intrigue—a good person too!—a very good person indeed.

*Lady.* Amazement!

*Vap.* (*Whispering her*) Hark'ye, he means to make her happy in less than half an hour.

*Lady* (*Rising*) Sir,—do you know whom you are talking to?—do you know who I am?

*Vap.* No,—how the devil should I!

*Lady.* Then know, I am Lady Waitfor't.

*Vap.* You, Lady Waitfor't?

*Lady.* Yes, fir—the only Lady Waitfor't!

*Vap.* Mercy on me!—here's incident!

*Lady.* Yes,—and I am convinced you were sent here by that traitor, Neville—speak, is he not your friend?

*Vap.* Yes, ma'am:—I know Mr. Neville—here's equivoque!

*Lady.* This is some trick, some stratagem of his—he gave you the letter to perplex and embarrass me.

*Vap.* Gave the letter! gad that's great—pray ma'am give me leave to ask you one question—Did you write to Mr. Neville?

*Lady.* Yes, fir—to confess the truth I did—but from motives—

*Vap.* Stop, my dear ma'am, stop—I have it—now let me be clear—first you send him a letter; is it not so? yes—then he gives it to me—very well: then I come, (supposing you only twenty) mighty well! then you turn out ninety—charming!—then comes the embarrassment: then the eclaircissement! Oh its glorious!—Give me your hand—you have atoned for every thing.

*Lady.* Oh! I owe all this to that villain, Neville—I am not revengeful—but 'tis a weakness to endure such repeated provocations, and I'm convinced the mind, that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good ones.

*Vap.* Bravo! encore, encore——it is the very best sentiment I ever heard——say it again! pray say it again,——take it down, and

blend it with the incident, and you shall be gratified one day or other with seeing the whole on the stage.—“The mind that too frequently forgives bad actions, will at last forget good ones.” (*Taking it down in his common place book.*)

*Lady.* This madman’s folly is not to be borne—if my Lord too should discover him (*Vapid sits and takes notes*) here, the consequences might be dreadful, and the scheme of Ennui’s play all undone.—Sir, I desire you’ll quit my house immediately—Oh! I’ll be reveng’d, I’m determin’d. [*Exit.*]

VAPID, (*solus.*)

What a great exit! very well!—I’ve got an incident however—Faith! I have noble talents—to extract gold from lead has been the toil of numberless philosophers: but I extract it from a baser metal, human frailty—Oh! it’s a great thing to be a dramatic genius!—a very great thing indeed!

*Dramatist,* A. 2. Sc. 1.

SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY AND SERVANT.

*Serv.* A strange gentleman, Sir, come from the quay, desires to see you.

*Sir Chr.* From the quay? Od’s my life!—’Tis he—’Tis Inkle! Show him up, directly. [*Exit Servant.*]  
The rogue is expeditious after all.—I’m so happy.



*Enter CAMPLEY.*

My dear Fellow! (*embracing him—shakes hands.*) I'm rejoic'd to see you. Welcome! welcome here, with all my soul!

*Camp.* This reception, Sir Christopher, is beyond my warmest wishes—Unknown to you—

*Sir Chr.* Aye, aye; we shall be better acquainted by and by. Well, and how, eh! Tell me!—But old Medium and I have talk'd over your affair a hundred times a day, ever since Narcissa arriv'd.

*Camp.* You surprise me! Are you then really acquainted with the whole affair?

*Sir Chr.* Every tittle.

*Camp.* And, can you, Sir, pardon what is past?—

*Sir Chr.* Pooh! how could you help it?

*Camp.* Very true—sailing in the same ship—and—

*Sir Chr.* Aye, aye; but we have had a hundred conjectures about you. Your despair and distress, and all that—Your's must have been a damn'd situation, to say the truth.

*Camp.* Cruel indeed, Sir Christopher! and I flatter myself will move your compassion. I have been almost inclin'd to despair, indeed, as you say, but when you consider the past state of my mind—the black prospect before me.—

*Sir Chr.* Ha! ha! Black enough, I dare say.

*Camp.* The difficulty I have felt in bringing myself face to face to you.

*Sir Cbr.* That I am convinc'd of—but I knew you wou'd come the first opportunity.

*Camp.* Very true: yet the distance between the Governor of Barbadoes and myself.—(*Bowing.*)

*Sir Cbr.* Yes—a devilish way asunder.

*Camp.* Granted, Sir: which has distress'd me with the cruellest doubts as to our meeting.

*Sir Cbr.* It was a tofs up.

*Camp.* The old Gentleman seems devilish kind.—Now to soften him. (*Aside*) Perhaps, Sir, in your younger days, you may have been in the same situation yourself.

*Sir Cbr.* Who? I! blood! no, never in my life.

*Camp.* I wish you had, with all my soul, Sir Christopher.

*Sir Cbr.* Upon my soul, Sir, I am very much obliged to you. (*Bowing*)

*Camp.* As what I now mention might have greater weight with you.

*Sir Cbr.* Pooh! prithee! I tell you I pitied you from the bottom of my heart.

*Camp.* Indeed!       \* \* \* \* \*

If, with your leave, I may still venture to mention, Miss Narcissa—

*Sir Cbr.* An impatient, sensible young dog! like me to a hair! Set your heart at rest, my boy. She's your's; your's before to-morrow morning.

*Camp.* Amazement! I can scarce believe my senses.

*Sir Cbr.* Zounds! you ought to be out of your

senses: but dispatch—make short work of it, ever while you live, my boy.

*Inkle and Yarico*, A. 2. Sc. 2.

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MONFORD AND WHIMSEY.

*Monf.* Between you and me, Mr. Whimsey, it won't do for younger brothers, to fall in love.

*Whim.* Certainly not. It may well be call'd *falling* in love. 'Tis in truth a false step, and many a man, who has once met with the accident, has found the ill effects of it ever afterwards.

*Monf.* Right, Sir; suppose now you were to recommend me to a wife—a rich widow, for instance.

*Whim.* Eh! why what say you to the lady of this mansion, Mrs. Pattypan?—My son Jack tells me, in his letters, she is worth a round sum.

*Monf.* A good thought, Sir; with your permission, I'll step to Miss Whimsey, and tell her my resolution of courting the old lady directly.

*Whim.* Don't trouble yourself—I'll step to Miss Whimsey myself; and return immediately, to have a little more talk with you on the subject.

\* \* \* \*

*Monf.* If I can make him believe this absurdity but for a few hours, all may yet be well—I think I can easily find means to convey my dear girl out of the reach of her father's power this evening.

\* \* \* \*

*Enter Mrs. PATTYPAN.*

*Mrs. Patt.* Sir, your most obedient humble servant. \* \* \* I hope, Sir, you like the lodgings, and don't think them dear at three guineas a week.

*Monf.* Certainly not.

*Enter WHIMSEY.*

*Mrs. Patt.* Aye; I knew we should agree, Sir, Ha! ha! ha!

*Whim.* Egad, he has put the question to her.—  
(*Aside*) Monford, I perceive you have begun the attack.

*Monf.* And have conquer'd too—only don't interrupt me in my victory.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Mrs. Patt.* (*to Whim.*) Your servant, Sir, we had come to terms before you came in.

*Whim.* Then I am sure I wont interrupt you; and so good bye.—(*Aside*) I'll take the liberty of listening to their conversation, however—nothing but the evidence of my own ears can remove my suspicions.

[*Exit.*

*Monf.* Don't mind my father, Mrs. Pattypan, old folks have their peculiarities.

*Mrs. Patt.* True, Sir—I dare say it will be the same with you and me, when we grow old.—[*Enter Whimsy, and retires to the back scene*] But, however, to

return to business—right reckoning makes long friends, as I us'd to tell my first husband—

*Monf.* Aye, I dare say we shall be very happy together.

*Whim.* (*Aside.*) Happy together!

*Mrs. Patt.* I presume, Sir, you generally dine out.

*Monf.* Constantly.

*Whim.* (*Aside.*) Zounds, that's odd enough; not to dine at home, during the honey-moon at least.

*Mrs. Patt.* And you keep good hours, I hope, Sir.

*Monf.* Oh, yes, you'll always find me in bed by twelve o'clock.

*Whim.* (*Aside.*) That's a material article.

*Monf.* I think you have no family, Mrs. Pattypan?

*Mrs. Patt.* No, Sir, I never had any yet—but as I think of altering my situation, it may happen that—

*Monf.* I understand you—but that will make no sort of difference to me.

*Mrs. Patt.* Indeed! I am very happy to hear it—for you know, Sir, some gentlemen have an objection to children.

*Whim.* (*Aside.*) Egad there can be no deceit in all this—it will be a match, I see that—(*coming forward*) (*aloud*) I wish you both joy with all my soul—don't be confus'd, Mrs. Pattypan—you know this isn't the first bargain of the sort you have struck.

*Mrs. Patt.* Oh dear, no, Sir; nor I hope it will not be the last.

*Whim.* (*Aside.*) D—d good encouragement for a



man to venture on her. I suppose she expects to bury two or three husbands yet. \* \* \* \*

Come, as it is a bargain, take hands on it—take hands—nay, salute her—come, kiss her, my boy.  
 ——— (joining their hands) May you live long together, and may no domestic quarrels obtrude on your happiness.

\* \* \* \*

WHIMSEY AND MRS. PATTYPAN.

*Whim.* Egad, tho', I'll ask the old woman some questions about him; there can be no harm in that.  
 —Pray, Mrs. Pattypan, if I don't hurt your delicacy by the question, how long may you have been acquainted with this young man whom you are going to marry?

*Mrs. Patt.* (*Aside*) Young man whom I am going to marry! how the deuce cou'd he hear of my intending to marry Tim Tartlett?

*Whim.* You'll excuse my curiosity—but pray is not he rather wild?

*Mrs. Patt.* (*Aside*) Yes, yes—he means Tim.—(*to him*) Why, Sir, I fear he is rather flighty—he has his little gallantries.

*Whim.* Look ye, Mrs. Pattypan—as to his little gallantries, as you call them, perhaps I know more of the matter than you do.

*Mrs. Patt.* Dear Sir, you awaken my curiosity.

*Whim.* In a word, your intended husband has made love to my daughter.

*Mrs. Patt.* What do I hear! I shall certainly faint.

*Whim.* (*Attempting to support her*) For Heaven's sake don't faint yet, for I can't support you, upon my soul.

*Mrs. Patt.* An ungrateful fellow!—who owes all he has in the world to me!

\* \* \* \* \*

But pray, Sir, how did you first discover this affair?—tell me all the particulars—

*Whim.* I would, if I had thought of it a little sooner—but for aught I know, at this moment your scapegrace may be explaining to my daughter some particulars of which I shou'd wish her at present to remain ignorant—so it behoves me to look about me.

[*Exit.*

*Mrs. Patt.* (*Sola*)—Why, here they come!—yes, to be sure!—Madam ogles, and simpers; how ugly she looks when she smiles!—

[*Retreats.*

*Enter CHARLOTTE and TIM.*

*Char.* And what time is the chaise to be ready?

*Tim.* At twelve o'clock, Miss—that was the time Squire Monford fix'd. ———

*Char.* Oh! Mr. Timothy, I own to you my courage fails me, now I come to the point.

*Mrs. Patt.* (*Aside*) I think your Ladyship seems to have a pretty good share of courage, to come to the point so soon.

*Tim.* As to the matter of that, Miss, as I told you before, I am as much in love as you are—

*Mrs. Patt. (Aside)* A mutual declaration of love!

*Tim.* Never mind—by this time to-morrow you'll be out of your father's reach.

*Mrs. Patt. (Aside)* Gracious me! he is going to elope with her!

*Tim.* How the old gentleman will storm!

*Char.* You know, as people grow in years, their sentiments of love affairs naturally change.

*Tim.* E'cod tho'—that is not the case with old Mistrefs.

*Mrs. Patt. (Aside)* Old Mistreis, indeed!

*Tim.* By all accounts she is just as loving now as she was thirty years ago.

*Mrs. Patt. (Aside)* His ears shall pay for this.

*Tim.* If the old girl was to hear me, now—what wou'd she say to it! Ha! ha! ha!—Well, Miss, I'll take my leave of you till twelve o'clock. I'm just a going to make merry with a few friends for an hour or two—I'll take care that you shall have an excellent chaise, and as good a pair of horses as ever pass'd Hyde Park Corner.

*Char.* Many thanks to you, kind Mr. Timothy.

*Tim.* Courage, Miss—true love endures to the end, as the song says. And so a fig for your father and old Mother Pattypan. [*Exeunt Charlotte and Tim.*]

*Mrs. Patt. (Coming forward.)* Old Mother Pattypan! Old!—I shall run mad! What a plot!—'Tis lucky, however, I have discover'd it—I'll take care there shall be no elopement. *First Floor, A. 1. Sc. 3.*

## EVASION.

JACK LIZARD AND SIR HARRY.

*Jack Liz.* Is it possible, Sir Harry, that you can refuse me?

*Sir Har.* Have-a-care, Jack, have-a-care—you are growing chatty, and that you know I can't endure.

*Jack Liz.* 'Sdeath, would not any man be chatty with a pack of bailiffs at his heels?

*Sir H.* It has been the fate of many a great man, Jack.

*Jack Liz.* A great man can afford it; when a great man is arrested, people only say that he is gone to his villa; it is not the arrest I care for, but the sum, a paltry five hundred.

*Sir Har.* Five hundred, paltry! why it is the price of my horse Dancer.

*Jack Liz.* As you sold him yesterday, you must have the cash about you.

*Sir H.* That money is sacred, you know it is—What, would you have me defraud my stud of its complement.—You see, Jack, you see—the moment you begin to talk, you are irrational. Why you are as bad as a wit, your wits are always poor and chatty; but however, I'll tell you what, though I can't give you the money, I'll do as well, I'll give you a piece of advice—there's no caption yet—eh! they have not dubb'd you (*tapping him over the shoulder.*)

*Jack Liz.* No, but they are in full cry.

*Sir H.* Change your county then directly, that's the way—change your county, and you are safe—the writ won't run into the next.—Why there's Sam Splash has a hunting-box for the purpose, stands on two counties, and he only tells his servant, if the sheriff of Middlesex calls, shew him into Surry; if the sheriff of Surry calls, shew him into Middlesex; or, if you like it better, speak to Mr. Dorville, lending is his passion—he has no other use for his money.

*Jack Liz.* Mr. Dorville is a stranger to me; how can I expect a stranger to lend me money, when my friend refuses me?

*Sir H.* Because he is a stranger Jack! upon my soul you must hold your tongue, or else you'll lose your character; you may lend money to a stranger, but never to a friend; the odds are, that a stranger pays, or else you lay him by the heels; but against a friend a man has no remedy, and your friend never pays you a sixpence—if you were a stranger Jack! I would lend you the money myself, but as you are my friend, the thing's impossible, quite out of the question.

*Secret, A. 4. Sc. 1.*



## EXPOSITION.

HOWARD, ALBINA *disguised as a Navy Officer*, CICELY,  
AND SIR SOLOMON CYNIC, *concealed in a recess by a  
curtain supported by his sword cane.*

*Alb.* Draw, Sir. (*Pulls out his sword*).

*Cic.* Hold! I intreat you—What is the cause—

*Alb.* — His love for you is the cause. Sir Solomon told me of his falshood, and now—

*Cic.* Sir Solomon told you?—Oh! base, slanderous man!—Love never brought Mr. Howard to our cottage. No: he came from a far better motive—to bring money to my father—to relieve the distresses of his family: and, with gratitude I speak it, he has already saved us from ruin.

*Alb.* — (*Smiling*) Oh! did you say this, Mr. Howard?

*How.* You have heard my determination. I will not be teased with interrogatories.

*Alb.* (*Going up to him*) Nay: don't be so hasty, Mr. Howard. Consider, if Sir Solomon has deceiv'd me—

*How.* 'Tis now too late, Sir.—Your visit; her partiality for her perfidious governess; and her neglect of a too liberal parent, are all—all so disgraceful, that, if ever I love again, depend on't Albina won't be the object.

*Alb.* (*Sharply*) She won't!—Who will then, Sir?

*How.* Who, Sir?

*Alb.* Ay: who, Sir?—Will this little, coarse, insensible peasant?—

*How.* Insensible! Look him in the face, Cicely (*taking her hand.*) tell him you would die to serve your father; and ask him if Albina would shed a tear to save hers.

*Alb.* He presses her hand!—Let it go, Sir!—If you value your life, take away your hand, Sir!

*How.* Why? She deserves it as much as your cousin!

*Alb.* I can't bear it! Take it away! Then say your prayers, for you hav'n't a moment to live!—  
(*Poking at him with her sword.*)

*How.* Keep off, Sir—You see I've no arms.

*Alb.* No arms! That's a poor evasion, coward!

*How.* Coward! Oh! that I could find a weapon!—Is there no poker—no knife—no—Ha!—what do I see?—A sword! Now, villain!—

*Cic.* Hear me, Sir—Don't touch it, for Heaven's sake!

*Alb.* Hear her, Sir—Don't touch it, for Heaven's sake!

*How.* Thus I expose folly and deception! (*Pulls out the sword that supports the curtain; it falls, and Sir Solomon is discovered sitting on one trust of straw, with others around him.*)

*How.* Expose folly and deception, indeed!

*Alb.* He's innocent! he's innocent!—Oh! How-  
ard!

*Will, A. 3. Sc. 3.*

## EXTRAVAGANCE.

## OAKLAND AND M'SCRAPE.

*Oak.* Rapine is a very strange man ;—I have scarcely concluded with him for the purchase of the little Freehold, to improve my grounds, and he already wants to be paid.

*M'Scrape.* O the unreasonable Nagar! It's enough to insist on poor men paying their debts—if rich one's arn't to be trusted, who the devil are?

*Oak.* Right! he can't be paid yet—I must be a little the worfe for it, while I go on improving. Very great expence has been incurred in digging for a spring at the Naiad's Bath.

*M'Scrape.* But the devil a drop of water have they been able to discover there, except what has been brought in buckets; so that the poor Naiad, at this moment, is not wet up to the instep.

*Oak.* Let him look at the Greek edifice where the rookery stood, and in the place of the dove-house have I not built the ruins of a nunnery?

*M'Scrape.* To be sure you have; and it must cost your worship a great deal to keep those ruins in a continual state of decay.

*Oak.* No doubt—and then the other new works, the mausoleum.

*M'Scrape.* The mausoleum? O, I have seen it—that's the place you are to live in after you are dead

—it makes a comfortable snug companion to the ice-house.

*Oak.* Good me, you make quite a chill creep over me, by talking thus—yes, they are both pretty well sheltered from the sun.

*M'Scraps.* Old Rapine, then, your honor, must wait?

*Oak.* To be sure he must; I make every body wait; and there must not be a difference on his account.

*Nesley Abbey, A. 1. Sc. 3.*

## FAME.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, (*solus*)

—— Oh! that mind

That mind of man! that god-like spring of action!  
That source, whence Learning, Virtue, Honour,  
flow!—

Which lifts us to the stars; which carries us  
O'er the swol'n waters of the angry deep,  
As swallows skim the air.—That Fame's sole fountain!

That doth transmit a fair, and spotless name,  
When the vile trunk is rotten:—Give me that!

Oh! give me but to live, in after-age,  
Remember'd and un sullied!—Heaven and earth!  
Let my pure flame of Honour shine in story,  
When I am cold in death—and the slow fire,

That wears my vitals now, will no more move me  
Than 'twould a corpse within a monument.

*Iron Chest, A. 1. Sc. 3.*

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## FASHION.

HONORIA TO LADY ACID.

*Hon.* Fashion! contemptible! I'm weary of the very word! What has it ever done, that there should be such magic in the sound? 'Tis true, it has thrown a veil over vice, exalted the undeserving, and given a sanction to dissipation; but has it ever relieved poverty, lessened oppression, or wiped away the tear of suffering virtue!

*Notoriety, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

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CELIA AND FORTIS.

*Cel.* I perceive, Sir, you are not satisfied with my brother.

*For.* No, Madam; and but for a particular reason that restrains me, I should resent his conduct as it deserves.

*Cel.* And what new subject of complaint have you?

*For.* Every one, Madam, that ought to hurt a friend like me. I followed him to the concert, and having made my way up to him through the crowd, he seem'd disconcerted at my presence; when I



spoke to him, he scarce answered. In short, I found he had the impertinent pride to be ashamed of his friend, to treat him as a country acquaintance—out of his element, and a disgrace to his brilliant society.

*Cel.* I should be happy if I could defend my brother—but he seems too much to blame.

*For.* His folly was soon punished, and severely. First, their divine scraper, the idol of all Paris, disappointed them; disconcerted the grand concert; and threw all the society into despair. Half the company were put to flight; the rest turned their devotion towards a new divinity. Twenty altars were erected in a minute, and all the instruments of sacrifice display'd, cards, dice, lotos, pharos; and the victims bled freely, I assure you. The poor Baron, in spite of all my efforts, was carried away by the torrent. One fatal *vautout* overthrew him, and he lost above five thousand louis on credit, besides the money he had about him.

*Cel.* I blush for his folly.

*For.* He then left the field with the calmness of a hero, and the sublime glory of a genteel player. That is, of losing with indifference, at a sitting, more than would make ten poor families happy for life.

*Cel.* He pays a little dear for that fine title.

*For.* What I now tell you, he imagines I am ignorant of; his misfortune, however, makes me forget my resentment, and at this moment affects me more than my own affair. I expect him every minute to come home, in order to see what money he

can get—as this debt must be paid, I believe this very day.

*Cel.* So soon?

*For.* Oh, yes, Madam: these are their *debts of honour*, as they call them, and must be paid on the nail; though their tradesmen may starve.—

*False Appearances, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

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## FIDELITY.

BARON AND VARREL.

*Bar.* You serve Floreski?—Why do you tremble?  
—You have nothing to fear.

*Var.* No, I know, sir;—but I've had a damp lodging, and I think it's rather chilly this morning.

*Bar.* In one word, your master is to die,——  
now, instantly.

*Var.* I'm very sorry for it.

*Bar.* I have observed your fidelity, your affection to him—I'll take you into my service; I love your virtue, and would reward it.

*Var.* I'm afraid I should make but a bad servant to you; you had better turn me out o'doors at once, I think—I had rather—Do, sir;—and let my virtue be its own reward.

*Bar.* No fooling.—Your romantic lord seems ambitious of dying in this cause, that he may live la-

mented in the history of faithful and unfortunate lovers; you, perhaps, aspire to imitate him.

*Var.* I can't say, that I do.—Ambition's a great thing with great folks, I believe; but for my own poor part, I solemnly assure you, I had rather live three days in this world, bad as it is, than a thousand years in the best history that will ever be written.

*Bar.* I take you at your word;—there's a poor earnest of my future bounty.

*Var.* A purse!—What's this for?

*Bar.* Follow, and, as we go, I will instruct you in a short tale, that at once rids me of Floreski, and gives you life and fortune.

*Var.* My lord, I'm in peril, and poor;—and I value life and fortune as much as another man; but I hope, I shall never think 'em worth buying at the price of false witness against my master. (*Throws down the purse*)

*Lodoiska, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

## FOLLIES. (FASHIONABLE)

FLUSH AND GINGHAM.

*Flush.* Fool.—can't you tell a woman of fashion from a ——?

*Ging.* No—there it is, fir,—if women of fashion will talk and dress like women of another description, who the devil can tell one from the other? and if, likewise, they will hunt, shoot, and fence, and pre-

fer masculine assurance to feminine diffidence, is it amazing that a gentleman should confound the sexes?

*Rage, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

## FOLLY.

CAUSTIC AND TANGENT.

*Caust.* The world says you're a coxcomb.

*Tang.* Damn the world then for making me one. How the devil can I help being a coxcomb, when I see a flattering fool like myself idolized, and modest worth despised? Uncle, the temple of Folly would soon be without votaries, had it not the world for its worshippers.

*Way to Get Married, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

## FORGIVENESS.

LORD NORLAND, LADY ELEANOR, *moving timidly to her Father, leading EDWARD, by the hand.*

*Lady E.* I come to offer you this child, this affectionate child; who, in the midst of our caresses, droops his head, and pines for your forgiveness.

*Ld. N.* Ah! there is a corner of my heart left to receive him. (*Embraces him.*)

*Edw.* Then, pray, my Lord, suffer the corner to be large enough to hold my mother.

*Ld. N.* My heart is soften'd, and receives you all.  
*[Embraces Lady Eleanor.]*

*Every One has his Fault, A. 5. Sc. 3.*

### TANGENT, CAUSTIC, &c.

*Tang.* And will you, fir, forgive my follies?

*Caust.* Heartily, my boy. Frank, I can pardon the head for wandering, when I find the heart's at home.

*Way to Get Married, A. 5. Sc. 2.*

### FREEDOM.

#### RADZANO, ROSOLIA, AMALEKITE, AND SLAVES.

*Rad.* Amalekite, give me the roll, and bid the slaves approach.

*Ama.* (*Presenting the roll*) I am much afraid he mean to favour dem; I no like his looks—oh, he has a damned benevolent countenance. (*aside*)

*Rosol.* Poor wretches! how they tremble.

*Rad.* Approach, and fear not; in this you and your children are registered my slaves and live but in my will; acknowledge ye your vassalage? (*the slaves prostrate themselves*) Rise, then, and mark: By this you are recorded slaves, but by this (*tearing the roll*) you are no longer slaves, but men. (*The most extravagant signs of joy were displayed*) The world's before you—who will remain with me?

*Peasants.* All, all.



*Rad.* The brightest page of nature's bounteous charter is freedom to her children; that I possess you of; but, oh, condemn not just restraint, else 'twill prove a curse more galling than the most abject slavery tyranny e'er compassed; see, therefore, you abuse it not.

*Rosb.* Oh, impossible; while e'en the spade they toil with was their lord's, vice and sloth possessed them, for what incitement had they to industry? but when they find their labour will cheer their children, and throw content around their humble cots—ah, dear lord, these blessings strike too sweetly on the heart to fear abuse.

*Zerinski, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

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## FRIEND. (THE)

JUDITH, STAVE, &c.

*Judith.* You see, Stave, I'm not on my last legs—therefore say, will you marry me to-morrow—ay, or no.

*Stave.* Ay, on the word of a Clerk—for a friend here, [*laying his hand on his breast,*] tells me, that when a woman through love has placed her honour in the keeping of a man—he must be unworthy of leading a psalm, if he does not take her to his bosom, for better and for worse. *Just in Time, A. 3. Sc. 3.*

## FRIENDSHIP.

BARON AND FORLIS.

*Baron.* ——— You come, I fear, Sir, to reproach me.

*Forlis.* No, don't have any apprehensions—the moment would be ill chosen—When my friends are unhappy, I always spare them.

*Baron.* I don't understand.

*Forlis.* You need not be mysterious with me: I am acquainted with your misfortune, and it's in vain.

*Baron.* Who can have told you?

*Forlis.* I was present myself, and saw you lose a thousand at a stroke.

*Baron.* Since you know it, I must confess—Yes, 'twas an unheard-of trick that Fortune play'd me.

*Forlis.* Have you got the money?

*Baron.* No; I have but two thousand louis, and have made several fruitless attempts to get it.

*Forlis.* But you have so many friends!

*Baron.* Vain resource! Those whom I have applied to, had not ten guineas in their purse;—they all want money.

*Forlis.* Or friendship for thee.—There, take that—there are three thousand louis I happened to have by me.

*Baron.* Oh, Sir! your goodness—

*Forlis.* No compliments. My money is profitably

laid out, when it serves my friend; and his relief overpays me.

*Baron.* Sir, you not only forerun my applications, but prevent my acknowledgements.

*Forlis.* I save you a trouble then, and am the happier for it. I think I have some reason to complain, however, that you did not give me the preference, and went to others, when you might have applied to a friend, who has a pleasure in serving you; and far from resenting your faults, has a double satisfaction in forgiving them. *False Appearances, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

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SIR HERVEY TO ALLTRADE.

Time was, when friendship wore a bold and open aspect, and as it spoke it acted: but now 'tis masked; and underneath it lurks all modern villainy. Who betrayed my wife? a friend!—who belied my child? a friend!—who immured her in a goal, and if she does not prostitute her hand and heart, will see her perish there—who, but my friend!—Can my enemy thus injure me?—No; in him I place no confidence or trust; and henceforth let me rather meet a thousand foes than the designing arts of one false friend. *Management, A. 5. Sc. 1.*

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MANDEVILLE AND HOWARD.

*Mand.* Then all's confirmed; and I've no hope—no friend!—What's to be done?—Whither shall I

go?—where fly?—Who will receive so lost a wretch as I am?—Pursued by enemies—abandoned by a father—forsaken by my child!—who will, who dare befriend me?

*Howard.* I will.

*Mand.* You!

*Howard.* You have forgot me, Mr. Mandeville—I see you have—You don't recollect George Howard, whom when a boy you used to take so much notice of—I'm strangely altered since you went to India—that is, in person only, I hope, for in mind and disposition I am still the same.

*Mand.* Are you?

*Howard.* Oh Mr. Mandeville! I don't know why—whether it is from the joy at seeing you, or from the grief I feel at the cruel treatment you've received—I don't know which it is—but I'm going to be the same blubbing boy you left me.

*Mand.* Indeed!—'Sdeath! this generosity afflicts me more than all their cruelty—Let me go—I heard your uncle's orders—"You must not associate with a man of his character."—Let me be gone. I will not involve you?

*Howard.* Not involve me! Didn't my father involve you? And if I've not the fortune to repay the obligation, I'll prove I have the gratitude to remember it. From this hour I am devoted to your service: and if the friendship of the son can atone for the injuries of the parent, I shall be far happier in partak-

ing your distresses than in sharing my unfeeling  
uncle's riches.

*Will, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

ANSALDO TO SOLERNO.

That I departed from Castile's proud court  
Must have been common to the ears of men.  
I left it, with my son and Leonardo,  
In evil hour, and fatal to my friend.  
Journeying reached a spot, where the slope road  
Seeks passage, 'twixt the mountains and the sea,  
Along the margin of a placid bay,  
Where, below shelt'ring rocks, a bark was moor'd  
Which seem'd to play upon the heaving waters,  
Mocking the clamours of the far-off wave.  
My friend and I out-rode our ling'ring train ;  
When, at the entrance of a rude defile,  
At once a fierce banditti rush'd upon us.

\* \* \* \*

— Death yawn'd for me,  
But Fate forbade, and pointed Leonardo.  
An arrow pierc'd him, as he drew his sword,  
And stretch'd him panting on the dusty way.  
The rocks re-echo'd now with " Kill Ansaldo ;"  
" So he be slain, it matters not who lives."  
One ruffian felt my weapon ; but, o'erpower'd,  
And wounded grievously, I also fell,  
Near my companion, who expiring lay ;  
Yet, even then, on life's extremest verge,  
He was resolving in his dauntless soul



How, with his latest breath, to serve his friend.  
 "Ansaldo"—thus he spake, and reach'd his hand  
 To let it rest in mine,—“my end is come,  
 “Inevitably come; then, be it thought,  
 “Since 'tis the duke they aim at, I am he;  
 “So may you live, and I not die forgotten.”  
 Scarce had he ended, when the lawless band  
 Return'd from slaughtering our few attendants,  
 And, as I then suppos'd, my helpless Carlos.  
 As they stood gazing on their bloody work,  
 The dying man, compos'd as at a feast,  
 Thus faintly utter'd, “You're now satisfied;  
 “Ansaldo's death you would—lo! here I lie.”—  
 Then, feebly floating his dim eyes towards me,  
 Murmur'd “Farewell!”—and sunk, to rise no more.

*Regent, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## FRIENDSHIP. (MODERN)

SNARE AND YOUNG TESTY.

*Snare.* I'll thank you for the zool. I lent you.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Young Testy.* Is this your friendship? Why, did not you force it on me? Did not you tell me you only liv'd in obliging your friends?

*Snare.* You make a small mistake; I told you, I only liv'd *by* obliging my friends.

*Abroad and At Home, A. 2. Sc. 4.*

LORD LARON, CONSOL, &c.

*Lord L.* I am your friend.

*Con.* I know you are. But I am aware of you. When a man professes himself my friend, he always intends either to insult or to trick me. I know the world: I always suspect my friends. Good morrow. I know the world.

*Man of Ten Thousand, A. 2. Sc. 6.*

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## FRIENDSHIP. (REAL)

SIR SIMON, CAPT. O'NEIL, HARCOURT, &c.

*Sir Simon Flourish.* What, is this the gentleman you redeem'd out of prison, to have the pleasure of fighting?

*Harcourt.* Is it to you, then, I owe my liberty? Generous man!

*Captain O'Neil.* Oh, it was very generous, to be sure, to release you out of prison, that I might have the satisfaction of sending you out of the world. But, Sir Simon, this gentleman, in fortune, is equal to the Lady he has wedded.

*Harcourt.* Captain O'Neil, I am not conscious of what you are asserting.

*Captain O'Neil.* But I am, or I wou'd not assert it. Understanding that your Uncle had taken it into his head to be angry with you for nothing at all, I called on the old gentleman to talk with him a little about

it—"If your nephew had been guilty of a dishonour. "able action," said I, "devil a word wou'd O'Neil offer in his behalf; but as he has been a dupe to "the villainy of others, restore him to your favour, "and launch him into the world again, with experience for his Pilot."—So the old gentleman shook hands with me, and swore he was ready to do the same with you as soon as you pleased.

*Harcourt.* Thanks are too poor for such nobleness of soul!

*Captain O'Neil.* Nobleness of soul! for walking a few steps out of my common road, for the pleasure of reconciling a discarded Nephew to a rich old Uncle. Oh! if people would but just lengthen their morning's walk to do a few good natur'd actions, they can scarcely conceive what health and spirits such exercise wou'd give them, and how much sweeter they wou'd rest for it at night!

*Abroad and At Home, A. 3. Sc. 4.*

## FRIENDSHIP. (THE TEST OF)

MODISH, RIVERS, LADY CLARA, AND COMPANY.

*Mod.* Mr. Rivers, I will not aggravate my fault by attempting to excuse it: I am heartily ashamed of my behaviour this morning, and see it myself in such offensive colours, that I cannot hope by any present submissions to obtain your pardon.

*Riv.* Give me your hand, sir; the best thing is certainly not to commit a fault, but the next best is to be sorry for it when committed.—And yet, when you reflect on Lady Clara's very flattering reception of me this morning, you cannot possibly found any expectations on my assistance, though, Heaven knows, at this very moment you stand wofully in need of it.

*Lady Clara.* At this moment?

*Riv.* Certainly; for in the first place there is an execution in the house.

*Trifle.* Good night, Modish.

[*Exit.*]

*Riv.* There goes one! (*aside.*)—Then, Modish, Squeeze'em the usurer has taken out a writ against you.

*Mrs. Blab.* Your servant, Lady Clara, [*Exit.*]

*Riv.* (*aside.*) There go two!—So that you will certainly go to prison to-morrow, unless you can borrow a considerable sum among your acquaintance—

*Lady Hub.* Call Lady Hubbub's servants, if you please, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Riv.* (*aside.*) There goes a third!—And can get two of your friends to stand bail for you.

*All.* Mr. Modish, we wish you a very good night!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Riv.* Bravo, bravo! There goes the whole covey!

*Mod.* Narrow-hearted rascals!

*Lady Clara.* What, all gone!—Lord bless me!—  
What, all!—

*Riv.* Aye, aye, Lady Clara, the coast is clear; and what otherwise could you expect? what else than—

*Mrs. Orm.* Hush! hush! my dear sir! Surely they are already sufficiently mortified, and to punish them farther would be both cruel and unnecessary—Suffer me then to plead for my brother—and—

*Mod.* Emily, you must plead in vain: Lady Clara's imprudence has been too gross, my ingratitude too culpable to—

*Riv.* May be so, George; but you may as well confine your reproaches to your own breast, since your sister has already carried the point for you, and I have promised to discharge your debts.

*Mod. and Lady Clara.* Dear sir, in what manner—

*Riv.* Nay, no thanks, or, if you needs must pay them, offer them to Emily; they are her due.

*East Indian, A. 4. Sc. 4.*

DORINGTON, HUDSON, AND COMPANY.

*Dor.* Welcome to England, Mr. Hudson! But what brings you so unexpectedly? My affairs, or your own?—Why are you silent? How left you Barbadoes?

*Hud.* A desolate and barren wilderness!

*Dor.* Desolate? \* \* \* \* \* Your news I perceive is bad: speak out. \* \* \* \* \* The moment to be explicit is favourable. I am surrounded by my friends.



*Hud.* Are these good Ladies and Gentlemen all your friends?

*Dor.* All! All!

*Lady T.* Oh, yes; we are all his friends.

*Sir P.* His dear, his feeling, his affectionate friends.

*Lord L.* And are come to dine with him.

*Cur.* With submission, you may speak out.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Hud.* Nurtured in splendour, encouraged in waste, accustomed to scatter with a prodigal munificence. You are now the most desolate, the most helpless of men.

*Dor.* (*With dignity*) Ha, ha, ha!

*Lady T.* What will become of him!

*Sir P.* My heart bleeds!

*Maj.* (*Sorrow*) A thundering fall! Damme! Humph!

*Dor.* Spare your comments and your regret, Sir, and to the point—Go on—There has been a hurricane?

*Hud.* A wreck of nature, rather! Sweeping destruction, and prodigies unheard! The misery is general; though on that side the Island where late your fruitful lands were situate most complete. Your ponderous vessels, mills, stores, and buildings, were wrested from their distracted beds, and swept into the sea! Your vast domains loaded with vegetation, incredible to tell, were torn up and whirled like chaff to the clouds; leaving behind me-

phitic lakes, whose stench infects the air! Universal nature was convulsed! The elements all waged horrible war; while heart-rending and intolerable cries, roars, and howlings, made the bursting thunder seem a whisper.

• • • • •

*Dor.* Were many lives lost?

*Hud.* Numbers were hurried through the air, and dashed against the rocks; or overwhelmed by the mad and incomprehensible ocean.

*Dor.* Miserable men! Numbers say you?

*Hud.* Warned by the Caribbs, and the alarming phenomena that preceded, many put timely to sea, of whom I was one. But still the Negroes and the Poor remained.

*Dor.* Ay, ay! The Negroes and the Poor.

*Lord L.* It was very affecting.

*Sir P.* It would have been too much for my sensibility.

*Lady T.* I am glad I was not present.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Dor. (Aside)* Why so! I am now, what in the vanity of my heart I have often wished to be. Put to a mighty trial. Let me then collect my thoughts, and not at this crisis yield to passions, at which Manhood ought to spurn.

*Con.* He is confoundedly down in the mouth! I will be gone: he will want to borrow money of me.

[*Going.*

• • • • •

*Dor.* Will not you stay and dine?

*Con.* I cannot, Sir. Exceeding sorry! Business must be minded—Harkye! A word! A thought has struck me. Yours is a hard case. Open a subscription, make me your banker, and I will promote it. I will do more for you! I will put down a nominal hundred, at the head of the list! You understand me? Nominal. That is between ourselves. It will—

*Dor.* Stop, Sir—Ladies and Gentlemen, here is my generous friend, Mr. Consol, proposes a subscription for me, with a large promise of personal support, ay, and a nominal hundred at the head of the list; provided he may be my banker! What say you to his dignified project, and his nominal liberality? Are they not worthy his great soul?

*Lady T.* Quite in character.

*Lord L.* Just what I should have expected.

*Cur.* Pardon me, but I should have expected a demand of brokerage.

*Con.* You are all damnably charitable, I warrant! I know the world, and I know you!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Lady T.* I am quite unwell with the shock! I must retire.

*Dor.* Nay, seeing me so distressed, you will stay to console me.

*Sir P.* What can be done? I am extremely sorry, my Lord, that you and I won the ten thousand pounds.

*Lord L.* So am I really.

\* \* \* \*

*Lady T.* Cash cannot be commanded : but we are extremely sorry for your misfortunes.

*Lord L.* Very sorry indeed.

*Dor.* Kind friends ! How can I repay such tenderness !

\* \* \* \*

*Lord L.* You are a ruined man ; and I need not tell this good company that a ruined man is a person that nobody knows.

*Dor.* That is a thing of course.

*Lady T.* No want of friendship in that.

\* \* \* \*

*Dor.* Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, by this time we have tolerably well explained ourselves ; you have nothing more to hope from me ; and I just as much from you.

*Lady T.* Very sorry.

*Lord L.* But how can it be helped ?

*Dor.* Be under no concern ! We are perfectly agreed. I am as little disposed to accept as you are to offer. I shall indulge in no reproach ; for I feel no surprize. I took you for neither better nor worse than you are. Epithets mean but little : I call my dog Cæsar ; and I have called you my friend ; but I did not persuade myself that either you or Cæsar were Romans.

*Lord L.* Your philosophy is exquisitely polite,

*Dor.* It is adapted to my company.

*Lady T.* Let us be gone. I presume we have our good friend's permission?

*Dor.* To consult your own inclination in all things, dear Madam.

*Lady T.* I am prodigiously shocked and concerned! I am indeed. [Exit.

*Maj. (Dejectedly)* I am dumb founded; damme! Humph? Hay? My friend? Do you take me? Humph? [Exit.

*Lord L.* Oh, no doubt we all compassionate your case! [Exit.

*Cur.* For my part, I have only to remark with great deference, that I cannot, Sir, give you my Ward.

*Dor.* Your reason, kind Sir?

*Cur.* Because, might I hazard an objection, you are a beggar.

*Dor.* Can no consideration bribe you?

*Cur.* With submission, none that you can offer. I am sorry, but it is no fault of mine. Your very humble servant, Sir.

*Dor.* Thou last and dearest of my friends, farewell! (*Exit Curfew*) Why so! The farce of greatness is ended; and the task of man begins—'Tis the poor wretches whom the afflicting heavens have left shelterless that demand our pity. Wretched sufferers! Would my loss had been the sole misfortune!

*Man of Ten Thousand, A. 3. Sc. 4.*



## GALLANTRY.

COUNT, PEASANT, &amp;c.

*Count.* Ha! what art thou?

*Peas.* It seems thy prisoner: disengage me first  
From their rude gripe, and I may tell thee more.

*Count.* Unhand him. I should know thee; I have seen  
Features like thine. Answer me, wert thou found  
As these men say?

*Peas.* I was.

*Count.* And what thy purpose?

*Peas.* Chance brought me there.

*Count.* And did chance lead thee too  
To aid a fugitive?

*Peas.* They saw not that.

*Count.* They saw it not! How! could her delicate  
hands,

Weak, soft, and yielding to the gentlest touch,  
Sustain that pond'rous mass? No; those tough arms,  
Thy force, assisted; else, thou young dissembler —

*Peas.* She had been seiz'd, and by compulsion  
brought

Where I stand now.

*Count.* Thou dost avow it then,  
Boast it even to my face, audacious stripling!  
Such insolence and these coarse rustic weeds  
Are contradictions. Answer me, who art thou?

*Peas.* Less than I should be; more than what I  
seem.

*Count.* Hence with this saucy ambiguity.  
What is thy name, thy country? that mean habit  
(Which should teach humbleness) speaks thy condition.

*Peas.* My name is Theodore, my country France;  
My habit little suited to my mind,  
Less to my birth; yet fit for my condition.

*Count.* O, thou art then some young adventurer,  
Some roving knight, a hero in disguise,  
Who scorning forms of vulgar ceremony,  
No leave obtain'd, waiting no invitation,  
Enters our castles, wanders o'er our halls,  
To succour dames distress'd, or pilfer gold.  
Where are your train, your pages, and your squires?  
Perhaps but poorly lodg'd! I am to blame;  
But must excuse my scanty courtesy,  
By ignorance of your high character.

*Peas.* There is a source of reverence for thee here,  
Forbids me, though provok'd, retort thy taunts.

*Count.* If I endure this more, I shall grow vile  
Even to my hinds——

*Peas.* Hold, let me stop thy wrath.  
I see thy quivering lip, thy fiery eye,  
Forerun a storm of passion. To prevent thee  
From terms too harsh, perhaps, for thee to offer,  
Or me to hear (poor as I seem) with honour,  
I will cut short thy interrogatories,  
And on this theme give thee the full extent  
Of all I know, or thou canst wish to learn.

*Count.* Do it.

*Peas.* Without a view to thwart thy purpose

(Be it what it might), was I within thy walls.  
 In a dim passage of the castle-aisles  
 Musing alone, I heard a hasty tread  
 And breath drawn short, like one in fear of peril.  
 A lady enter'd, (fair she seem'd, and young,)  
 Guiding her timorous footsteps by a lamp :  
 " The lord, the tyrant of t'is place (she cried)  
 " For a detested purpose follows me ;  
 " Aid me, good youth : " then, pointing to the  
     ground,  
 " That door (she added) leads to sanctuary."'  
 I seiz'd an iron hold, and while I tugg'd  
 To heave the unwilling weight, I learn'd her title.

*Count.* The lady Isabel ?

*Peasf.*                               The same. A gleam,  
 Shot from their torches who pursued her track,  
 Prevented more ; she hasten'd to the cave,  
 And vanish'd from my sight.

*Count.*                               And did no awe,  
 No fear of him she call'd this castle's lord,  
 Its tyrant, chill thee ?

*Peasf.*                               Awe nor fear I know not,  
 And trust shall never ; for I know not guilt.

*Count.* Then thou, it seems, art master here, not I ;  
 Thou canst control my projects, blast my schemes,  
 And turn to empty air my power in Narbonne.  
 Nay, should my daughter choose to fly my castle,  
 Against my bidding, guards and bolts were vain :  
 This frize-clad champion, gallant Theodore,  
 Would lend his ready arm, and mock my caution.

*Peaf.* Thy daughter ! O, I were indeed too blest'd,  
Could I but live to render her a service !

*Count.* My daughter would, I hope, disdain thy  
service.

*Peaf.* Wherefore am I to blame ? What I have  
done,

Were it to do again, again I'd do it.

And may this arm drop-palsied by my side,

When its cold sinews shrink to aid affliction !

*Count.* Indeed !

*Peaf.* Indeed. Frown on. Ask thy own heart,—  
Did innocence and beauty bend before thee,  
Hunted and trembling, wouldst thou tamely pause,  
Scanning pale counsel from deliberate fear,  
And weigh each possibility of danger ?  
No ; the instinctive nobleness of blood  
Would start beyond the reach of such cold scruples,  
And instant gratify its generous ardour.

*Count of Narbonne, A. 1. Sc. 3.*

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## GAMING.

MISS VORTEX, ELLEN, &c.

*Miss Vor.* I swear people of fashion in town seem  
to do as well without money as with it. You might  
be successful at play—there are points to be learnt  
which certainly do not give you the worst of the  
game. Come, will you be my protégé ?

*Ellen.* Excuse me, cousin, I dare say I ought to be covered with blushes when I own a vulgar detestation of the character of a female gamester; and I must decline the honour of your introduction to the haut ton, till at least they have justice on their side.

*Miss Vor.* An uncommon odd girl, Nabob.

*Ellen.* Heavens! to what state of abject degradation must fashionable society be reduced, when officers of police are as much dreaded by ladies in the purlieus of St. James's, as they are by cut-purses in the wretched haunts of St. Giles's.

*Miss Vor.* For shame, Ellen, to censure your own sex.

*Ellen.* No, Madam, I am its advocate; and in that sex's name protest an abhorrence of those women who do not consider any thing shameful but to be ashamed of any thing; whose resemblance to nature and innocence exists but in their nakedness, and to whom honour is only known as a pledge at a gaming table. *Cure for the Heart Ache*, A. 1. Sc. 2.

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HENRY AND PENRUDDOCK.

*Henry.* Having said my parents are alive, you fortify me against lesser evils: I know my father's failings, and can well suppose that his affairs have fallen into decay.

*Penrud.* To utter ruin. Gaming has undone him.

*Henry.* Oh! execrable vice, fiend of the human soul, that tears the hearts of parent, child, and



friend! What crimes, what shame, what complicated misery hast thou brought upon us! Rash, desperate, wretched man! This house was swallow'd in the general wreck.

*Penrud.* With every thing else: Sir George Penraddock had it for a debt, as it is call'd, of honor.

*Henry.* A debt of infamy—and may the curse entail'd upon such debts descend on him and all that may inherit from him!

*Penrud.* There you out-run discretion: he is dead, and you wou'd not extend your curse to him that now inherits.

*Henry.* Light where it will, I'll not revoke it. He that is Fortune's minion well deserves it.

*Penrud.* But he, that's innocent, does not.

*Henry.* Can he be innocent, who stains his hands with ore drench'd in the gamester's blood; dug from the widow's and the orphan's hearts with tears, and cries, and agonies inutterable? 'Tis property accurs'd: were it a mine as deep as to the center, I would not touch an atom to preserve myself from starving.

*Wheel of Fortune, A. 2. Sc. 3.*

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## GENEROSITY.

FREDERICK AND SABINA.

*Frederick.* Friend of my life! my benevolent preserver! I have now happily accomplish'd one effort.

of my gratitude, by escorting you to an asylum, where persecution cannot reach you.

*Sabina.* Generous Mowbray! I do wish to tell you, in the language you have taught me, how my poor heart is penetrated with your goodness to me, but I am not eloquent; I can only say I do thank you for your care of me, and for bringing me to your charitable country, which I do honor from my soul; indeed I do honor it; but, alas! it is not for me ever to be happy in it.

*Frederick.* Why do you say that? I am incapable of deceiving you: this instant I am going to my father, and be assur'd it shall not be many days before the dubious situation you are in shall be honorably done away, and all my promises fulfill'd.

*Sabina.* No, no, no, my good friend, I shall not call upon you for those promises; we are now in England, and those promises are nothing, they are void.

*Frederick.* What can you mean, Sabina? Do you suspect my integrity?

*Sabina.* I do not suspect you at all—but you was sick, take notice, very sick, and derang'd in your senses, when, because I did do my possible in pity and compassion to assist you in your malady, you was pleas'd to make those promises you speak, and I did let them pass for the time, saying nothing to the contrary of them, because they were very good and commodious for me, as a single woman, travelling alone with you, under protection of your ho-

nor; but now that you are at home again, and, thanks to Heaven! in good health, I shall not be so base to let you ruin yourself by marrying poor me, only because you pledg'd your word when you did hardly know what that word meant.

*First Love, A. 3. Sc. 1.*

MORDENT, JOANNA, AND CHEVERIL *concealed*.

*Joanna.* I am nobody; the child of nobody; a branch lopped off and cast away; that might have grown, but that could find no root. Misfortune and an active spirit, struggling to shake off oppression, have quickened me a little. Other than this I am but a simple girl; and my whole art is to note what I see, and to speak what I think.

*Mor.* Whoever you are, come but with me, and, while I have a morsel, a home, or a heart, you shall share them!

*Chev.* (*Runs forward*) Damme if she shall!

*Mor.* Why, Mr—!

*Chev.* She shall have my morsel, my home, and my heart!

*Mor.* You in this house, sir?

*Chev.* Nay, sir, you in this house, sir? Madam, put no faith in him! You are very right, he is a seducer! I love you, heart, body, and soul! I'll offer you no wrong! Every proof that the most ardent, purest passion can give, feel, or imagine, shall be yours!

*Deserted Daughter, A. 3. Sc. 9.*

## GENIUS. (DEARTH OF)

NEVILLE, VAPID, &amp;c.

*Neu.* Pray Vapid, how is the present dearth of genius to be accounted for? particularly dramatic genius?

*Vapid.* Why as to dramatic genius, fir, the fact is this—to give a true picture of life a man should enter into all its scenes, should follow nature, fir—but modern authors plunder from one another—the mere shades of shadows.

*Dramatist*, A. 1. Sc. 1.

## GRATIFICATION.

TANJORE AND EMMELINE.

*Tanjore.* Heigho!—I don't know what's the matter with me. I feel such new emotions, and there's such a warm glow about my heart, that, gad! it fancies itself in India. Can you tell me what it means, ma'am?

*Emme.* Indeed, I cannot, fir; but very likely it results from the satisfaction of having done a generous action, and the emotion is new, because like too many others, you have perhaps sacrificed your time and happiness at the shrine of fashion.

*Speculation*, A. 3. Sc. 3.

## GRATITUDE.

LEONARD AND OAKWORTH.

*Leon.* What delight, sir, you must feel at the happiness of this family, to whom you have shewn so much attachment! What gratitude do they not owe you!

*Oakw.* Gratitude to me! That is a great mistake of yours, and it behoves me to set you right. Mrs. Cleveland's father saved me once from ruin—me and my family from beggary; and I think he must have but a bad notion of the value of a kindness done him, who, if he could live long enough, would not strive to repay it down to the fiftieth generation.

*Votary of Wealth, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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TRUDGE AND WOWSKI.

*Wowf.* What make you love me now?

*Trudge.* Gratitude, to be sure.

*Wowf.* What that?

*Trudge.* Ha! this it is, now, to live without education. The poor dull devils of her country are all in the practice of gratitude, without finding out what it means; while we can tell the meaning of it, with little or no practice at all.

*Inkle and Yarico, A. 2. Sc. 1.*



## ZEDAN AND PRISONER.

*Zed.* Brother, a word with you. As the stranger and our keeper passed by the passage, a noxious vapour put out the light, and as they groped along I purloined *this* from the stranger—(*Shows a pocket-book*) see it contains two notes will pay our ransom.

[*Showing the notes.*]

*Prif.* A treasure—our certain ransom!

*Zed.* Liberty! our wives, our children, and our friends, will these papers purchase.

*Prif.* What a bribe! our keeper may rejoice too.

*Zed.* And then the pleasure it will be to hear the stranger fret, and complain for his loss!—O, how my heart loves to see sorrow!—Misery such as I have known, on men who spurn me—who treat me as if (in my own Island) I had no friends that loved me—no servants that paid me honour—no children that revered me—who forget I am a husband—a father—nay, a man.—

*Prif.* Conceal your thoughts—conceal your treasure too—or the Briton's complaint—

*Zed.* Will be in vain—our keeper will conclude the bribe must come to him, at last—and therefore make no great search for it—here, in the corner of my belt (*Puts up the pocket-book*) 'twill be secure.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Zed. (solus)* They are coming—I'll stand here in his sight, that, should he miss what I have taken, he'll not suspect me, but suppose it is one who has hid himself.

*Enter KEEPER and HASWELL.*

*Keep. (to Zedan)* What makes you here?—still moping by yourself, and lamenting for your family?—*(To Haswell)* that man, the most ferocious I ever met with—laments, sometimes even with tears, the separation from his wife and children.

*Has. (Going to him)* I am sorry for you, friend; *(Zedan looks fullen and morose.)* I pity you.

*Keep.* Yes—he had a pleasant hamlet on the neighbouring island—plenty of fruits—clear springs—and wholesome roots—and now complains bitterly of his repasts—sour rice, and muddy water. *(Exit Keeper.)*

*Has.* Poor man! bear your sorrows nobly—and as we are alone—no miserable eye to grudge the favour—*(Looking round)* take this trifle—*(Gives money)* it will at least make your meals better for a few short weeks—till Heaven may please to favour you with a less sharp remembrance of the happiness you have lost—Farewell. *(Going.) (Zedan catches hold of him, and taking the pocket-book from his belt, puts it into Haswell's hand.)*

*Has.* What's this?

*Zed.* I meant to gain my liberty with it—but I will not vex you.

*Has.* How came you by it?

*Zed.* Stole it—and wou'd have stabb'd you too, had you been alone—but I am glad I did not—Oh! I am glad I did not.

*Has.* You like me then?

*Zed. (Shakes his head and holds his heart.)* 'Tis some-

thing that I never felt before—it makes me like not only you, but all the world besides—the love of my family was confined to them alone; but this makes me feel I could love even my enemies.

*Haf.* Oh, nature! grateful! mild! gentle! and forgiving!—worst of tyrants they who, by hard usage, drive you to be cruel!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Haf.* My Indian friend, have you received your freedom?

*Zed.* Yes—and come to bid you farewell—which I wou'd *never* do, had I not a family in wretchedness till my return—for you shou'd be my master, and I *wou'd* be your slave.—

*Haf.* I thank you—may you meet at home every comfort!

*Zed.* May you—may you—what shall I say?—May you once in your life be a prisoner—then released—to feel such joy, as I feel now!—

*Such Things Are*, A. 2. Sc. 2. and 4. A. 5. Sc. 4.

#### JOE AND HENRY.

*Joe.* So, Master Blunt—prepared, I see, to give the birds a broadside. Ah! there's the old boy—*(looking at sign)*—who has given our enemies many a broadside! Bless your old weather-beaten phiz.—*(Bows to him.)*

*Hen.* You're very polite.

*Joe.* To be sure I am—I strike my main-top to him.

by way of salute, every morning before I stow my locker:—that's the face of an honest heart, Master Blunt.—'Tis not to be sure done to the life; but what the painter han't made out, a grateful mind can: I fought under him when he was Captain, and twice after he was *Vice*.—He made me Master after our first brush, and, but for this splintered timber of mine, I'd been by his side in the West-Indies, when the brave old boy died. Died! I lie, he did not die; for he made himself immortal! His goodness laid me up in a snug cabin here on the larboard tack, made me a freeholder with 30l. a year, and when your master, his Honour's cousin and heir, steers by the compass of true glory, as the Admiral did, he shall have my vote for sailing into the port of Parliament; if he gets it before, damme!

*Turnpike Gate, A. 1. Sc. 1*

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DELVILLE AND SAMBO.

*Delville*. Recollect who you are.

*Sambo*. I do—I am your slave.

*Delville*. No—not my slave—I gave you liberty.

*Sambo*. You did, Sir; and that made me your slave.—Gratitude has bound me faster to you than all the chains of Africa! 'Tis now fifteen years since you brought me to England; during which time you have fostered me, educated me, and treated me more as a brother than a servant!—and now when I warn you of your danger, you call it imper-

tinence!—Ah, sir;—rather say 'tis selfishness; for my fate is so involv'd with yours, that if your heart bleeds, Sambo's will break, I'm sure.

\* \* \* \*

SAMBO AND DOROTHY.

*Dorothy.* The divorce, Sambo—let's talk about the divorce—in the first place Miss Gloomly wants your evidence——

*Sambo.* My evidence!

*Dorothy.* Ay: and in the second, to unlock the secret pleasantly, she has sent you these golden keys—*(showing purse full of guineas)*—here—take them; and now, Sambo—*(forces it into his hand)*.

*Sambo.* *(throwing the purse down)*. S'life!—does she think I'll betray my master?

*Dorothy.* Hey day!—why not, sir?—when was your master so liberal?—did he ever make you a present of any thing so valuable?

*Sambo.* I don't know—he made me a present of myself!—and poor as you may think the gift, I'll not sell it for all the gold in the universe.

*Laugh When You Can. A. 1. Sc. 1.*

MARQUIS AND AMANTHIS.

*Aman.* Nay, I am convinced you love me—love me dearly—does not all I possess come from you? You have even taught me to think, to speak, and to be happy.—Yet all your gifts, that, the most dear to



my heart, is a sentiment I feel for you, and cannot tell what it is—I have not power to describe either its tenderness or its force—'Tis impossible I should make you comprehend it—for *you* never felt any thing like it.

*Marq.* 'Tis gratitude she means.

*Child of Nature, A 2. Sc. 1.*

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DORNTON, HOSIER, &c.

*Dornton.* And what may be the amount of your bill, Sir?

*Hosier.* A trifle, for which I have no right to ask.

*Dornton.* No right! What do you mean?

*Hosier.* Your son, Sir, made me what I am; redeemed me and my family from ruin; and it would be an ill requital of his goodness to come here, like a dun, at such a time as this; when I would rather, if that could help him, give him every shilling I have in the world.

*Dornton.* Would you? Would you? (*greatly affected*)—You look like an honest man!—but what do you here then?

*Hosier.* Mr. Dornton, Sir, knew I should be unwilling to come, and sent me word he would never speak to me more if I did not; and, rather than offend him, I would even come here on a business like this.

*Dornton.* (*Shakes him by the hand*) You are an honest

fellow! An unaccountable!—And so Harry has been your friend?

*Hofier.* Yes, Sir, a liberal minded friend; for he lent me money, though I was sincere enough to tell him of his faults.

*Dornton.* Zounds, Sir! How came you to be a weaver of stockings?

*Hofier.* I don't know, Sir, how I came to be at all; I only know that here I am.

*Dornton.* A philosopher!

*Hofier.* I am not fond of titles, Sir—I'm a man.

*Dornton.* Why is it not a shame, now, that the soul of Socrates should have crept and hid itself in the body of a stocking-weaver? Give me your bill!

*Hofier.* Excuse me, Sir.

*Dornton.* Give me your bill, I tell you! I'll pay this bill myself.

*Road to Ruin, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

CHARLES AND SHEVA.

*Ch.* Pardon me, Sir, if I say there are some seeming contradictions in your character, which I cannot reconcile. You give away your money, it should seem, with the generosity of a prince, and I hear you lament over it in the language of a miser.

*Sheva.* That is true, that is very true; I love my monies, I do love them dearly; but I love my fellow-creatures a little better.

*Ch.* Being so charitable to others, why then will you not spare a little to yourself?

*Shewa.* Because I am angry with myself for being such a baby, a child, a chicken. Your people do not love me, what business have I to love your people? I am a Jew; my fathers up to Abraham all were Jews—Merciless mankind, how you have persecuted them! My family is all gone, it is extinct, my very name will vanish out of memory when I am dead—I pray you pardon me; I am very old, and apt to weep; I pray you pardon me.

*Ch.* I am more disposed to subscribe to your tears than to find fault with them.

*Shewa.* Well, well, well! 'tis natural for me to weep when I reflect upon their sufferings and my own.—Sir, you shall know—but I won't tell you my sad story; you are young and tender-heated—It is all written down—You shall find it with my papers at my death.

*Ch.* Sir! At your death?—

*Shewa.* Yes, sure, I must die some time or other; tho' you have sav'd my life once, you cannot save it always: I did tell you, Mr. Ratcliffe, I wou'd shew you my heart. Sir, it is a heart to do you all possible good whilst I live, and to pay you the debt of gratitude when I die; I believe it is the only one I owe to the pure benevolence of my fellow-creatures.

*Ch.* I am sorry you have found mankind so ungrateful.

*Shewa.* Not so, not so; I might perhaps have found them grateful, if I had let them know their be-

nesfactor; I did relieve their wants, but I did not court their thanks: they did eat my bread, and hooted at me for a miser.

*Jew, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

## HEARTINESS.

LEONARD AND DROOPLY.

*Leon.* — Your talents have been only slumbering.

*Dro.* Hav'n't they? they have had a pretty long nap, and a sound one too. I'm afraid it will be a hard matter to wake them.

*Leon.* I don't despair; especially when I shall set the loud voice of friendship to rouse them.

*Dro.* If they don't wake at that call, you may take your oath their slumber is everlasting. But tho' I am master of this poor tenement, I really am so ignorant of the state of the *upper story*, as not to know whether the inhabitants have perished by neglect, or are only dozing from want of employment; but this I do know, there is a lively fellow in the *first floor* (*pointing to his heart*) who would dance with joy to do you the slightest service, and lose every drop of blood to prove his friendship and gratitude.

*Volary of Wealth, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## HONESTY PROVED.

VORTEX AND FRANK.

*Vortex (aside).* I'll set a trap for you, you dog—I'll have you in my power, however; I'll drop my purse—he'll take it—and then—(*drops his purse*)—A pair of us! I'll lay you by the heels, desperate cute as you are. [Exit.

*Frank.* Poor Feyther, poor sifter, and poor I! Feyther will go broken hearted, for sartain;—and then, sifter Jessy's coming to labour,—I can't bear the thought on't. Od dom thee! if I could but get hold of some of thy money, I'd teak care thee should not get it again.—Eh! (*sees the purse, walks round it.*) Well, now, I declare that do look for all the world like a purse. How happy it would make poor Feyther and Sister! I conceates there wou'd be no harm just to touch it;—(*takes it up with caution;*)—it be cruel tempting. No body do see I.—I wonder how it wou'd feel in my pocket (*puts it with fear into his own pocket*). Wounds! how hot I be! Cruel warm to be sure. Who's that! Nobody.—Oh! I—I—I-u-d, lud! and I ha' gotten such a desperate ague all on a sudden,—and my heart do keep j—jump—jumping.—I believe I be going to die (*falls into a chair*) Eh!—Eh!—Mayhap it be this terrible purse. Dom thee, come out (*throws it down.*—After



*a pause.*) Ees, now I is better.—Dear me, quite an alteration.—My head don't spin about soa, and my heart do feel as light, and do so keep tittuping, tittuping, I can't help crying.

*Enter VORTEX.*

*Vortex.* Now I have him—*(Sees the purse)*. What, he has not stole it, tho' his own Father's in want!—Here's a precious rascal for you!

*Frank.* Mr. Nabob, you have left your purse behind you *(sobbing)*; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you ought, to leave a purse in a poor lad's way, who has a Feyther and Sister coming to starving.

*Vortex.* My purse! True; reach it me.

*Frank.* Noa, thank you for nothing—I've had it in my hand once—Ecod, if having other people's money do make a man so hot, how desperate warm some folks mun be!

*Vortex.* Warm,—foolish fellow! *(wiping his forehead, and fanning himself with his hat)*. Fugh! quite a Bengal day, I declare.

*Frank.* Od dang it! how their heads mun spin round!

*Vortex.* Spin round! I never heard such a simpleton.—Spin, indeed! ha! ha! God blefs my soul. I'm quite giddy! Oh Lord! Oh dear me!

*Cure for the Heart-Ache, A, 2. Sc. 2.*

## HONOR.

PAULKNER TO M'QUERY.

Honour, is the conversation of society ; without it, even our virtues wou'd be dangerous. It tempers courage, and vice it puts to shame ; it eradicates truth, and mixes up opposing passions in the sweet compound of urbanity.

*Way to Get Married, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

SIR HERVEY AND BAILIFF.

*Bailiff.* A man of your rank couldn't live shabbily.

*Sir Hervey.* No ; but I might have lived honorably ; I might have lived within my income : that is the barrier no man of true honour ever passes : and if stealing on the highway be punished with death, why should the more refined robber, who defrauds the industrious tradesman of the hard earnings by which he is to support his family, why should he escape ? — Oh ! let no man boast the proud name of gentleman, who contracts debts he cannot pay !

*Management, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

HEREFORD, LLEWELLYN, CADWALL AND SOLDIERS.

*Her.* — Yield, prince, and at discretion, to king Edward ;

Submit to pay a gentle fine we'll name,

And hold of him, during your natural life,  
This principality, which at your death  
Shall add its lustre to the English crown.—  
I wait for your reply.

*Llew.*

'Tis in my scabbard.

Think you the soil that nourished me to empire  
So lightly priz'd, that I could see its bondage?  
Retain it for my life!—My life!—a span:  
I live in my descendants.—Lord, I trust  
When these bones whiten in the eagle's nest,  
My children, with a better fate than mine,  
Shall rule the land in happiness and honour.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Her.* I turn me then to you his followers.—  
Deluded men, whom yet our mercy spares  
For this last trial, listen to my words.

*Llew.* 'Tis fit you should; and weigh well his proposals.

*Her.* On one condition, here I tender pardon;  
Seize yonder traitor to his oath and homage,  
Deliver him an offering unto justice,  
And high rewards shall amplify our boon.

*(A pause—all silent.)*

*Llew.* Why are you silent, friends? You cannot balance.

Accept his offer. Mark well the conditions.  
He promises you honour for disgrace;  
Who then can hesitate to bind his prince?  
Not yet determined!—Let me well advise you.  
Standing with me, you look on certain death.

Think of your helpless wives, your orphan'd children,

All sacrific'd, if you are scrupulous.

Yet once more, general, help me to persuade 'em.

*Her.* Amazement wraps me at his fortitude!

They're silent still, and hang the head in sorrow.

*Llew.* Still, friends, irresolute! Perhaps your hearts

Cherish some pity for a long-tried friend;

And thus are loth to yield him to his fate.

Have pity on yourselves—be wise and truckle.

True, we are friends; but 'tis calamity

Makes the sole bond betwixt us—did we flourish,

I should be thron'd too high for your associate;

And you be common men in my regard.

*Cad.* This is not kind in our commander, boys,  
But may I perish if I e'er betray him!

*Llew.* O, I have solv'd the scruple. Feeble cowards,

'Tis fear to rush upon a single man.

Lo, there my trusty sword, nay e'en my dagger

I fling before you—I am now defenceless.

Come, who advances?

*Cad.* Aye, if hell should gape

And swallow the refusers, who's the wretch

That would betray his leader and his sovereign?

*(They all rush forward, and fall at his feet.)*

*Llew.* Read in this act their answer.—Matchless men!

My swelling heart is bursting with delight.

*Cambro-Britons, A. 1. Sc. 3.*

## HONOUR, (FALSE)

SIR E. MORTIMER TO FITZHARDING.

Honour has been my theme! good will to man  
 My study. I have labour'd for a name  
 As white as mountain snow; dazzling, and speck-  
 les:  
 Shame on't! 'tis blur'd with blots! Fate, like a mil-  
 dew,  
 Ruins the virtuous harvest I would reap,  
 And all my crop is weeds.

\* \* \* \* \*

SIR E. MORTIMER AND WILFORD.

*Mort.* Honour, thou blood-stain'd God! at whose  
 red altar

Sit War and Homicide, O, to what madness  
 Will insult drive thy votaries! By heaven,  
 In the world's range there does not breathe a man  
 Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe,  
 With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,  
 Than his who fell by me. But he disgrac'd me,  
 Stain'd me,—oh, death, and shame!—the world  
 look'd on,  
 And saw this finewy savage strike me down;  
 Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,  
 On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,  
 In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!  
 I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance,



(Curse on the chance !) while boiling with my  
wrongs,

Thrust me against him, darkling in the street :—  
I stab'd him to the heart :—and my oppressor  
Roll'd, lifeless at my foot.

*Wils.* Oh ! mercy on me !

How could this deed be cover'd !

*Mort.* Would you think it ?

E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,  
Butcher'd a fellow creature in the dark,  
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,  
And my opponent's death, thus link'd with it,  
Demanded notice of the magistracy.

They summon'd me, as friend would summon friend,  
To acts of import, and communication.

We met ; and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,  
To put me on my trial. No accuser,  
No evidence appear'd, to urge it on.—

'Twas meant to clear my fame.—How clear it then ?  
How cover it ? you say.—Why, by a Lie :—  
Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this  
breast,

Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie ;  
This tongue to utter it.—Rounded a tale,  
Smooth as a Seraph's song from Satan's mouth ;  
So well compacted, that the o'er throng'd court  
Disturb'd cool justice, in her judgment-seat,  
By shouting " Innocence !" ere I had finish'd.  
The Court enlarged me ; and the giddy rabble

Bore me, in triumph, home. Aye!—look upon  
me.—

I know thy fight aches at me.

*Wilf.* Heaven forgive me!

I think I love you still:—but I am young;

I know not what to say:—it may be wrong.—

Indeed I pity you.

*Mort.* I disdain all pity.—

I ask no consolation. Idle boy!

Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence

Was given to move thy pity?—Love of Fame

(For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus,

To quash thy curious mischief in it's birth.

Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,

Drove me to murder—lying:—'twould again.

My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all!

Are barter'd for a name. I *will* maintain it,

Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,

And my foul's agency survive in death,

I could embody it with heaven's lightning,

And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit

Should strike the blaster of my memory

Dead in the church-yard. Boy, I would not kill  
thee:

Thy rashness and discernment threaten'd danger:

To check them there was no way left but this:—

Save one—thy death:—thou shalt not be my victim.

*Wilf.* My death! What take my life?—My life!  
to prop

This empty honour.

*Mort.* Empty ! Groveling fool !

*Wilf.* I am your servant, Sir : child of your bounty ;

And know my obligation. I have been  
Too curious, haply ; 'tis the fault of youth.  
I ne'er meant injury : if it would serve you,  
I would lay down my life ; I'd give it freely :—  
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it ?  
You could not ;—should not.

*Mort.* How !

*Wilf.* You dare not.

*Mort.* Dare not !

*Wilf.* Some hours ago you durst not. Passion  
moved you ;

Reflection interposed, and held your arm.  
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,  
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,  
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.  
How would you look to find a peasant boy  
Return the knife you level'd at his heart ;  
And ask you which in heaven would shew the best,  
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty ?

*Iron Chest, A 2. Sc. 2. & 4.*

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## HOSPITALITY.

BILLY BLUSTER, DAVID AND KATE.

*Billy B.* ——— What is the lady's name—whom is  
she going to marry—and how are you interested

about her? I don't think 'David Mowbray would bring a bad woman into my family.

*David.* Why who could suppose I would? But with respect to entering into her history with you, I can't do it; for 'tis brother Frederick's affair, and he'll satisfy you in all points. It is not I that am going to marry her, but he; all I know is, that she is a person of rank, and an emigrant. Take notice, I have never seen her, and moreover, it is a close secret from my father.

*Kate.* Billy, Billy, if it is a secret affair, don't meddle or make with it: as sure as can be you'll get into hot water with Sir Miles Mowbray.

*Billy B.* Hot water indeed! let him take care then, he don't scald his own fingers. I shall act the frait part by my friend David; if he deceive me, that is his fault; if I deceive him, I am a flincher, and no true Englishman—so I say the lady shall be welcome: I say it, and who shall gainsay it?

*David.* Come, sweet Kate, it only wants your concurrence; take a little pity into your heart for a poor orphan stranger, driven out of her own country by the murderers of her parents, and give her a small sample of your hospitality, for the honor of old England.

*Kate.* Nay, if she is an orphan and a stranger, and a fugitive from that cruel country, who but a monster would refuse to take her in? I'll not be outdone in charity by any body—Let her come when she will, I'll do every thing in my power for her.

*First Love* Az. , Sc. 1.

## HOSPITALITY. (MODERN)

SIR CHARLES AND MISS DAZZLE.

*Sir C.* Well, sifter, we shall ruin them all; and now-a-days you know you can't do your friend a greater service.

*Miss Daz.* What! than to ruin him!

*Sir C.* To be sure—Where is the ruin'd man that doesn't spend twice the income of the richest citizen in London? Don't many of them have executions in their house in the morning, and give galas at night? An't the very bailiffs turned into servants, and don't they still stake five thousand on a card? Nay, I know a man that has done it all his life.

*Miss Daz.* Do you? Who?

*Sir C.* Myself!—I never had a shilling, and I've always lived like a Nabob—And how have I done all this? How, but by hospitality! By entertaining my friends elegantly at one table, and genteely picking their pockets at another.

*How to Grow Rich, A. 1. Sc. 2.*

## HUMANITY.

LARBOARD AND MARIA.

*Maria.* The weight of this obligation. —

*Larb.* Call it merely an act of justice; you owe



me no obligation ; we are all subject to beat up the rough channel of misfortune, and split on the concealed rocks of villainy ; it is therefore a duty we owe to each other, as a part of the crew of society, in our different voyages through life, to protect the injured and succour the distressed.

*Just in Time, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

SHEVA, (*Solus*)

Heigho ! I cannot chuse but weep—Sheva, thou art a fool—Three hundred pounds by the day, how much is that in the year ?—Oh dear, oh dear ! I shall be ruin'd, starved, wasted to a watch-light !. Bowels, you shall pinch for this : I'll not eat flesh this fortnight : I'll suck the air for nourishment : I'll feed upon the steam of an alderman's kitchen, as I put my nose down his area.—Well, well ! but soft, a word, friend Sheva ! Art thou not rich ? monstrous rich, abominably rich ? and yet thou livest on a crust—Be it so ! thou dost stint thine appetites to pamper thine affections ; thou dost make thyself to live in poverty, that the poor may live in plenty. Well, well ! so long as thou art a miser only to thine own cost, thou may'st hug thyself in this poor habit, and set the world's contempt at naught.

\* \* \* \*

CHARLES AND SHEVA.

*Ch.* You pity me, I'm sure you do : those tones cou'd never proceed but from a feeling heart.

*Sheva.* Try me, touch me; I am not made of marble.

*Cb.* No, on my life you are not.

*Sheva.* Nor, yet of the gold extorted from the prodigal: I am no shark to prey upon mankind. What I have got, I have got by little and little, working hard, and pinching my own bowels—I cou'd say something, it is in my thoughts; but no, I will not say it here: this is the house of trade; that is not to my purpose—Come home with me, so please you—'Tis but a little walk, and you shall see what I have shewn to no man, Sheva's real heart—I do not carry it in my hand.

*Jew, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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## HUMANITY AND INHUMANITY CONTRASTED.

ALONZO AND ROLDAN.

*Alon.* Roldan, the conduct of these Indian obscures our European virtues, and we are come to be instructed, not to teach—The good Columbus has appeased their just resentment, and, at the request of Orozimbo, consents to liberate the prisoners.

*Roldan.* 'Tis well (*shows a plan of attack*) but as we must secure a place of safety, (for it were madness to repose confidence in savages) here have I drawn a plan which must render the town an easy capture.

*Alon.* The town a capture?

*Roldan.* Dost thou not understand me?

*Alon.* I hope I do not.

*Roldan.* There is no safety but in their destruction.

*Alon.* Roldan, thou surely can'st not be so damn'd as to think it—What, stab the fond heart that overflows with love and adoration for thee—trample down sacred hospitality, and erect the throne of treachery and murder—by the great God of justice, first thro' this body, thou must force thy way, thou traitor to humanity.

*Roldan.* Soft-hearted fool, these mawkish virtues have ever been the fainted garb of cowards.

*Alon.* Coward!

[*They fight.*]

*Enter CUTO, with Indians, who rush in between 'em.*

*Cuto.* Thanks to the God, this arm received the stroke that would have slain you. [To *Roldan*.]

*Alon.* Good youth, thou bleed'st—Pray take all care of him [*binds his handkerchief round Cuto's arm.*] *Roldan*, if yet thou need'st a stimulus to virtue, look on that Indian, and in the name of heaven, do not stain thy honour and thy manhood with treachery and ingratitude.

*Roldan.* Fortune permits thee now to school me—but, boy, thou shalt feel my power; go to the Viceroy, tell him that *Roldan* lacketh brotherly affection for the poor Indians, and add (for by the power of vengeance it is true) that *Roldan* is his covenanted foe—that he hath given freedom to those Castilians

he dared disgrace with bonds, and that, by thee, he greets his Excellency with defiance and contempt—

*Columbus, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## HUMOUR.

VORTEX, OLD RAPID, AND YOUNG RAPID.

*Vor.* —Sir, I am a Member, and I mean to—

*Y. Rap.* Keep moving.

*Vor.* Why, I mean to speak, I assure you; and—

*Y. Rap.* Push on then.

*Vor.* What, speak my speech?—That I will—I'll speak it.

*Y. Rap.* Oh, the devil!—Don't yawn so—(*To Old Rapid.*)

*O. Rap.* I never get a comfortable nap, never!

*Y. Rap.* You have a dev'lish good chance, now—Confound all speeches.—Oh!—

*Vor.* Pray be seated—(*They sit on each side Vortex.*)  
—Now we'll suppose that the chair—(*pointing to the chair*)

*O. Rap.* Suppose it the chair! why 'tis a chair, an't it?

*Vor.* Pshaw! I mean—

*Y. Rap.* He knows what you mean—'tis his humour.

*Vor.* Oh, he's witty!

*Y. Rap.* Oh, remarkably brilliant indeed;—  
(*significantly to his father*)

*Vor.* What, you are a wit, sir!

*O. Rap.* A what? Yes, I am—I am a wit.

*Vor.* Well, now I'll begin—Oh, what a delicious moment!—The House when they approve, cry, “Hear him! hear him!”—I only give you a hint in case any thing should strike—

*Y. Rap.* Push on—I can never stand it—(*aside*)

*Vor.* Now I shall charm them—(*addresses the chair*)  
—“Sir, Had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should not have blink'd the present question—but having caught what has fallen from the other side, I shall scout the idea of going over the usual ground”  
—What! no applause yet? (*Aside*) *During this Old Rapid has fallen asleep, and Young Rapid, after showing great fretfulness and impatience, runs to the back scene, throws up the window, and looks out.*)—“But I shall proceed, and I trust, without interruption”—(*turns round and sees Old Rapid asleep.*)

*Vor.* Upon my soul, this is—What do you mean, sir?—(*Rapid awakes*)

*O. Rap.* What's the matter?—Hear him! hear him!

*Vor.* Pray, sir, don't you blush—(*sees Young Rapid at the window*)—What the devil!—

*Y. Rap.* (*looking round.*) Hear him! hear him!

*Vor.* By the soul of Cicero, 'tis too much.

*O. Rap.* Oh, Neddy, for shame of yourself to fall asleep!—I mean, to look out of the window—I am



very sorry, fir, any thing should go across the grain—  
—I say, Ned, smoothe him down!

*Y. Rap.* I will—What the devil shall I say?—The fact is, fir, I heard a cry of fire—upon—the—the—the water, and——

*Vor.* Well, well—But do you wish to hear the end of my speech?

*Y. Rap.* Upon my honour, I do.

*Vor.* Then we'll only suppose this little interruption a message from the Lords, or something of that sort—*(They sit, Young Rapid fretful)*

*Vor.* Where did I leave off?

*Y. Rap.* Oh! I recollect; at—“I therefore briefly conclude with moving—an Adjournment”—*(rising)*

*Vor.* Nonsense! no such thing—*(putting him down in the chair)*—Oh! I remember! “I shall therefore proceed, and, I trust, without interruption—”

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Dinner's on the table, fir.

*Vor.* Get out of the room, you villain!—“Without interruption—”

*Serv.* I say, fir——

*Y. Rap.* Hear him! hear him!

*Serv.* Dinner is waiting.

*Y. Rap.* *(jumping up)* Dinner waiting?—Come along, fir.

*Vor.* Never mind the dinner.

*Y. Rap.* But I like it smoking.

*O. Rap.* So do I—Be it ever so little, let me have it hot.

*Vor.* Won't you hear my speech?

*Y. Rap.* To be sure we will—but now to dinner—  
Come, we'll move together—Capital speech!—  
Push on, fir—Come along dad—Push him on, dad—

[*Exeunt forcing Vortex out.*]

*Cure for the Heart Ache, A. 3. Sc. 2.*

SHARPSET AND LEONARD.

*Sharp.* I joined a party of strolling players.

*Leon.* Indeed!

*Sharp.* I know you must be shocked at my descending so damn'd low as to turn actor. But I did not disgrace myself long.

*Leon.* How happen'd that?

*Sharp.* The audience would not let me.

*Leon.* How so?

*Sharp.* I came out in Richard the Third. I thought it devilish fine; but the good folks in the front thought otherwise. I ranted—they hooted—However, I out-roared them, and pushed on till I got into Bosworth Field—"A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" When a drunken, Fox-hunting squire (I shall never lose the sound of his damn'd voice) bawled out of the boxes, that I should have the best horse in his stable, if I would ride away directly and never come back again.

*Leon.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Sharp.* The actors warn'd me it would not do. I thought it envy in them, and have some reason to

think they sent a party to his me. However, by way of comfort, though they told me I should never act tragedy, they thought I should succeed in low comedy — Low comedy! only think of their impudence! Is this a face for low comedy? No, no, damn it! I could not stoop to that.

*Notary of Wealth, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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## HUSBANDS. (THEIR PREROGATIVES.)

SIR WILLIAM NORBERRY AND LORD PRIORY.

*Sir Wil.* The ancients, I believe, were very affectionate to their wives.

*Ld. Pri.* And they had reason to be so; for their wives obeyed them. The ancients seldom gave them the liberty to do wrong; but modern wives do as they like.

*Mr. Nor.* And don't you suffer Lady Priory to do as she likes!

*Ld. Pri.* Yes, when it is what I like too. But never, never else.

*Sir. Wil.* Does not this draw upon you the character of an unkind husband?

*Ld. Pri.* That I am proud of. Did you never observe that seldom a breach of fidelity in a wife is exposed, where the unfortunate husband is not said to be "the best creature in the world! Poor man!

so good natured!—Doatingly fond of his wife!—Indulged her in every thing!—How cruel in her to serve him so!" Now, if I am served *so*, it shall not be for my good-nature.

*Mr. Nor.* But I hope you equally disapprove of every severity.

*Ld. Pri. (Rapidly)* What do you mean by severity?

*Mr. Nor.* You know you used to be rather violent in your temper.

*Ld. Pri.* So I am still—apt to be hasty and passionate—but that is rather of advantage to me as a husband—it causes me to be obeyed without hesitation—no liberty for contention, tears, or repining. I insure conjugal sunshine, by now and then introducing a storm; while some husbands never see any thing but a cloudy sky, and all for the want of a little domestic thunder to clear away the vapours.

*Sir Wil.* I have long conceived indulgence to be the bane of female happiness.

*Ld. Pri.* And so it is—I know several women of fashion who will visit six places of different amusement, on the same night, have company at home besides, and yet, for want of something more, they'll be out of spirits: my wife never goes to a public place, has scarce ever company at home, and yet is always in spirits.

*Sir Wil.* Never visits operas, or balls, or routs?

*Lord Pri.* How should she? she goes to bed every night exactly at ten.

*Mr. Nor.* In the name of wonder, how have you been able to bring her to that?

*Ld. Pri.* By making her rise every morning at five.

*Mr. Nor.* And so she becomes tired before night.

*Ld. P.* Tired to death. Or, if I see her eyes completely open at bed time, and she asks me to play one game more at picquet, the next morning I jog her elbow at half after four.

*Mr. Nor.* But suppose she does not reply to the signal?

*Ld. Pri.* Then I turn the key of the door when I leave the chamber; and there I find her when I come home in the evening.

*Sir Wil.* And without her having seen a creature all day?

*Ld. Pri.* That is in my favour, for not having seen a single soul, she is rejoiced even to see *me*.

*Mr. Nor.* And will she speak to you, after such usage?

*Ld. Pri.* If you only considered how much a woman longs to speak after being kept a whole day silent, you would not ask that question.

*Wives as they Were, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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## IMPIETY.

MENTEVOLE AND OLYMPIA.

*Ment.* By the great power which gave me sense and being,



I'll wrest from fate my folly's chastisement,  
And this right hand shall end me.

*Olymp.* ——— Oh! how shocking,  
To hear with what devout impiety,  
Thou dar'st call heaven the witness of an oath,  
Outrageous to its own blest'd providence!

*Julia.* A. 1. Sc. 6.

## IMPUDENCE.

SCATTER, FARMER COLE, SPUNGE, & COACHMEN.

*1st Coach.* Come, come: the twelve shillings! or  
else—(*laying hold of him.*)

*Spunge.* If you can't change a hundred pound note,  
I owe it you—I owe it you—(*sees Scatter*)—Oh, this  
is lucky—this gentleman perhaps—will you be so  
kind, sir?—cash a hundred pounds, Sir?

*Scat.* I really hav'nt so much cash about me, or  
else——

*Spunge.* As you say—not so much gold—but plenty  
of silver—so be good enough—just give these men  
twelve shillings—thank ye, Sir—under infinite ob-  
ligations—here, rascals—take your money from this  
gentleman—take it, I say—(*Scatter, after some hesita-  
tion, pays it*)—There—begone!—(*Coachmen exeunt*)—  
eternally obliged—for ever indebted—never re-pay  
you—but your name—favour me with your name—  
to whom am I debtor? (*taking out a pocket-book*)

*Scat.* My name is Scatter—Richard Scatter, Sir:

but never think of it—I don't mind a guinea or two—particularly when they are not my own.

*Spunge.* “Richard Scatter”—(*writing it down*)—debtor twelve shillings—psha! can't remember silver—give me nine shillings—that will make it a guinea—then neither of us will forget it—(*takes the money*)—and your house—where's your house, Dick?

*Scat.* I have no house—I'm on a visit.

*Spunge.* A visit!—Oh!—a saving scheme—natural enough—that's right, Dick—live on your friends—Well—what are their names?

*Scat.* Why, if you must know, I'm on a visit at Woodland Grove.

*Spunge.* Woodland Grove!—know it well—be with you in an hour—What time do you dine?

*Scat.* Dine! oh, you must excuse me there—Mr. Woodland is a man who sees no company.

*Spunge.* Don't distress yourself—don't let him put himself out of the way on my account—plainest eater in the world—mutton, beef, veal, all the same to me—only rather particular in my wine—must have Burgundy—always drink Burgundy, and iced—mind it's iced, Dick.

*Scat.* Very likely: but I am not at my own house, —and Mr. Woodland is of all men —

*Spunge.* The man I wish to know—how are the beds?—(*walks up the stage*)

*Scat.* Beds!—curse the fellow!—I can't help laughing at his impudence!—Why, Farmer, is this shewing me how to live cheap?

*Farm.* Ye'es—it's the way he taught me last summer—ha! ha! —I'm main glad on't—I've got rid of him—good day, measter.

*Spunge, (meeting Cole)* What, Cole;—how's your wife, Cole?—sorry I can't stay to dine with you—engaged with this gentleman—but supper—be with you to supper—you know my way—free and easy—never wait for an invitation—come Dick. *(Taking Scatter's arm)* -

*Scat.* No, Sir—I beg I mayn't deprive your friend of the pleasure of your company—the truth is, I am not going to dine at Woodland Grove.

*Spunge.* No!

*Scat.* No—I mean to dine alone at the hotel—

*Spungs.* Better and better—hate large parties—never get any thing hot or good—women eat all the choice bits—fat of venison, backs of hares, and liver-wings of fowls—like a tête à tête dinner—so come, Dick.

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#### OLD WOODLAND AND SPUNGE.

*Spunge. (without)* Dick's not come home, you say?

*O. Wood.* Ha! who's this?

*Spunge. (without.)* Don't mind me—I'll find my way—*(enters)* Ha! Squire! how are you, Squire?—tea on the table! the very thing! after wine, no-thing like fouchong—*(sits down—takes cups and saucers, &c.)*

*O. Wood.* Amazing!—who can it be?

*Spunge. (putting Sugar into his tea-cup.)* Long wished for the honour of your acquaintance, Squire—sorry

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I could'nt come to dinner—now I've found my way—often pop in, at pudding time—(*eating some bread and butter*)—get better butter, though—don't like your butter—(*sipping his tea*)—your tea too!—not half strong enough! (*emptying the canister in the pot*)

O. Wood. Hollo!—what the devil are you about?

Spunge. So—Dick Scatter's not come home!—drunken rascal!

O. Wood. Drunken rascal!—who?—what? Mr. Scatter?

Spunge. We dined at the hotel—toffed down four bottles of Burgundy—Dick reeled off an hour ago, and I came here to pay a short visit—No cream!—now, you're up, ring the bell. (*Old Woodland is seated at this time.*)

O. Wood. Ring the bell;—why, what is all this?—Mr. Scatter, dine at the hotel!—answer me, Sir!—do you say you know Mr. Scatter?

Spunge. Known him these twenty years—a right good fellow, Dick is—lives fast, drinks hard, plays deep:—and then he told me a new mode of raising money.

O. Wood. Did he?—what was it?

Spunge. Why, he told me—ring for some toast, will you?

O. Wood. Psha!—I insist—what is his new mode of raising money?

Spunge. You shall hear—pay court to an old relation—get employed to purchase an estate—touch the deposit money, and spend it on women and Burgundy—(*Enter Mrs. S.*)—How d'ye do? How d'ye do?

*Mrs. Scat.* Sir—(*unobserving*)—Pray, uncle, who is this gentleman?

*O. Wood.* Why, don't you know him?—he has been acquainted with your husband these twenty years—they dined together at the hotel, and drank Burgundy with my deposit-money.

*Mrs. Scat.* Impossible!—Mr. Scatter has no such acquaintance—(*Spunge nods to her*) what do you nod at me for? I never saw you—

*Spunge.* Oh: what! you cut, do you? You don't remember, I used to see you at Lady Redfigure's punting and cocking, and—I say, Squire—you go halves, I suppose.

*O. Wood.* Go halves, Sir!

*Spunge.* She keeps a faro bank, and you divide the profits—'pon my soul, you've dressed your character admirably—you look more like a flat than a sharp—ha! ha! natural enough—but I can't stay—engaged to sup at Farmer Cole's, and never break an appointment—my next visit shall be longer—(*puts some peaches in his pocket*)—adieu!

*Mrs. Scat.* Sir, I insist on your staying—

*O. Wood.* And so do I—I insist you don't leave my house till—

*Spunge.* There—this is always the case—never go any where, they don't insist on my staying—don't despair—I'll give you enough of my company—To-morrow!—let me see—where do I dine to-morrow? oh—here! I dine here.

*O. Wood.* Will you—I should like to see you.



*Spunge.* I know it.—I know you'll like to see me ; and, therefore, I'll be here at four—punctually at four—and d'ye mind—Burgundy—I always drink Burgundy—and some trout—get some trout—the red trout—damn all others !—Squire, yours—Lady Redfigure, yours.

*Cheap Living, A. 1. Sc. 2. and A. 2. Sc. 1.*

## INCIDENTS.

### OLD TESTY AND KITTY.

*Kitty.* Oh dear me, here is Sir Simon ! What shall I do ? Coming, Sir. I woudn't have him see *you* and *me* alone together, for the world.

*Old Testy.* Nor I either. The rascal wou'd banter me to death.

*Kitty.* And I shall lose my character. Oh, dear Sir, hide yourself.

• \* \* \* \*

— there, under the sofa.

*Old Testy.* Zounds ! I shall be cramped to death.

• \* \* \* \*

*Kitty.* Make haste, make haste.

*Old Testy.* Well, if I must, I must. (*Gets under the sofa.*) Send him away directly.

*Kitty.* Yes, Sir, yes.

*Enter SIR SIMON FLOURISH.*

*Sir S. Flou.* Why, Kitty, what are you in such a bustle about ? My Lady is not at home, is she ?

*Kitty.* No, Sir, no.

*Sir S. Flou.* I'm glad of it. I came home on purpose to catch you alone, Kitty.

*Old Testy.* Oh ho! you did, did you? (*from under the sofa.*)

*Sir S. Flou.* You are the prettiest little rogue in the world, Kitty. You know how long I have been in love with you, Kitty; now do have compassion on me!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Lady Flou.* (*Without.*) Pray, Captain O'Neil, do me the kindness to walk this way.

*Kitty.* My Lady's voice!

*Sir S. Flou.* By all that's discordant! she must not see me here with you. I told her I should not be at home till night. She'll suspect something.

*Kitty.* Well she may, if she sees me in this rumpl'd condition. Oh dear, what shall I do? where shall I run?

*Sir S. Flou.* Here, here,—come, quick.

*Kitty.* Oh dear! oh dear!

[*Both go behind the window curtain.*]

*Enter Lady FLOURISH and Captain O'NEIL.*

*Lady Flou.* This way, Captain O'Neil. Allow me to shew you into my little dressing-room.

*Capt. O'Neil.* Your Ladyship does me great honor.

*Lady Flou.* Pray sit down. I conducted you here, Captain O'Neil, that I might not be agitated again by Sir Simon's intrusion.

*Sir S. Flou.* Vastly well.

*Capt. O'Neil.* Madam, the reason of my calling now is—

*Lady Flou.* I know your reasons very well, you can't impose on me, though you have on my husband.

*Capt. O'Neil.* My dear Lady I wish to be understood.

*Lady Flou.* I don't in the least doubt it: but gentlemen of your country, with the best intentions in the world, sometimes find it a very difficult matter; But I understand you perfectly; the passion you ventur'd to intimate this morning—

*Capt. O'Neil.* I have, now, my Lady, entirely relinquish'd—

*Lady Flou.* What! you barbarous man, have you ensnared my susceptible heart, and do you now abandon your conquest?

*Capt. O'Neil.* I ensnare your susceptible heart!

*Lady Flou.* Yes, you inhuman creature!—Oh! Oh! (*crying*) 'Tis too much, too much to bear!

*Sir S. Flou.* (*Rushing from behind the curtain.*) 'Tis too much for me to bear. To hear one's wife make love to another man, is too much for any body to bear!

*Capt. O'Neil.* Sir Simon!

*Lady Flou.* Sir Simon!

*Sir S. Flou.* Yes, the wrong'd Sir Simon.—Is this the way you reward my faithful love, my fond attachment? [*Lady Flou sinks on the sofa, fainting.*]

*Capt. O'Neil.* Get her a little water, Sir Simon:—I'll give her some air. [*Going towards the window.*]

*Sir S. Flou.* Don't give her any air, she'll be better without it.

[*Captain O'Neil runs to open the window, he draws up the curtains, and discovers Kitty: She screams, which calls the attention of Lady Flourish.*]

*Lady Flou.* Very well, Sir Simon! This is *your* faithful love—*your* fond attachment!

*Capt. O'Neil.* Oh! the blessing of mutual affection! These are the fond turtle doves—Faith you are well pair'd.

*Lady Flou.* I shall never recover this terrible shock!

*Capt. O'Neil.* Now the impediment is removed, let me recommend a little ventilation to your Ladyship. (*Opens the window.*) Pray sit, and enjoy it as comfortably as you can. (*Runs to the sofa, and draws it back towards the window, by which Old Testy is discovered.*) What have we got here! It looks like a great turtle, left on the shore by the retiring of the tide. Favour me with one of your fins. (*Raising him up by the arm.*)

*Sir S. Flou.* Mr. Testy, what the devil do you do here?

*Lady Flou.* Mr. Testy, what is your business in my dressing-room?

*Old Testy.* Your dressing-room is a place of wonderful business indeed!

*Capt. O'Neil.* Pray, to which party do you belong? (*Pointing to Lady Flourish and Kitty.*)

*Old Testy.* Which party! You see I am out now;

and, what is not uncommon, I kept my place as long as I cou'd.

*Sir S. Flou.* What do you mean by your *outs* and *ins* in my house? I have a great mind to make an example of you. To be found under the sofa, in my wife's dressing-room! Why the Bank of England could hardly pay the damages a liberal *crim. con.* Jury would give me. *Abroad and at Home, A. 2. Sc. 5.*

COUNT, SUSAN, AND PAGE *hiding behind a Chair.*

*Count.* So, charming Susan, have I found thee at last? But thou seemest frightened my little Beauty.

*Susan.* Confider, my Lord, if any body should come and catch you here —

*Count.* That would be rather mal-a-propos: but there's no great danger. *(The Count offers to kiss Susan.)*

*Susan,* Fie, my Lord! *(The Count seats himself in the great chair, and endeavours to pull Susan on his knee, who resists.)*

*Count.* Thou knowest, my charming Susan, the King has done me the honour to appoint me Ambassador to the court of Paris. I shall take Figaro with me, and give him a very—*excellent* post; and as it is the duty of a wife to follow her husband, we shall then have every opportunity we could wish.

*Basil. (without.)* He is not in his own room.

*Count.* Heavens! Here's somebody coming! Where can I hide! Is there no place here? *(The Count runs*



*to get behind the great chair, Susan keeps between him and the Page, who steals away as the Count advances, leaps into the great chair, with his legs doubled under him, and is covered over with the countess's gown, by Susan. Enter BASIL.*

*Basil.* Ah, Susan, Good morrow—Is my lord the Count here?

*Susan.* Here! What should he be here for?

*Basil.* Nay, there would be no miracle in it if he were; would there, hey gentle Susan? *(Smiles and leers at her.)*

*Susan.* It would be a greater miracle to see you honest.

*Basil.* Figaro is in search of him.

*Susan.* Then he is in search of a man who wishes most to injure him—yourself excepted.

*Basil.* It is strange; that a man should injure the Husband by obliging the Wife.

*(The Count peeps from behind the great chair.)*

*Count.* I shall hear, now, how well he pleads my cause.

*Basil.* For my part, Marriage being, of all serious things, the greatest farce, I imagined—

*Susan.* All manner of wickedness.

*Basil.* That though you are obliged to fast to-day, you might be glad to feed to-morrow, grace being first duly said.

*Susan.* Begone, and do not shock my ears with your vile principles.

*Basil.* Yes, my pretty Susan, but you must not

suppose I am! the dupe of these fine appearances; I know it isn't Figaro who is the great obstacle to my Lord's happiness, but a certain beardless Page, whom I surpris'd here, this morning, looking for you as I enter'd.

*Susan.* Nobody, but a wicked creature as you, could ever invent such scandalous tales, to the ruin of a poor youth, who has unhappily fallen into his Lord's disgrace.

*Basil.* I invent! Why it is in every body's mouth.

*(The Count discovers himself and comes forward.)*

*Count.* How! In every body's mouth!

*Basil.* Zounds!

*Count.* Run, Basil, let him have fifty pistoles and a horse given him, and sent back to his friends instantly.

*Basil.* I'm very sorry, my Lord, I happened to speak——

• • • •

*Count.* No matter, he shall depart! A little, wanton, impudent Rascal, that I meet at every turning.—No longer ago than yesterday I surpris'd him with the Gardener's daughter.

*Basil.* Agnes?

*Count.* In her very bed-chamber.

*Susan.* Where my Lord happened to have business himself.

*Count.* Hem!—I was going there to seek your uncle Antonio, Susan, my drunken Gardener; I knock'd at the door, and waited some time; at last

Agnes came, with confusion in her countenance—I entered, cast a look round, and perceived a kind of long Cloak, or Curtain, or some such thing, approach'd, and without seeming to take the least notice, drew it gently aside, thus—Hey!

*Basil. Zounds! (The Count, during his speech, approaches the arm chair, and acting his description draws aside the gown that hides the Page. They all stand motionless with surprise, for some time.)*

*Count. Why, this is a better trick than t'other!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*(To Susan)* And so it was to receive this pretty Youth, that you were so desirous of being alone—And you, you little Villain, what you don't intend to mend your manners then? But forgetting all respect for your friend Figaro, and for the Countess your Godmother, likewise you are endeavouring here to seduce her favourite woman! I, however *(turning towards Basil)* shall not suffer Figaro, a man—whom I esteem—sincerely—to fall the Victim of such deceit—Did he enter with you, Basil?

*Basil. No, my Lord.*

*Susan. There is neither Victim nor deceit in the case, my Lord. He was here when you entered.*

*Count. I hope that's false: the greatest enemy could not wish him so much mischief.*

*Susan. Knowing that you were angry with him, the poor boy came running to me, begging me to solicit my Lady in his favour, in hopes she might engage you to forgive him; but was so terrified*

as soon as he heard you coming, that he hid himself in the great Chair.

*Count.* A likely story—I sat down in it, as soon as I came in.

*Page.* Yes, my Lord, but I was then trembling behind it.

*Count.* That's false, again, for I hid myself behind it, when Basil entered.

*Page.* (*Timidly.*) Pardon me, my Lord, but as you approach'd, I retired, and couched down as you now see me.

*Count.* (*Angrily.*) It's a little Serpent that glides into every crevice—And he has been listening too to our discourse!

*Page.* Indeed, my Lord, I did all I could not to hear a word.

*Follies of a Day, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

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VAPID (*Solus.*)

Either this house is a labyrinth, or I, in reflecting on my incident, have forgot myself; for so it is I can't find my way out—whom have we here?—by the sixtieth night my little partner!

*Enter MARIANNE, with a book in her hand.*

*Marianne.* The poet I danc'd with!—he little thinks how much I've thought of him since? fir.  
(*curtsying.*)

*Vapid.* Ma'am. (*bowing.*)

*Marianne.* I hope, fir, you caught no cold the other night.

*Vapid.* No, ma'am, I was much nearer a fever than a cold—pray ma'am what is your study?

*Marianne.* I have been reading "*All for Love*."—Pray, fir, do you know any thing about plays?

*Vapid.* Know any thing about plays!—there's a question.

*Marianne.* I know so much about them, that I once acted at a private theatre.

*Vapid.* Did you? then you acted for your own amusement and nobody's else: what was the play?

*Marianne.* I can't tell.

*Vapid.* Can't tell!

*Marianne.* No,—nobody knew,—it's a way they have.

*Vapid.* Then they never act a play of mine—With all this partiality for the stage—perhaps you would be content with a dramatist for life—particularly if his morals were fine.

*Marianne.* Lord! I don't care about fine morals—I'd rather my husband had fine teeth,—and I'm told most women of fashion are of the same opinion.

*Vapid.* To be sure they are,—but could you really consent to run away with a poet?

*Marianne.* Faith—with all my heart—they never have any money you know, and as I have none, our distress would be complete, and if we had any luck, our adventures would become public, and then we should get into a novel at last.



*Vapid.* Into a prison more probably—if she goes on in this way I must dramatize her first,—and run away with her afterwards (*aside*). Come, are you ready?

*Lady Waitfor't.* (*without*) Tell my Lord, sir, I'll wait in the library.

*Marianne.* Oh lord! my aunt, what's to be done.

*Vapid.* What's to be done!—why?

*Marianne.* She mustn't find you here—she'll be the death of me, she is so violent.

*Vapid.* Well, I'm not afraid—she's no manager.

*Marianne.* No, but if you have any pity for me—here—hide yourself for a moment behind this sofa, and I'll get her out of the room directly.

*Vapid.* Behind this sofa! here's an incident!

*Marianne.* Nay—pray—she's here! come—quick!—quick!—

[*Vapid gets behind the sofa, Marianne sits on it, takes out her work bag, and begins singing—*

*Lady Waitfor't enters.*

*Lady.* Marianne, how came you here? I desire you'll leave the room directly.

*Marianne.* Leave the room, aunt!

*Lady.* Yes, leave the room immediately—what are you looking at?

*Marianne.* Nothing aunt, nothing—lord! lord! what will become of poor, poor Mr. Poet? [*Exit.*

*Lady.* So—here's my lord—now to mention Ennui's play, and if it does but prejudice him against

him, Willoughby marries Louisa, and Neville is in my own power.

*Enter Lord SCRATCH.*

*Lord.* That curst pantomime ruffian! nobody knows any think about him—perhaps my lady has got a sudden touch of the dramatic mania, and prefers him—here she is—now if she should talk about the stage.

*Lady.* Pray be seated my lord—I want to ask you a favour.

*Lord.* Ask me a favour! is it possible! (*they sit.*)

*Lady.* Yes, for our friend Ennui—what do you think he has done?

*Lord.* What?

*Lady.* Turn'd author—he has written a comedy.

*Lord.* A comedy!—she has it.

*Lady.* Yes—it's very true, and it has been approved of by men of the first dramatic fame.

*Lord.* Dramatic fame! she has it!—damme she has it!

*Lady.* Nay, if you need further proof my Lord, it has been approved by the manager of one of the theatres, and the curtain is to draw up next winter.

*Lord.* The curtain draw up!—Look ye madam—I care no more for the manager or his theatre.

*Lady.* Now my Lord, the favour I have to ask of you is this—promise me to peruse the play, make alterations, and write the epilogue.

*Lord.* The epilogue!—fire and forefathers.

[*Lady bolts him.*]

*Lady.* Ay, or the 'prologue.

*Lord.* The prologue!—blood and gunpowder!

[*Vapid comes from behind the sofa, and smacks him on the back.*]

*Vapid.* Prologue or epilogue!—I'm the man—I'll write you both.

*Lord.* There he is again! *Dramatist, A. 2. Sc. 2.*

*MIST drunk, with a Letter. (LAVISH observing him.)*

*Mist.* So, here's Sir Hervey's letter; and I'm to shew it to Miss Sutherland; and enforce marriage, and—u-u-up! (*Hiccuping*): \* \* \* \* \* Wonder how Mr. Squib—how Mr. No Salary's going on?—says he, "I'm a private actor!"—"Hem," says I, "more private the better:"—hope they accept him though; hope they let him double Prettyman; if not, here's such an apology! (*pulling out a paper, and putting it back again*)—such a beautiful, witty composition; but hold:—now to see Miss Sutherland!

*Lavish. (coming against him.)* And now to prevent you. (*Aside.*)—Oh, Sir, I was just going for you: the riot is begun,—the whole theatre is in an uproar.

*Mist.* Devil! what!—want Prettyman?

*Lavish.* No, they want you—Tell you how it was—Stopgap went on, and claimed their usual indulgence—on which a little tiger-faced fellow exclaimed from the pit, "We'll bear it no longer!—if the

"Manager will constantly make apologies, play the  
 "best parts, act his own farces, get drunk, and reel  
 "upon the stage, why the theatre is a nuisance!"—  
 \* \* \* \* \* "let us pull it down!"—He was  
 strongly supported, and I left the whole house call-  
 ing "Manager! Manager!"—so go—go directly  
*(pulling him.)*

*Mist.* I go! I account!—to whom;—to a five  
 pound house!—to a tiger-faced gentleman, and a  
 dozen more ungrateful, tasteless scoundrels—I!

*Lavish.* Tasteless!

*Mist.* Yes: haven't I done every thing!—turn'd  
 author, actor, engaged Harlequin, and half ruined  
 myself to please 'em?—and now—look'ye, Mr.  
 Squib, here's my apology—*(taking paper out of his  
 pocket:)*—if that will satisfy 'em, let Stop read it—if  
 not, and they still abuse me as acting manager, see  
 how they like me in another character—acting magi-  
 strate!—Damme! myself and two constables 'll take  
 the whole house!

*Lavish.* *(looking at the paper in Mist's hand.)* By  
 heaven, he has mistaken!—'tis Sir Hervey's letter!  
*(aside.)*—Yes! that will do: give me that apology,  
 and I'll answer for every body being satisfied—nay!  
 there's no time for hesitation—they absolutely threat-  
 ened to make you go down on your knees.

*Mist.* His knees!—a Manager on his knees!—that  
 for 'em! *(snapping his fingers and turning away from  
 Lavish.)*

*Lavish.* Nay ; the apology—'tis, 'tis Sir Hervey's hand ! (*aside.*)—Give me the apology.

*Mist.* That for 'em ! won't—won't condescend to let 'em hear even apology now.

*Lavish.* No !—'Sdeath : I've marr'd every thing. (*Aside.*)

*Mist.* No : soon manage London audience, and not even to them—but they know better—and were I before 'em at this moment—instead of asking for apology—instead of approving this mean cowardly piece of writing, they'd applaud me for destroying it—they would!—so there!—preserved my character both as Man and Manager ! (*tears Sir Hervey's letter.*)

*Lavish.* You have ! and Juliana's preserved and I'm preserved !—(*Enter Mrs. Dazzle.*)

\* \* \* \* \*

*Mrs. Dazzle.* You here, Sir !—Mr. Mist, have you shewn Miss Sutherland her father's letter ?

*Mist.* No ; and can't stay to do it now—must quell riot—must talk to tiger-faced gentleman—

*Mrs. Dazzle.* (*stopping him.*) Nay : if you wish to make me amends, I insist you do it instantly, and let me be eye witness of his mortification and her despair—Come forth, Miss Juliana !—(*opens door in back scene, and leads out Juliana.*)—Now, Mr. Mist, where is Sir Hervey's letter ?

*Mist.* Here (*pulling out paper.*)

*Mrs. Dazzle.* Then read it, and secure my triumph.

*Mist.* I will—hem ! (*Reads.*)—"Ladies and Gen-



"tlemen, the disagreeable dilemma to which I am reduced——"

*Mrs. Dazzle. (snatching it from him.)* Why, you mistake—let me read.—*(Reads.)*—"Ladies and Gentlemen, the disagreeable dilemma to which I am reduced——" why what's this paper?

*Miss.* An apology—that I'm ready to offer you, though not audience—I'm very sorry, but can't stay to explain now.—*(Going.)*

*Mrs. Dazzle.* Astonishing!—why, what's become of Sir Hervey's letter?

*Miss.* What!—*(points to the torn letter.)*—You take the hint—must go to tiger-faced gentleman—you take the hint.

*Management, A. 4. Sc. 2.*

#### BRUMMAGEM AND RALPH *(disguised.)*

*Ralph.* It reminds me of a singular circumstance that sir Andrew sends me an account of in his last letter. \* \* \* \* I believe I have the letter in my pocket. *(takes a letter from his pocket.)*

*Brum. (puts on his spectacles.)* Ah! let me hear all that sir Andrew says—

*Ralph. (reads.)* "A young man of this place"—

*Brum.* Where is it dated? From Barcelona, Eh? *(peeping over letter.)*

*Ralph. (aside.)* It is lucky that I happen to know that—Oh, from Barcelona, certainly.—But why need I read? I'll tell it you—A young man was desperately in love with a girl of good fortune; and the father

denied his consent, and wanted to marry her against her inclinations. \* \* \* \* \* Wherefore they laid a scheme to join the young people's hands, under the father's nose.

*Brum.* Ah! and how did they manage it?

*Ralph.* One day the old man comes home as usual, with a hat as large (*takes Brum.'s hat from his head*) aye, larger than yours, (*puts the hat on the table, making signs occasionally as to some one without*) and seeing some strangers coming about the house, takes up his cane, that he always carried as you do, (*takes cane from Brummagem's hand*) \* \* \* \* \* And runs to his coffers where he kept his money; for Sir Andrew says he did not suspect the design on his daughter.

*Brum.* Oh! a simpleton.

*Ralph.* Quite a fool! Now his money was all fast secured under two stout keys such as these; (*takes the keys from Brummagem's girdle, dangles 'em about, and lays them on the table.*) and forth he sets to beat the rogues from his coffers.

*Brum.* Well, well.

*Ralph.* In the mean time, while he was busy at his coffers, a maid servant, coming behind his back, (*Fanny enters unobserved by Brummagem—takes the keys off table, opens the door, which she leaves unlocked, lays the keys down again on the table.*) takes the keys, goes to her young mistress's door, opens it, lets the young lady know that her lover was waiting in the

next room with a clergyman to marry them before they left the house.

*Brum.* Well, there was some decency in the young folks at least.

*Ralph.* Oh! Sir Andrew says he was a most excellent young man.

*Brum.* But suppose, now, the father had happened to meet the maid on this errand (*turning, sees Fanny, who had just replaced the keys.*)—what do you want here, hussy?

*Fanny.* I came to see if you would have the chocolate-cup taken away, sir.

*Brum.* Oh, very well—Ay, by all means. This is some of the finest china that—(*Fanny carries out the cups.*) But I say, my dear friend, (*replaces the keys in his girdle.*) suppose he had met the maid.

*Ralph.* Why, that would have been unlucky, to be sure—But, as it happen'd, he never suspected her.

*Brum.* Well, and so—

*Ralph.* The young lady was all in readiness to fly to her lover, but so overcome with fear, that she durst not venture to leave the room; upon which, her lover—

(*Cheerly, conducted by Fanny, crosses the stage unobserved by Brummagem, and both go into Laura's room.*) goes to her room to encourage—(*aside.*) So far all is safe.

*Brum.* Oh, oh, my dear friend, but what!—All this happen before the father's face!

*Ralph.* No, no, Brummy: you misunderstand me. They went behind the father's back.

*Brum.* Egad, it is lucky the old gentleman didn't turn his head round. What a pretty kettle of fish there wou'd have been!

*Ralph.* Oh, but then—Aye, very true—I had forgot to tell you one circumstance. This scheme was managed by a rogue of a servant who played the old fool the most ludicrous trick—I cannot help laughing when I think of it—(*Brum. affects to laugh.*) I'll shew you how they contriv'd it. (*they turn towards each other*)

*Brum.* By all means. It's a good story, I dare say.

*Ralph.* Excellent! I'll shew you. Well, now, you shall suppose I am this rogue of a servant.

*Brum.* Good.

*Ralph.* And that you are the fool of a father.

*Brum.* With all my heart.

*Ralph.* Now I take your large hat—such a one, we'll suppose, as this (*takes Brum.'s hat from table.*) or larger, and I clap it entirely over your face. (*ties a handkerchief over the hat*) Now turn your head about, first on one side, then on the other side. What do you see?

*Brum.* Nothing, to be sure.

*Ralph.* Well, while I keep this hat close over your eyes, forth comes the whole procession—first the maid servant with a bundle of her mistress's cloaths; (*Fanny comes out of Laura's room with a bundle of cloaths, and exit.* Cheerly and Laura following her.

*Brum.* (*trying to lift up the hat, or peep from it.*) Ay, very good.

*Ralph.* Then the lover, supporting the poor frightened damsel.

*Brum.* Ay, very good.

*Ralph.* And lastly she herself, as anxious to escape as a prisoner for life from his prison, but trembling with fear lest her father should hear her; for if he had, you know—(Cheerly and Laura go off.) Ha, ha, ha! You know—

*Brum.* Ha, ha! (looking from behind the hat.) Very true; I comprehend you—How their hearts must have leapt when they got clear off!

*Ralph.* Ay—and when their hands were instantly joined by the clergyman in the next room. \* \* \*

\* \* You may take off the hat—the story's over. (takes off the hat.)

*Brum.* And where did this happen?

*Ralph.* In Devonshire.

*Brum.* In Devonshire! Why, you said it was in Spain.

*Ralph.* Aye, Devonshire in Spain.

*Brum.* And what sort of an ass is the old man?

*Ralph.* Much such another as yourself.

*Brum.* As me?

*Ralph.* His name's Brummagem.

*Brum.* That's my name.

*Ralph.* The same—Brummagem of Brummagem Hall.

*Brum.* Why, that's me.

*Ralph.* Yes, it is you; and the rogue of a servant is—me. (pulls off his wig and discovers himself.)

*Lock and Key, A. 2. Sc. 4.*



## INDIGNATION.

LORD MELVILLE AND MISS HARLEY.

*Miss Har.* Your escape must be immediate.*Melv.* Make it then blest by accompanying me.*Miss Har.* Accompanying you! Heavens! can you insult me with the idea?*Melv.* And why not, my love? Flattered as I am with the tender interest you have already taken in my fate—*Miss Har.* I thank you for the reproach, Sir, and feel all the humiliation conveyed in it. (Going.)

\* \* \* \* \*

*Melv.* Yet hear me, Sophia; you weep!*Miss Har.* I do not blush for my tears, Sir; they stamp indignity only on him who caused them; and surely the sharpest pang a generous mind can suffer, is on proving the object most dear to it, unworthy the distinction.*New Parage, A 3. Sc. 2.*

PRINCE RICHARD AND ADELAIDE.

*Pr. Rich.* Madam, beware—For know, the indignationThat on the brow of slander'd innocence  
Shews lovely, and is thron'd in dignity,  
Speaks in the frown of guilt a harden'd mind,  
That braves the sense of shame.*Ad.* Sir, could I bear  
This taunt of infamy with brow unruffled,  
I should by acquiescence give a colour  
To this unmanly stroke of coward malice.

But, by the voice of conscious truth acquitted;  
 I scorn its efforts, and I court the conflict.  
 To the severest test, let malice bring  
 My every action—Point one guilty stain  
 To blot my spotless fame, my blameless faith  
 To vows, once breath'd to you, ere frantic passion  
 Thus taught distemper'd jealousy to start  
 At self-created phantoms.

*Pr. Rich.* This is all  
 Your sex's art, screening your own inconstancy  
 Beneath a lover's weakness, and excusing  
 Your own mean falsehood by the storm of jealousy  
 Excited by that falsehood. Think again—  
 Search well your inmost soul, and answer truly,  
 If I am not betray'd.

*Adel.* No—on my honor—  
 Not even in thought by me.

*Pr. Rich.* False maid, beware—  
 Honor's a sacred name, by which adjur'd  
 Even open guilt, that is not sunk by meanness,  
 Débas'd, as well as profligate—will pause.—

*Adel.* This is too much! Have I deserv'd this usage?  
 Knighthood should blush, basely to injure one  
 Without a friend to right her; lest an hostage  
 Here among strangers—yet I have a brother—  
 Ah no! rash Philip is a rude associate  
 Of your designs. I am alone—deserted—  
 The mock of fortune.

*Pr. Rich.* You the mock of fortune?  
 Is England's monarch then, is potent Henry  
 Become so low as not to have the power

To vindicate his mistress? Does that wound you?  
 I see the conscious guilt glow in your face—  
 Your blushes speak your falsehood.

*Ade.* Yes—the blood,  
 Rous'd by the sense of virtuous indignation,  
 Mounts to my cheek, to hear the base aspersion  
 By cruel malice fram'd. *Adelaide, A. 2. Sc. 1.*

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SIR GEORGE, MISS DORILLON, &c.

*Sir Geo.* Do not endeavour to conceal from me,  
 what my tender concern for you has given me the  
 means to become acquainted with. I know you are  
 plunged in difficulties by your father neither sending  
 nor coming, as you once expected: I know you are  
 still deeper plunged by your fondness for play.

*Miss Dor.* Very well, Sir! proceed.

*Sir Geo.* Thus, then—Suffer me to send my steward  
 to you this morning; he shall regulate your accounts,  
 and place them in a state that shall protect you from  
 further embarrassment till your father sends to you;  
 or protect you from his reproaches, should he arrive.

*Miss Dor.* Sir George, I have listened to your de-  
 tail of vices which I acknowledge, with patience,  
 with humility—but your suspicion of those which I  
 have *not*, I treat with pride, with indignation.

*Sir Geo.* How! suspicion!

*Miss Dor.* What part of my conduct, Sir, has  
 made you dare to suppose I would extricate myself  
 from the difficulties that surround me, by the influ-  
 ence I hold over the weakness of a lover?

*Wives As They Were, A. 1. Sc. 1.*

## SIR HARRY AND JACK LIZARD.

*Sir H.* This insolence from you is insufferable.

*Jack Liz.* I mean it so; leave me, I have no time to waste on you.

*Sir H.* Why, what do you mean?

*Jack Liz.* That, there's your road; leave me. I am sick of you.

*Sir H.* You sick of me?

*Jack Liz.* Yes, you have answer'd my purpose, and I am sick of you.

*Sir H.* Why, zounds, you talk as fluently as I do.

*Jack Liz.* To your stud, to your stud, I say, and leave me.

*Sir H.* To my stud? is this the return for my friendship?

*Jack Liz.* Your friendship.

*Sir H.* Yes, my friendship; have I not given you the run of my table; the use of my stud; have I not introduced you to every club I belong to.

*Jack Liz.* Yes, you gave me the run of your table; out of hospitality? No; it was to taste and commend your wines. You gave me the use of your stud; for my amusement? No; to train and shew your horses. You introduced me to your clubs; as your friend? No; as your butt.

*Sir H.* Well, and you answer'd my purpose, I will say that of you.

*Jack Liz.* You thought I answer'd your purpose. Dull fool! it was you answer'd mine. You fancied I was your creature! I knew that you were mine.



*Sir H.* Where is your boasted superiority? to live with men whom you despise, to truckle with their foibles, to feed on their vices? while I thought you dull and illiterate, I only pitied, now I despise you.

*Jack Liz.* 'Tis fit you do, pity and contempt are the weapons of ignorance and imbecility.

*Sir H.* 'Sdeath, Sir—do you dare to accuse a man of my education, of ignorance and imbecility.

*Jack Liz.* I, too, had an education; what is called a liberal education; I was sent to a public school, and thence to college; at the end of three years, I was thrown upon the world, my imagination ardent, my passions high, my taste correct and cultivated; all my habits, desires, expences, not suited to my own means, but to those of my associates; I was soon involved in debt, I gave myself to the pursuit of letters, my labours were neglected; thrust from the shelf to make room for the frivolities of fashion.

*Sir H.* Eh! how! you are an author too?

*Jack Liz.* An accident seated me at one of your tables; my fancy fired at the opportunity; I shone beyond my hopes; I was complimented; congratulated; I thought my fortune made. Fond fool! they shunned me ever after; they shrunk abash'd with conscious inferiority, and I was left the solitary recluse of a garret: for a while my pride supported me, till imagination sicken'd under the pressure of want, and all its powers were chilled; food, food seem'd to my parch'd lip the only object of desire; I was in possession of the secret; I came



again among you, not as before, with a proud display of all I knew, but as one, the energies of whose mind were just equal to the shoeing a horse, and the knowledge of his points; and above all, whose servility would bend under the coarse railery of you and your associates. I succeeded; I was lifted to the surface; I floated with you, and the other insects of the hour.

*Sir H.* Insects! harkee, my man of wit—insects! What your pretensions are to the character of a gentleman, I neither know nor care—I have treated you as a gentleman, and insist on the satisfaction of one.

*Jack Liz.* What you would fight—Yes, I know you would—you have the courage to fight—I never doubted it! when you have wrong'd a man—betray'd his wife—or seduced his daughter—you call him out—your amusements have been subservient to your safety—your dexterity is admirable; you can hit a card at thirty paces—you are cool, collected, without passion, without a heart; he comes into the field, all sensibility, feeling emotion; his generous nature has shrunk from the exercise which has given you courage: the deadly weapon is put into his hands for the first time; he hesitates as he raises it; yet this you call meeting on equal terms; this is honourable satisfaction.

*Secret, A. 4. Sc. 10.*

END OF VOL. I.